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EDGE-TOOLS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART FIRST.

"Many were in love with triflers like themselves, and many fancied that they were in love when in truth they were only idle."—RASSELAS.

CHAPTER I.

ON a warm and breezy afternoon in late June, some years ago, three young men, between the ages of twenty-seven and thirty, sat on the shaded veranda outside the rooms occupied by one of them in the "Forest House," at Cape Ransom, engaged in the discussion of three notes of invitation, cool drinks, and cigars. All at this time idle, all well-looking, and all well off in the world, they formed a good example of the class that sometimes finds the murder of time so necessary and at the same time so difficult a crime. Their names were Theo Morris, Philip Randolph, and Alison Weir.

None of the three appeared discontented with either his position, his companions, or himself; but on the face and bearing of Philip Randolph there sat an expression of peculiar satisfaction as he twisted his note in his fingers for a minute or two, and then scanned again the delicate writing of the few words it contained before he folded it up and put it out of sight.

"You'll go, I suppose, Randolph?" It was Mr. Weir who spoke.

"I—think—so," replied Mr. Randolph, with a scarcely perceptible smile. "Who was right, Weir, you or I?"

"I confess you have gained your point. I shall fall back, for explanation of your having done so, on the supposition that you are favored as my friend."

"That's no matter. All I said was that I should be asked to Mrs. Burns's reception without a formal introduction beforehand; and, as here is the invitation, under the hand and seal of Emeline Burns, my presence may be looked upon

as a matter of certainty when the appointed time arrives."

"Who are these people over whom such a fuss is made?" quietly asked the man who had not yet spoken. "As I only arrived last night, I trust that my ignorance may be forgiven."

"What occasion is there to ask who a man is who possesses such a daughter as Miss Burns?" said Mr. Randolph. "When you see her you will be quite content to keep discreet silence as to awkward questions, and accept her as her father's credentials of social position."

"A position of which he is well assured on his own account," said Mr. Weir. "Morris, it argues yourself unknown not to know the name of Thomas Burns."

"If it be Thomas Burns, of —, of course I know him—as well as, or better than, I know either of you."

"And the ladies?" asked Mr. Randolph, glancing up.

"I saw the daughter some years ago," replied Morris, slightly hesitating; "I have never seen *Mrs. Burns*." The emphasis was very slight, but it did not go unremarked by the listener's keen ear.

"I must say it is a relief to one coming from the Heaven-forsaken hole that I inhabit, where there is no decent resident, and where scarcely a presentable visitor ever comes, to see such a girl as Miss Burns," said Mr. Weir.

"Is there nothing to be said about the wife?" asked Morris.

"Not much, I believe," Randolph said, carelessly. "She's forty years or so younger than old Burns, who, unless I am mistaken, will never see sixty-five again; and the sort of woman she

must be you may judge from her having married him to please his daughter, between whom and herself there existed some romantic school attachments."

"Did she tell you so?" asked Morris, with a decided frown.

"My dear fellow, I have little or no acquaintance with them; but the people at Cape Ransom are as communicative as in most other places, and I have not yet lost my sense of hearing."

"Are they here alone—Mrs. and Miss Burns?"

"Yes; old Burns comes down occasionally, but in general he prefers Nassau Street to Cape Ransom, and his family seem quite content."

"Randolph is quite mistaken with regard to Mrs. Burns," quietly put in Mr. Weir. "She has not the beauty of her step-daughter, but in society with her you are conscious of a singular charm."

Mr. Randolph smiled again, but he did not say, as he might have done, that, though he had never yet been *in society* with Mrs. Burns, he had already felt the charm. He did not consider himself under any obligation to betray the fact of his informal introduction to that lady, consequent on the recovery and restoration by him of her hat, which had been carried away by the wind on one of the breezy slopes of the hill that rose behind and above the hotel.

"Yes, she's very charming, more's the pity," continued Mr. Weir. "If she had been unattractive, there might have been a chance of Randolph's thinking it worth while to make legitimate love to the daughter, instead of—as he is most likely to do—paying useless attentions to the wife."

"I should think there was little room for hesitation," said Morris, with a gravity that the subject scarcely seemed to demand. "Miss Burns must be very handsome, unless she has strangely broken the promise of five years ago; she's the only child, and there's no man in the city whose name stands higher than does that of Thomas Burns."

"And, unless Randolph is even more perverse than usual, he will surely prefer dower to damages."

"You are very obliging, both of you," said Mr. Randolph, in a languid voice, though there was nothing languid in the expression of his dark eyes—"very obliging; but suppose you legislate for yourselves. If by legitimate love you mean matrimony, I assure you I have no desire to become 'house-bound' just yet for all the securities on old Burns's books, and, though Weir appears to take it for granted that I have a through ticket for perdition, I don't feel quite certain myself that I am on that line at all."

There was a tone of annoyance, as he ended,

so plainly perceptible as to warn his hearers that for the present they had said enough. Although not in the least degree prone to play the Pharisee with his intimates, Philip Randolph now showed visibly that for some reason or other he did not care to pursue this theme—that the limit of his willingness to discuss it had been reached. The conversation, therefore, changed, though in all probability that which succeeded was no whit more profitable. If the personage commonly accredited therewith experiences no difficulty in finding employment for idle hands, he is assuredly no less ready in providing occupation for idle tongues.

If Mr. Randolph had known all the truth, it may be doubted whether he would have been more or less satisfied, for his desire had not been accomplished so easily as he supposed. Whether or not he should receive the coveted invitation, had been the subject of considerable debate between Mrs. Burns and the young lady to whom she stood in the double relation—not always compatible—of step-mother and friend. Miss Burns knew exactly how the acquaintance had originated; every detail of the little adventure had been related to her with scrupulous fidelity, and she would much have preferred that it had never happened. Younger by some three years or so than her father's wife, she was yet far more worldly-wise; one or two chance allusions, and some imperfect recollection of words once accidentally spoken by her father, kept a place in her mind, and she felt that he would be unwilling that their chance introduction to Mr. Randolph should ripen into intimacy. This she had hinted—scarcely more than hinted—to Mrs. Burns; and on so doing she found (for almost the first time) that Mrs. Burns could have opinions of her own and hold to them.

"Of course you can do as you like, Aimée; it is not my place to choose or reject your guests: but if you care to know what I think—I think papa would rather you did not invite Mr. Randolph."

"I don't think your father would be so unreasonable, Honor."

"Papa never speaks without reason, and I remember hearing him say that Mr. Livingston was wrong in allowing Mr. Randolph to be so intimate at Faircourt as he was."

"But Mr. Randolph goes everywhere here: why should we be different from others and refuse to receive him?"

"I don't know whether—" Honor paused. She would have said more, but something tied her tongue.

"Besides," said Mrs. Burns, suddenly shifting her ground, "I think you are very ungrateful, Honor. He is evidently struck with you, and

why should you reject the chance of an admirer so handsome and so well off?"

"If it be of me you are thinking, dear," said Honor, with a smile, but a smile perhaps rather forced, "do not give yourself any more anxiety about it. I do not admire Mr. Randolph very much, and a little bird has told me that he is not quite so rich as he would be thought to be; but, were he without peer in both respects, he would never win my heart."

"I sometimes doubt, Honor, whether you have a heart to be won."

"Perhaps not," said Honor, quietly; "but I don't see what my heart has to do with your party for Friday night, which is the subject now under discussion."

"If you can tell me anything you *know*, anything to which your father would certainly and reasonably object, of course I should give way at once," said Mrs. Burns. "But hints and innuendoes mean nothing."

She was right. Nine times out of ten they mean nothing, though the tenth time they may mean so terribly much, and Honor had scarcely even hints to go upon. She could not put her undefined feelings into words, and had she been able would perhaps have hesitated to do so; so the debate ended as such debates usually do. No woman likes to give up a pleasant acquaintance, with whom she has just become friendly and familiar, without sufficient reason, and in this case Mrs. Burns could see no reason at all; so the affirmative side carried the day, and Mr. Randolph received the coveted note of invitation.

It is perhaps difficult to say how far a man is to be blamed for vanity and self-seeking who has all his life been accustomed to read the admission of his superiority in the admiration of women and the envy of men; but it may be safe to grant that some share, at all events, of the blame lies with those who pay the court. That Philip Randolph had been thus spoiled by society in general and his friends in particular, had been his misfortune; his own readiness to imbibe the flattery and accept the adulation had been his fault. The story of the "Two Locks of Hair" had been his story in the time gone by. Eight years before, when he himself had been little more than a boy, were hidden away from him the wife and child who would probably have proved the redeeming influence of his life. True, it was whispered that material considerations more than any romantic attachment had led to his marriage; and there was no need to whisper, for the fact was sufficiently plain that, instead of "wishing himself dead," Mr. Randolph enjoyed life as well as any one; but, if out of the brief struggle of domestic tribulation he had emerged "light-hearted and content," so much

the better for the society of which he formed a part. The world takes no cognizance of anything below the surface; on the surface, Philip Randolph was all that is admirable and amiable; and if he had sometimes inspired masculine minds with envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness—if he had sometimes drawn heavy sighs and bitter tears from feminine hearts and eyes, what did it matter so long as no complaint was made? And in either case the sufferers were just those who were the least likely to proclaim their wrongs.

He had been attracted, as most men were at first sight, by the rare and delicate beauty of Honor Burns; and it was for her sake that, knowing the estimation in which he was held by some strait-laced people, he had chosen to achieve an acquaintance with the two ladies by his own unaided effort rather than trust to the chance of an introduction sanctioned by Mr. Burns, whom he knew well by reputation and of whom he stood somewhat in awe. He knew that to most natures a slight dash of romance is attractive, and a little deviation from the weary, beaten track of commonplace and every-day life sometimes very welcome; and he also knew that it is far more difficult to pause in what is once begun than to pause before beginning, and the result of his little stratagem had quite answered his expectations. Time had hung rather heavily on his hands of late; he had thought Cape Ransom dull this summer, and was glad of the new interest infused into the tedious days by these new faces and the amusement that new friends promised; this was all—at first—and, this being all, he would have laughed to scorn any one who suggested the possibility of more. True, even in the first interview he had found himself repelled as others had been repelled before him, by the atmosphere of calm and impenetrable serenity that seemed always to surround Miss Burns, and had discovered in the soft and winning simplicity and gentle grace of her young step-mother a more powerful charm; but what matter? He had no intention of falling in love with either lady; he did not suppose that either lady would, without some encouragement on his part, fall in love with him; and that while they remained together he should bestow and they should receive his attentions was too natural a sequence of events to excite a moment's remark. So he had continued to think for the first three occasions on which he had seen them, but that some change had lately taken place in his ideas was clearly shown by his annoyance at his friends' jests on the subject, and his unwillingness to enlarge on a theme on which he had seldom been known, among his intimates, to display much reticence before.

CHAPTER II.

SUNDAY afternoon is not a time when, even among devoutly disposed people, there is commonly supposed to be much obligation to exertion of either body or mind; and, such being the case, it is easy to imagine how the interval is regarded by those whose business in life is to get rid of it as pleasantly as may be. The fatigue of assuming their airiest bonnets and most becoming costumes and of holding a gilt-edged prayer-book through morning service having been gone through by the ladies, and the penance of a decorous demeanor and a suppression of yawns for a corresponding period having been undergone by the men, there comes a common reaction, and a relapse into undress gossip and cigars. People unsociable doze in solitude; people inclined to believe in the adage that "two are company" lounge in cool corners; while people gregarious congregate in groups according to their several tastes and inclinations, and discuss the perfections of themselves and the demerits of the rest of mankind, for "*les absents ont toujours tort*." It is much to be feared that Sunday afternoon will have to answer for a large proportion of those "idle words" of which so strict an account is to be exacted by and by.

Such a group as the latter was assembled on one of the verandas of the Forest House at Cape Ransom on the Sunday succeeding the reception given by Mrs. Burns. The result which might have been anticipated from that lady's course of action had come to pass, and Mr. Randolph was established on terms of intimacy as open as they were familiar. Why should he not be? any one might have asked who had seen him, handsome, agreeable, and in the highest degree deferential, exerting himself to please—and pleasing.

"I hear you created quite a sensation yesterday, Mrs. Burns," he was saying to that lady. "I am sincerely glad I was not by to share in it."

"How so? Oh! by swimming so far out to sea? I assure you there was no danger. I am accustomed to sea-bathing and an experienced swimmer."

"Still, is it not better to be careful? A lady is never quite safe alone."

"Why don't you offer at once to be Mrs. Burns's escort, Randolph?" said Mr. Weir, who was as usual one of the party.

Mrs. Burns laughed. "I require no escort—I am not at all afraid. If you ever hear of my being drowned you may be sure it is *not* 'accidental death,' and you may bury me for a suicide—at the cross-roads, with a stake through my heart."

"How can you say anything so horrible, Aimée?" said Miss Burns, with a shudder. "It is not a subject to jest on; and you know the people were all frightened out of their senses yesterday."

"I hope you don't expect me to lower my courage to the level of their sense? They will know better than to be frightened next time."

"And perhaps something to talk about was a godsend," said Mr. Weir, "as nothing fatal occurred, after all."

"Perhaps it would have been more agreeably exciting still if it *had* been fatal," said Mrs. Burns. "What a pity I did not think of it in time!"

"We shall know on whom to call to break the monotony when existence here becomes too dull for endurance," remarked Mr. Randolph. "How do you manage to amuse yourself, Miss Burns?" He turned to the younger lady as he spoke.

"I never seek amusement," she answered, quietly. "If it comes I take it, if not—I do without it."

"But what else has a young lady like you to spend her time in?"

"Not much, I confess; at least I have not found much yet. But I sometimes think we must have been made for something else and something better."

"Heresy, Miss Burns! What can be better than to enjoy all we can while we have the time and the ability?"

"You men are better off than we are. You can earn by work the right to play."

"If I enjoyed no play until I had earned it, I am afraid I should have but little. Besides—if you are so virtuously inclined—many women work; but I don't want to believe you one of those uncomfortable beings who have a 'mission.'"

"I don't say that I have any vocation that way, you know. I only *think* that I should feel less useless and more worthy of all I have and enjoy if I had something to do in the world."

"Perhaps," he said, with a slight sneer, "you would have liked your lot cast among those who inhabit the farmhouse down yonder, and to have been 'content and clever in tending of cattle and growing of grain'?"

"No; I am afraid I am not very consistent, for I can not honestly say that I wish my lot other than it is. Besides, do you suppose they are more 'content' than we because they are 'clever' in a different way?"

"They are at least exempt from most of our temptations to discontent and dissatisfaction."

"Never think so. I am no believer in the theory which would make human nature differ

from itself under different conditions ; I can not agree with the author you have quoted. And did he himself find his belief hold good ? Were not human emotions and passions the same in the lonely Arizonian cañon as here in Cape Ransom ? And doubtless they were the same among the Squire's 'red-tipped clover,' even while he told his tale."

"I see your ideas are fixed," said Randolph, looking at the pure, calm face, and wondering, as he listened to the equable tones of the passionless voice, how much she knew of those emotions of which she talked so glibly. "I shall not try to convert you, but you must allow me to hold my own opinion still."

Then his eyes strayed from her to Mrs. Burns, who was engaged in an animated discussion with his friend Morris. There was nothing impassive there. In her dark, clear cheek the "cloynt blood" rose and died with every thought and passing feeling; in her speaking eyes and expressive mouth were to be read her emotions almost before she herself was conscious of them. Far less beautiful than her statuesque step-daughter, she possessed an infinitely greater charm. There are natures which reflect the influences of others as the waters of a smooth, clear lake give back the sunshine; others which stand firm and self-contained as the rocks by which its waves are bounded: in fear of tempest we may seek the rocks for shelter, but when the heavens are fair above us we prefer to float on the shining tide.

"If I had met her four or five years ago—" thought Philip Randolph. "Pshaw! if I had met her four years ago, I should have felt—and things would have stood—precisely as now. Better for both of us that I did not. Mrs. Burns is—Mrs. Burns; and attentions are pleasant and permissible: but attentions would have been dangerous, and marriage quite as impossible, with the penniless pupil-teacher, Emmeline Gray."

"You seem," he said quietly after this pause, again bringing his regard to bear upon his companion—"excuse me if I have no right to make the remark—but you seem on more affectionate terms with Mrs. Burns than ladies in your respective positions often are."

Miss Burns certainly looked as if she thought he had no right to say it, but she answered calmly: "Yes, I am very fond of Mrs. Burns. She and I were schoolfellows and old friends before—before we became to each other what we are now. I owe perhaps my life to her, from her care of me in an illness when others failed me; and there is little that I would not do or sacrifice for her sake, if I know myself at all."

"Are you given to self-sacrifice as well as to

missions? What a very humiliating confession of weakness! I had formed a different opinion of you, Miss Burns."

She glanced at him with an expression of languid scorn. "I do not know yet how weak I may be. I have never been tried."

"Supposing you were tried, wouldn't it bore you? It is so much easier to remain passive in simple acquiescence with things as they are than to rise to those heights of heroism requiring great effort of the will."

"There is usually more exertion needed for heroism than that of will."

"So much the worse. And so much the more correct is my theory, with which I intend my practice always to agree."

"But I think," she said, less as if to him than as if uttering her thought, careless if she had a listener or not, "that one great act must be far easier than a continuance of small self-denials. Knowing nothing of either, I would rather choose to win self-approval at one stroke and rest on my laurels, than perform daily penance and yet never be sure of obtaining absolution."

She had gone beyond his wish to follow her. He did not answer; but the time was to come—and not so far in the future—when he was to remember her words and read their meaning by the glare of a lurid light.

CHAPTER III.

"MAMMA *mia*," said Honor Burns, lifting her head from her paper, and holding her pen suspended in her fingers, "how much longer do you think we shall stay here in Cape Ransom?"

"I don't know, dear," replied her step-mother, looking up from her book with an air of abstraction, "It depends on your father, I suppose. Why do you ask?"

"Because I am writing to Sophia, and I should like to be able to tell her that we will join their party for the Southern tour."

"Why? Are you not happy here? I find it pleasant enough."

"I don't think, Aimée, we shall ever have such happy days again as those when you and I were at school together—before we knew the world."

"Perhaps not. But, as we can not go back to school again, and those days are gone, we must only make the best of what remain."

"Philosophical, Aimée? That speech is more in my style than yours."

"They *were* happy times," said Mrs. Burns; "though I suppose our evil consciences ought to have made them otherwise. Ah! when I think of all the tricks I used to abet you in when I

should have scolded you so well! How we used to watch at the corner for—" She stopped. Some of Honor's writing-material fell to the ground with a crash, and its owner stooped to recover it.

"Do you know, Honor," Emmeline persevered in spite of the interruption, "I never thought it anything but nonsense at the time, but I have sometimes imagined since, that, if Theo Morris had had then what he has now, he would have asked me to share it! Strange we should meet again after so long—when I am an old married woman, and he has so completely forgotten his first fancy!"

Honor made no answer. If she had any suspicion that Mr. Morris had not so completely overlived his "first fancy" as its object appeared to suppose, she was too wise to give it words.

Slightly as Philip Randolph had alluded to the attachment subsisting between these two, he was not far wrong in his estimate; a link not common between women, that of mutual gratitude, bound them fast. On one side was the firm belief that life itself was owing to the unwearied care and attention which no other than the teacher would or could have given to the pupil; on the other was the certainty that life had been shielded and brightened to the desolate orphan teacher by the firm protection and tender love which the spirited and wealthy pupil had thrown round her. That their relative positions were reversed, that the younger took the lead and the elder sought and found support, only seemed to make the bond the stronger. Through the years they shared together their love had grown, and when the time of separation drew near the idea was insupportable to one, full of dread and desolation to the other. It never came. How the marriage was brought about which gave Honor a mother in her friend it might not have been quite easy to say; like other events, the fruit probably grew from small seed. The delicate, sensitive girl had won the approval of Honor's father as his daughter's friend; her departure, after a lengthened visit, left a blank in his home; the companion provided for Honor did not please her, and she begged to be allowed the society in which alone she was happy. Her father, though he did not say so to her, knew that this could be accomplished in only one way, but in that direction lay also his own inclinations; so after some consideration, and with some misgivings, both as to the wisdom of the question and the reply he should receive, he asked Miss Gray to marry him—and she consented.

If she did wrong she is not the first who has so erred, and erred without after-blame or evil consequence. She is not the first who has in ignorance brewed a cup that has proved to be

bitter drinking, and drained it to the dregs in silence and without complaint.

True, she knew that the mature years of Mr. Burns precluded the likelihood of his feeling for her much of the passion of youth; she knew that what she felt for him was not what she had read of, described in the romance and poetry she loved so well. But is every woman in this our common work-a-day life to sit down and weigh and measure her feelings by the balance of fiction, and to reject happiness, peace, security, and honor, because those feelings fall short of an imaginary standard which it may not be either in her nature or her power ever to attain? I doubt that but few of the marriages, in the making of which time runs on so smoothly, would ever come to pass were this rule observed; and of the many in whose formation it is "honored in the breach," and whose course glides gently on through years of prosaic peace, we never hear a word of disparagement.

In this case the experiment appeared to have succeeded perfectly. Absolute confidence, and pride in his young wife's gentle beauty and winning manners, on the part of Mr. Burns; sincere gratitude and the deepest respect and esteem on that of Emmeline; and on Honor's side affection for and devotion to them both, made them a happy and united family, among whom there had never been, until lately, a thought concealed or a shade of doubt.

Was there such now? Both would have said, Honor as honestly as her step-mother, that there was between them the same single-mindedness that had always hitherto existed, and yet each had one unconscious reservation. On the mind of Honor was a vague distrust, to which she could herself have given no definite shape, and yet was half impatient with her friend for not perceiving; and Emmeline, in her calm content and quiet enjoyment, was almost vexed with her step-daughter, for not being equally contented and serene.

"And in the mean time," added Mrs. Burns, "here he comes."

"Who is coming?" asked Honor, with the least possible shake in her voice.

"Mr. Morris. Coming up from the beach with Mr. Randolph."

"*Mamma mia*" (Honor always made use of that name when she wished to be specially affectionate), "don't you think Mr. Randolph comes here very often?"

"Suppose he does, dear? We all know whom he comes to see."

"Don't joke about it, please, Aimée. I am sure papa won't quite like it."

"If you like it, my love, I will undertake to settle the matter with your father."

"Besides, Aimée, you know, or you ought to know—" She stopped suddenly, for the person under discussion here knocked at the door and walked in.

"What ought Mrs. Burns to know?" he asked, charitably ignoring the obvious confusion of the two women. "Those things which we ought to know are too often, I am afraid, in the same category with those that the prayer-book tells us we ought to have done."

"Does it hold good both ways?" said Honor. "What about our knowledge of those things that we ought not to know?"

Such a conscious expression passed over his face that she would gladly have had the words unsaid; but it was only like breath upon a mirror, gone as soon as seen.

"I suppose we must all plead guilty to all the sins set down for us," he answered, lightly. "We were going for a walk, Morris and I, but the clouds came up so threateningly that we thought we were better at home, and turned back." He was quick enough to read aright the thought that curved Honor's lip with a half smile—that the clouds had appeared just when desired.

"You are right," he said, gravely. "I was very much obliged to them."

"Why, do you suppose you know what I was thinking of?" she asked.

"You *know* that I do. I can read thoughts sometimes, and yours are very legible."

"Perhaps you can read a letter beforehand? What do you think I was just going to set down here when you came in?"

"You must tell me that. My art does not reach quite so far."

"That we thought of leaving Cape Ransom next week—for the South."

Honor was surprised at the effect of her words—at the consternation visible in Mr. Randolph's face, and the relief and satisfaction in that of his friend.

"Don't think of it, Miss Burns, at this season," said the former; "just imagine the heat, and—but you never could imagine—the mosquitoes and flies!"

"On the contrary, you would find it very pleasant, according to my experience," said Mr. Morris. "It is always cool in the mountains, and the plagues are very much exaggerated. You would not mind them in the least."

"I shall appeal to Mrs. Burns. It can not be true that you are going to banish yourselves and condemn us to the desolation of your departure?"

"Not yet," said Mrs. Burns, laughing. "We certainly can not go until we hear from Mr. Burns, and perhaps he will not give permission."

"I breathe again," said Randolph, seating himself on the couch beside Mrs. Burns; while Mr. Morris's brow wore a very perceptible frown.

"I see you have nearly finished it," said Randolph, taking up the book she had laid down on his entrance. "How do you like it?"

"So much that I thank you sincerely for the pleasure you have given me in letting me read it; and I am not to be shaken in my opinion or my admiration, even though Honor does not agree with me."

"I only said I thought it overdrawn," Honor said, smiling. "I think the self-abnegation of the hero is carried too far for humanity."

"But I thought you were a believer in the sacrificial theory, Miss Burns?"

"So I am—in theory; but practically to that extent, and in a masculine nature, no."

"Do you, then, arrogate to your own sex all the power and virtue?"

"Is it 'arrogating a power' to claim the more frequent indulgence of what you called the other day an 'humiliating weakness'?"

"I am afraid your talent for definitions and your dangerous memory together will overthrow my argument, Miss Burns."

"Please don't go off into definitions or anything else so unprofitable and uninteresting," said Mrs. Burns. "Look, the sun is coming out; and what a magnificent rainbow! There must be a heavy shower over there." She rose as she spoke, and throwing open the low window stepped out upon the balcony. Randolph followed her, and Morris left his seat and approached Honor.

"Were you in earnest just now about wishing to go South?" he asked. He glanced to see if the others were out of hearing, and spoke in a very subdued tone.

If the remark were not too stale I would here notice on what slight threads hang our destinies, and how unconscious are we when the turning-point of our life comes; of that "tide in our affairs" how few ever take advantage, how many are drifted out on the returning ebb! A word, a look, may make or mar an existence, and not even on looking back can we tell where the path diverged, or put our finger on the map of the past and say "Here I took the turn to fortune," or "Here I went astray." But for that glance, that lowered tone of Theo Morris, Honor might have answered "Yes," have followed out the plan, and what happened afterward might never have come to pass; but the marked change in his manner brought a new idea into her mind. She saw there was a meaning intended, but she unfortunately misunderstood it, and placed a far different interpretation than the right one on what she could not fail to perceive. There was

a little hesitation, a momentary flush unlike Honor Burns, as she answered: "I am not sure; we sometimes say rather more than we mean, you know. Mrs. Burns likes being here, and so, I suppose, shall I. At all events, the decision will lie with papa—we expect him next week."

"You expect your father?" said Morris. "I am so glad! I mean—" But what he meant was never said, for at that moment Mrs. Burns called Honor, and the opportunity, like so many others, passed away.

CHAPTER IV.

PLEASANTLY beguiling are long summer days passed in rides and rambles through the cool green shade; softly hazardous are water-parties when the river is freckled with the sunbeams that come slanting through the dancing shadow of arching branches, when the ripples kiss the boat-side, and desire for speech is lost in listening to the music of the lazy, dipping oars; bewitching is the moonlight stroll along the sandy sea-beach, when low tones are accompanied by the sleepy murmur of the waves and the silent song of the stars. On the bright hours of joy comes down the darkness—below the shining ripples and the lovely lilies glides the snake among the slime—the queen of night goes down into the ocean, and there succeeds to our soft dream the dim, cold hour that must precede the dawn of our soul's day: but who heeds? While our delights endure, we each in turn sing our pæan, and exclaim, "I live!"

Such idle occupations, such lazy delights, made up the life of the party at Cape Ransom. The soft summer days came, one by one, from the unfear'd future, and dropped gently, one by one, laden with pleasant memories, into the golden past. The time slipped by like the smooth and lily-decked river—it was an idyl of which no one remembered the beginning, of which no one looked forward to the end. There was no more mention of a Southern tour. Mr. Burns could not, or thought he could not, leave the cares and attractions of stocks and quotations, of bills and bonds; and while he was unable to accompany them his wife and daughter were better where they were than traveling about with chance escorts, or alone. Of whom their escort consisted now he did not seem to trouble himself to think; he had heard they were well attended to and taken care of; therefore it was not probable they would see him until he came to fetch them home.

To this fiat was rendered unquestioning sub-

mission: none were likely to quarrel with an edict so exactly in accordance with their own inclinations. Even Honor seemed to have lost the wish she had once expressed, to leave Cape Ransom, and to enjoy the sojourn like the rest. Some new influence seemed to be at work in her; she was calm as ever, but to an observant eye, had such been there to watch her, there would have appeared a change.

We all know how sometimes, when two or more persons show a particular *penchant* for each other's society, others drop away and leave them to indulge it. In accordance with this seemingly inevitable law, our five friends were thrown much together, and in some degree separated from the rest, who were, besides, a more floating population than themselves—here to-day and vanishing to-morrow. The presence of the fifth, however, prevented that breaking into pairs which might have been dangerous, or have looked suspicious; and, according to the theory that lookers-on see most of the game, Mr. Weir derived considerable amusement from his position as spectator.

Mr. Weir at home, engaged in the details of his profession, was a sensible, hard-working man. Mr. Weir abroad, under the outward semblance of a mere butterfly of fashion, carried the keen insight and the concealed satire, the deep knowledge, never confessed, and the sharp wit, rarely used, of a thorough man of the world. Living in his place of abode (he never called it *home*), but not of it, he had never yet loved a woman or made a friend of a man, but the instinct was in him to do both if opportunity offered. He was greatly interested in the present aspect of the little drama in which all the actors were yet so unconscious of the parts they played: character and motive were far clearer to him than to those who felt and possessed them—so clear, that he was not at all times quite satisfied with what he saw. Entirely unmoved by either woman, he was able to discern how their spell worked with regard to other men; and he thought he could perceive, as the web of fate was woven, that warp and weft were tangled, and their threads malignly crossed.

"By passion's gaudy candle-lights I sat
And watched the world's brave play.
Blown out, how poor—"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Burns; you are not fond of poetry, so I will not finish the quotation. Perhaps you have not even heard it?"

He knew she had not, for the words had been spoken under his breath; but the question had the desired effect of arousing her flagging interest and recalling her wandering eyes. They were at a picnic (a small party of themselves and three or four others dignified by that name), and by

some accident—or was it not altogether by accident?—Mr. Weir and Honor had strayed across the little running stream on whose edge they had made their camp, and were seated apart and together in sight of the rest of the party, but beyond speech.

"You despise me for the confession, I know, but I do not care for much of it. It is too like the novel Mrs. Burns was reading the other day—exaggerated."

"But are there not some things you can not exaggerate? For example, the loveliness of a scene like this—look at those trembling lights and shadows, those floating clouds—"

"You know I don't mean that," she said, laughingly breaking in on his mock-sentimental declamation. "That is all well enough, though even then, if I wanted the beauties of nature, I would go to the forest or the prairie for them and get them at first hand. I mean the human part—the actions, feelings, and passions that are so out of drawing and so falsely colored."

"If they so seem to you, Miss Burns, I think you can know but little of the inner lives of your acquaintances; and you certainly can not read the newspapers."

"Exceptions prove the rule, you know. Of course, I am aware there are crime and insanity—too much of them—in the world; but in the main life is a very commonplace affair, and goes on sensibly enough. Whatever the poets may say, you may depend there is not one man in a thousand who goes mad for love, nor one woman in five thousand who dies of despair. We don't think in high-flown words, nor are we called on to die for others' lives; and, if we were, we probably shouldn't do it."

"Perhaps you are right," he said, looking over where Mrs. Burns sat, with Morris beside her, "as regards our capacity for action. It is something the same argument you had with Randolph once, but I am not quite so great an unbeliever as he. But don't you think the poets know something of our minds—hearts, if you will accept the hackneyed word? What about the little items of jealousy, anger, ambition, pride, hate?"

"Reasoning by analogy, I should say not. How can we trust those who are careless of the very facts of nature to faithfully portray what is intangible even to ourselves? There is not one writer in ten who will not make a 'young crescent moon' rise in the evening, or will not speak of the 'cold and stiff remains' of some one whose last breath has been an hour drawn."

"Rather a ghastly instance, Miss Burns. You are a severely practical critic. I only hope you may not some day find your comfortable belief a delusion, and be called upon to play a more passionate part than you seem to expect."

"I scarcely know whether to echo the wish or not," she answered, with a smile, a smile so placid and a voice so calm that the man looking at and listening to her thought to himself: "Good God! how little she knows what is in her! Will it ever waken? and, if so, which will conquer? Will the rock quench the fire, or the fire consume the rock?"

He glanced again across the brook; the rest of the company were gathering preparatory to departure. Mr. Morris was coming toward them, and Mrs. Burns had been joined by Randolph and the young lady, a Miss Furniss, with whom he had been for a quarter of an hour's stroll in the wood.

People sometimes called Alison Weir a man without a purpose, though if asked the reason for their opinion they might have found it difficult to give one; and they were quite mistaken, for no man was less likely to leave unaccomplished that which he had once set his mind on doing or to leave undiscovered that which he had once determined to find out.

"Were you very well acquainted with Morris formerly?" he asked, as they watched him seeking for a spot narrow enough to leap the brook.

"Yes—no—not very," she answered. "It was while I was at school, before he went to Europe to complete his studies."

"People have told me he was something of an admirer of Mrs. Burns in those old days."

She did not look at him as she said rather contemptuously, "Are *people* always right, or are they generally wrong?" but it did not escape him that she impatiently broke in two, and threw from her, the flower she held in her hand as she spoke.

"Sometimes one, sometimes the other," said Weir, carelessly, but at the same time watching her keenly. "In this case all the better they were wrong."

"I don't say they were wrong," she said, hurriedly; then she added: "It is too long ago for me to remember much about it; but, if it had been so, I should think Mr. Morris was one to be in earnest."

"Why should he be more in earnest than other men?"

"Are men never in earnest, then?" This time she looked up at him, and, in the depths of the clear, brilliant, gray eyes, the question was asked more distinctly than by the words. He doubted whether it were fair to go further—to pry deeper into the transparent nature—to read more of the story she had no idea of concealing, and was so unconscious of betraying; but, "After all," he thought, "why not? It may do some good if I know it; it can do no harm while I never tell."

"What do you mean exactly by *in earnest*, Miss Burns?"

For the first time in his acquaintance with her he saw her blush. A deep tinge crept over cheek and forehead, and, though it faded as suddenly as it had risen, it was in its short duration more eloquent than speech.

"I mean—I don't know—I suppose it means *constant*, does it not?"

"I should say *not*. I know I am often very much in earnest about things with which constancy has nothing whatever to do. Besides, we shall have next to define what constancy is."

"There can be little difficulty in that, I fancy."

"Are you sure of that? Let us see. Let us admit constancy, as it is usually admitted, to be faithfulness through change. Is it so? In love, for instance (that being the standard to which we commonly bring everything), which is the constant man—or woman, it matters not which—that one so true to first impressions and a first ideal that, if time or absence changes the object of affection, the affection must be sacrificed rather than the faith; or that one whose love alters with the one to whom it is given and under altered circumstances, and while still devoted gives devotion in the end to what is perhaps the exact opposite of what won it in the beginning?"

"I never heard anything so heterodox!" exclaimed Honor, "or so utterly subversive of all received ideas!" but there came—Heaven knows why—a strange light into her face and eyes.

"Perhaps not; but there may be reason in it for all that."

"But, according to your theory, the most inconstant among us might lay claim to the highest fidelity—might be, like Lancelot, 'falsely true'?"

"Certainly—and might do so with perfect justice. But then those of the other belief would never allow the claim, so we end where we began. We can not come to a positive definition, after all."

"You bewilder me; but there must be a positive truth, if we could find it."

"If we can not find it, might it not as well be non-existent?"

"I won't talk to you any more; I won't run the risk of having my faith and principles upset," said Honor with a bright smile. "Here is Mr. Morris to tell us that Mrs. Burns is ready to go."

"I will follow you," said Weir, as Theo gave his arm to Honor, and they went off together through the fluttering light and shadow of the trees. "It's an ugly complication, I'm afraid," he thought, as he looked after them while he lit the cigar which Honor's presence had forbidden

him—"ugly enough, and incomprehensible. I should have imagined her the last woman in the world to give a thought unsought. Constancy! Morris's constancy is patent to the meanest capacity, though he's so thoroughly good a fellow that no harm can come of it; besides, she don't care a breath for *him*. I wish I were as sure about the other. I wonder what they see in her? To me the girl would be incomparably the more attractive of the two, if I were not proof against women altogether. Well, *qui vivra verra*. Thank Heaven, no grand passion has ever overtaken me!"

CHAPTER V.

NATURE had dismissed Honor Burns from her workshop physically faultless, mentally and morally strong. An English education and a French *modiste* had done the rest, and sent her out into the world about as perfect a specimen of young womanhood as could be found in Fifth Avenue, or at any summer resort. Her protection against any dangerous vanity or any evil consequences that might thence have resulted had been granted to her in a calm, not to say impassive, temperament, on which all excitement had as yet struck harmless, and from which all outside influence fell off. Never hitherto had any fervent happiness exalted her; no grief (her mother's death had occurred while she was too young to know her loss) had greatly afflicted her; her father's marriage—to her own teacher and companion, but little her senior and in no respect her superior—had not offended her; it seemed as if she were destined to pass through life exempt from the struggles and passions that at once bless and curse humanity. If she were ever to writhe under insult, if she were ever to thrill under lover's look or caress, if she were ever to know the height to which joy can attain, or to sound the depth of despair, the time was yet to come.

She was not clever in the commonly received acceptance of the word; her mind was more receptive than creative, and reflection formed a far larger part of her mental system than imagination. She was not given to the utterance of brilliant sayings or smart repartee, though she could be caustic when occasion appeared to demand it. She never drifted on the sea of speculation, having thrown out anchors which held fast in the shape of firm opinions formed as soon as she deemed herself capable of forming them, so that argument with her was wasted unless her antagonist were himself prepared to be converted. A strong and solid sense, a capacity for seeing things as they are, and a disposition to call them by their right names irre-

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spective of conventionalities, were her distinguishing characteristics, veiled by a calmness of exterior manner which was by many believed to betoken a corresponding coldness of heart. Together they produced an impression of repressed power which was not generally agreeable—to men at least, to whom it seemed to trench too much upon their own domain and privileges. A woman's wrath counts for as little and may be as lightly ventured as the foam and chatter that mark the shallow rapid; a woman's self-contained and silent strength of will is to be shunned as religiously as the resistless glassy torrent that sweeps down to the cascade, and carries all before it in the last noiseless plunge.

Nevertheless, she was "marvelous fair"; and as the lust of the eye still rules to some extent, and to some extent will for ever rule this world, it would have been strange had she been permitted to reach the age of twenty-two without the choice of marriage. Would-be suitors had not been wanting, but none had ever yet succeeded in touching her affections, or (which she believed would have been to her the same thing) in satisfying her calm reason and clear judgment. She lay under some disadvantages; she knew—how could she help knowing?—the fascination of her beauty; she knew the strong attraction of her father's wealth; and rated at their true value, either sensuous or material, most of the attentions she received. And, as she was not one of those women who detect a probable lover and possible husband in every man who looks at them twice or addresses to them a second word, it was not for some time after she had become familiar with Mr. Randolph that she began to think he was a candidate for *her* favor and to consider whether she would make an exception in *his* favor to the rule she had hitherto observed.

It was no wonder that she and others so believed. For the month succeeding the acknowledged admission of Mr. Randolph to the society of Mrs. and Miss Burns, there was no day in which he was not in their company for the greater part of it, seeking them and accommodating his movements to theirs in a way to attract universal remark. True, his two friends shared with him and them every walk and drive, every occupation and every hour of amusement; but for some occult reason and by general consent their claims to notice were set aside. Morris was an old friend of both ladies; Weir's character, as a man whose attentions to women always just stopped short of compromising himself, was too well known for him to be an object of suspicion. But, as society must take some cognizance of what is enacted before its eyes, and would be dull indeed if no comments were

allowed thereon—and as people will persist in believing that it is impossible for men and women to associate without thoughts of love and marriage—speculation grew rife as to Mr. Randolph's conduct and meaning, and, in spite of all that had been said and known of him, all who interested themselves in their neighbors' affairs, in other words the whole of Cape Ransom, began to believe that he was engaged in something more serious than a flirtation at last, and that the future Mrs. Randolph was to be seen in Honor Burns.

Strange to say, gossip for once was right. Mr. Randolph was engaged in what might prove to be far more serious than a flirtation; and, further, he had made up his mind that Miss Burns would be in all respects a fit and suitable wife for him when the time came for him to marry again, a time that he began to think should not be much longer deferred. That he thought her incapable of passion was immaterial; he felt none for her, and had no desire that he or any one else should inspire it. She would make a perfect mistress of his house, a safe mother for his heir if Fate should vouchsafe him one; she would do credit to his choice, and be an ornament to his home; and, besides all this, though to do him justice he did not place too high a value on it, he could not be insensible to the advantages of the fortune she must bring to her husband. Yes, he was resolved that, if it lay within his choice at some future day, Miss Burns should be his wife. I said if it lay within his choice; but he scarcely took into account the possibility, though he knew she had refused others, that she might decline the offered honor of his hand.

Some future day, he thought. At present he had other occupations and amusements on his hands. Whatever others believed, he himself knew very well that he did not seek Honor Burns's society for the gratification he felt in it alone, but for that which he could not otherwise enjoy. No flush ever stained the marble cheek of Honor at his coming, and the smile she gave him was the same she bestowed on any one who turned the leaves of her music, or handed her a chair; but, into the cheek of another the timid color crept and faded, and lips curved with a sweetness all the sweeter for being instantly subdued. Honor was often inattentive to his words, nay, unconscious of his very presence; another not only drank in every word, but recognized step and shadow before his presence was proclaimed. He knew that in the mind of one who could be less than nothing to him he was creating unconsciously to herself a strong interest; while on the heart of the woman he meant to marry he had never tried to make the least

impression. The situation was piquant, even for him; and, dangerous as he felt the game might be, the excitement and the charm were too great to be resisted by one who had never yet learned the meaning of the word "self-denial."

Whether the greater iniquity consist in evil intentions never carried into fulfillment, or in the commission of evil never deliberately intended, is a question which has caused the casuists some debate, and may give them yet further trouble before brought to a satisfactory conclusion. Theory may be left to the theorists: in *fact*, we see obviously enough the self-gratulations of those who, in spite of black hatred cherished, murderous longings indulged, and curses breathed, hug themselves and say, "We have *done* no harm." While, if not so evident, probably quite as self-deceiving and as satisfactory to the conscience, are the reflections of those who can say, in presence of blighted lives and broken hearts, "I am sorry, but I *meant* no wrong." While moralists are endeavoring to decide on which side the guilt lies heaviest, both are equally striving to cast off the imputation of any guilt at all.

Philip Randolph would most certainly have denied the existence of any guilty intentions at the present time, or indeed at any other. He had always flattered his soul with the belief that, whatever wrong he had done, or whatever harm he had occasioned, had arisen from fate, from impulse, from the actions or omissions of others, from anything, in short, but his own will. Was it his fault if, while he was devoutly minded to tread firmly, the ground turned slippery beneath his feet? If, while he really desired to resist temptation, temptation became too strong to be resisted, was he to blame? And temptation, in a form he chose to think needless of resistance, had assailed him now. It can hurt neither ourselves nor any one else to conjecture what would have been the consequences of an entirely different train of causes, nor to think what we would have done had we possessed what is altogether beyond our reach. He intended presently to woo and win the daughter of Mr. Burns; it must be an advantage to secure beforehand a friend and advocate in the wife. He was sensible, though he would never have admitted it, that his life would be the better for some saving influence, and what influence could be better or purer than this? It would be surprising, were it not a matter of such every-day occurrence, with what readiness, when we are determined to swallow, we can find a bait to cover Satan's hook.

CHAPTER VI.

"THAT which he gave, and they received, as love, was but the careless distribution of his superfluous time."

It would perhaps be well if this most humiliating definition of that passion, declared by some to be the mainspring of the works of the world, were more pondered by ourselves, being probably quite as appropriate to our own time and nation as to the place and period where and when it was first spoken. But, in these days of rapid living and high-spiced literature, we have neither time nor inclination for such reading as the "History of the Happy Valley"; and the wise utterance of the Lady Peknah has been relegated to oblivion, together with much still better worth remembering.

Certainly no description could have better applied to Mr. Randolph's feelings and proceedings at Cape Ransom, unless it were the definition of metaphysics given by the Scotchman to his friend: "When I dinna ken what I say, Sandie, and ye canna understand what I mean, that's metaphysics." Philip Randolph seldom stopped to consider if he knew what he said; and most assuredly neither the women who shared his attentions, nor the friends who looked on, comprehended what he meant.

He had not the most distant idea of interfering with the domestic peace of Mrs. Burns, and yet, day by day, he watched with more and more satisfaction the growth of those feelings which could bring her but misery, whether he requited them or not; he was very quick to note the symptoms of devotion to himself. He looked forward to the time when he should truly and in earnest pay suit to Honor, and could not perceive that his chances of ever being permitted to do so grew daily fainter; to the signs of a woman's attachment to another he was as blind as any mole.

If he had not been so he must have seen that, ever since the day passed by the brook, under the beech-trees, any hesitation that might have been in existence in Honor's mind had come to an end, any question that might have been in debate had been resolved, that what had before been carelessness of his presence had now become almost avoidance, what had once been only indifference was now almost open dislike. It is not probable that Honor confessed plainly to herself that she cherished a warmer regard than that of friendship for one who had as yet shown no distinct preference for her; but she could not but be sensible that she found a pleasure in the society of Morris which was utterly absent from her intercourse with Randolph, that the presence of one was delightful to her while that of the other was irksome, that an hour's conversation

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with one possessed for her a charm which the other could never in a lifetime have attained. She knew, in spite of her half denial to Weir, the estimation in which Theo Morris had once held her step-mother, but her appreciation of his character forbade her to imagine that he could so regard her now. She had adopted as her own Weir's welcome theory as to the nature of constancy, and unconsciously hoped that kindness and courtesy toward her on the part of Morris foretold a yet dearer regard to come. Words are too coarse a medium to interpret justly so unacknowledged an impression, so unconscious a feeling, as that of Honor at this time; but the fact, could it have been plainly stated, was that she liked better the man who had not yet sought her than the man whom the predetermination of others and her own incapability of suspecting the truth seemed inclined to force upon her as her destined mate; and, this being so, and it being as impossible for Honor to pretend what she did not feel as to say what she did not mean, it was not likely that Mr. Randolph would receive much encouragement at her hands.

But, if he were thus blind, if he were unable to discern the truth and to read aright the meaning of the acts and words of those round him, the eyes of another were not less securely closed.

If any wonder that the wife of Thomas Burns had not yet realized her own sentiments or found the necessity of probing her own heart; if any are incredulous of the fact that she was as ignorant of the nature of her own feelings as the child who would play with an adder is ignorant of the death lurking in its bite; if any doubt that fire can smolder unknown and unsuspected till roused by some chance sudden breath into flaming fury—they must continue in their astonishment and unbelief. It is the business of the historian to relate facts, not to account for them.

In the first place, Emmeline possessed one attribute by no means common either in man or woman—rare in its reality, I mean, for the counterfeited article is common enough—humility; and this feeling, fostered by all the circumstances and surroundings of her young life, when Honor was the only one who had not made little of both her person and her mind, would alone have been sufficient to prevent her from believing herself one to attract the love of men, as other women more favored than she were able to do. She had not, of course, been four years in the world without learning something of its words and ways; but learning goes for little without personal application of the lesson, and during those four years she had been safe in her husband's constant presence, in her own utter indifference to any one of the many round her, and in witnessing the court paid to Honor. Great beauty and pro-

spective wealth were, she supposed, the necessary magnets to draw the admiration of mankind in real life, whatever poets and romancers might endeavor to make us think to the contrary; and her placid and matter-of-fact marriage had not disturbed the belief. She had, in a word, never been loved, and there is no more prevalent delusion in human nature than that of imagining that what has not happened hitherto can not happen at all.

Again, she sincerely believed that Mr. Randolph was, like all the rest, Honor's lover, and that as such alone he accorded her any share of his attention and kindness—a share so slight as to arouse no comment, and no doubt in her mind as to her right to accept it. The little cares and compliments given by men to women wear a very different complexion when offered to the matron from that which they bear when bestowed upon the maid; the especial meaning they may possess when the recipient is free is lost when she is one who can have nothing to grant in return; and the reticence proper to one is not binding on her to whom, as a great modern writer has said, "Marriage has thrown wide the gates of mystery."

Lastly—perhaps wholly—and, alas for her! she did not recognize that, though she had never known, she might yet at some time know—what it was to love.

"There are some emotions which, by the ignorant, may be mistaken for love, but it is impossible for the most ignorant to mistake love for any other emotion." So said one who knew; so many have found it, and so now another victim was to find. Hitherto the first part only of the saying had applied to her; the esteem, the gratitude, the veneration, that she felt for him to whom she owed them all, had passed unquestioned as her husband's only due, as all that he need wish to claim; she never imagined that love is something apart and self-existent, independent of every quality of the beloved or other feeling of the lover; she had no idea that she did not love her husband as all should love, and as some are blessed enough to love, those to whom they make surrender of self and soul, and she had been happy in her mistaken creed. But if to her should come some day the revelation of her self-deception—if a sudden waking of the passion that *can* fill a woman's soul should show her, by a light that shone too late, the heights never to be scaled and the abyss wide-yawning—what then? The spell was still unbroken; but it needs only a light touch sometimes to break a spell.

CHAPTER VII.

THE last days of July had melted away, and the hush of a hot August hung heavy over land and sea. Cape Ransom, though a favored place, felt the oppression of weather when every leaf hung listless, when the sea glittered mercilessly, and the sand glared white under the cloudless sky. In the gardens the delicate-tinted summer flowers had been supplanted by the flaunting glories of early autumn, while here and there, among the dense, dark foliage, a yellow leaf uttered the first whisper of coming decay.

Mr. Randolph, with the passing days, began to think it time to come to a decision. If he meant seriously to woo Miss Burns, it would be needful soon to begin: no place could be more fitting, no after-opportunity would be so fair. While a fear more felt than confessed that it might be better for one if he showed decided preference for the other, an undefined dread that he had perhaps won more than he cared to hold, and a belief that the time had arrived when expediency must carry the day over present enjoyment, all combined to force him to the conclusion that he had better wait no longer if he intended to act at all.

If? Even at this last moment could he not make up his mind? Was he drifting, as he had too often allowed himself to drift, before the idle breeze of inclination? And if the ruder blasts of passion or of interest ever struck the sail, would his hand then firmly grasp the rudder and right the vessel, or would the tempest have its way?

He sat by the window smoking, an open letter in his hand, at which he occasionally glanced with a look of gloom and anger. "Those infernal mines!" he muttered once. "They're playing the mischief with me. I never thought money would have had to influence me in a matter like this. I suppose it need not now; but—"

"There's not much choice," he pursued, after a pause; but this time the thoughts were unspoken. "I must either do it or go. That it's expected of me would not much matter, but if I staid—I wonder if she'll care much. But that's just what I shall never know. Shall I toss up for a decision? or go down to the hammocks, and, if she's there, see how the land lies? That will leave it in doubt the longest. That's best."

In this earnest and ardent frame of mind he rose to go. As he bent forward to throw his cigar from the window, he caught sight of two figures on the beach, and leaned out, with an eagerness strangely at variance with his former languor, to distinguish who they were. They were, however, too far distant for recognition, and as he looked a projection of rock hid them from view.

He took his way down to the green glade in the grounds where the feminine inmates of the hotel were generally to be found, if out of their own rooms at all, during the hot part of the afternoon, and, though he would have said that he came expressly to find Honor, he yet felt somewhat disappointed when he *did* find her there, and (as was very seldom the case) without Mrs. Burns. She was swinging in one of the hammocks which, under the shade of some massive lime-trees, formed the favorite amusement of those who were too indolent for any other; but the action which was the embodiment of the idea of idleness in others lost its distinctive mark when Miss Burns was the actor. Her white dress and the crimson lining of the netting in which she lay made vivid color against the dark background of the grass and trees; there was nothing languid in the movement of the hand that swayed her fan, or in the expression of the brilliant gray eyes which glanced now up, now down, according as he to whom she spoke stood above or sat below her. All about her breathed of rich vitality, of firmness, and of strength.

There was a plentiful sprinkling of people round and about among the shrubberies, but Miss Burns's only immediate companions were Mr. Weir and a Mr. Torrie, a friend of his who had been but a few days at Cape Ransom.

Randolph threw himself down upon the grass. Contemplating as he lay the lovely picture Honor made, he fell to questioning himself whether he really wished that the time were come that she should be more than a picture to him. Had he asked the question quite honestly, he might have found the answer in the relief he felt that his wooing was still further postponed by Honor's not being alone.

In spite of his relief, however, he did not forget or abandon the purpose for which he had come; and his compliments and pretty speeches to Honor assumed so much warmer a complexion than usual as somewhat to puzzle the young lady to whom they were addressed. Weir's cynicism and Mr. Torrie's light nothings he put aside, and was more inclined to take things "*au grand sérieux*," and to indulge in a sentimental vein than for some time past. Honor began to doubt whether he had understood her late coldness, and he made her thoroughly comprehend that to her was addressed a second meaning in every brilliant speech he made, and that he regretted the presence of others prevented his speaking more plainly. She became a little interested, and showed the interest; Weir began to show surprise, and Mr. Torrie looked on, and smiled a little.

This was all very pretty—it was only a pity it could not last; that as usual there lay close

beneath the cool thin crust the hot lava ready to break forth in eruption. Randolph had intended to outstay the others, but they gave no signs of moving, and the conversation had been general, now on safe topics and now grazing dangerous ones for more than half an hour. Then he began to grow restless, and his attention to wander; he seemed to be on the watch, to listen for some step or voice; and at last he asked the question he would willingly have ventured some time before:

"Where is Mrs. Burns? Was she so tired with the ride this morning as to be unable to come out this afternoon?"

"Not at all. Mr. Morris leaves this evening, and she is gone down with him to sketch the cave before he goes."

There is a moment which by all in any degree observant must have been observed when, on the edge of the evening, our medium of sight undergoes a sudden transition, an instantaneous change. The gradual fading of the day has been unnoticed, a universal gray has crept over the landscape and every familiar thing, light and shadow are blended each in each; when in an instant, inappreciable in point of time, but distinct to our consciousness, the doubtful daylight gives place to the moon-rays and we see anew. A new shape and meaning are given to every object on which the white beams fall, and the dark shadows come out sharp and clearly defined.

Such was the light that broke on Honor's mind as, while she spoke the few foregoing words, she looked at Philip Randolph's face. She had meant nothing—she had no idea that anything she could say would produce on him the least effect; and yet in a moment the truth became clear to her. When the devil writes on human faces he does so with a broad pen, and there is none of his characters more easily legible than jealousy; and, in view of the handwriting now so plainly visible, all the perplexity that had clouded Honor's mind as with the fading of summer daylight was at once resolved. In the expression of Randolph's face, whose passion of jealous anger he for a short space failed to govern—in the momentary savage gesture of his hand, and in his transient inability to recover his calmness or to answer—lay the explanation of much that had needed to be explained.

The moonlight of her new consciousness threw broad light and cast black shade. He was nothing to her—thank Heaven, she had known that, had dismissed all thought of regard for him long before this revelation! But he had dared to—*She* dared not follow out the thought. And then her breath stopped: was there, could it be possible there was, anything of which she dared think less still? Could it be that, where

she had never dreamed of suspecting, there had been reason not only for suspicion but for fear?

She looked back, she remembered. It is said those dying suddenly pass their whole lives in review in a moment, and short space is sufficient for vast thought. Words spoken, pauses made, a blush whose cause had not at the time been understood; cessation of confidences and of gay jests once frequent; silence where speech had once been free—all came back to her. She knew but little of such things, but she knew enough to read this riddle plainly; and, as degree after degree conviction grew upon her, and her thoughts gnawed her like that Spartan fox of whom we are all so tired of hearing, she, being no Spartan, could not conceal her perturbation; and, slipping from the hammock with slight excuse, and leaving her friends to place what interpretation they pleased upon her sudden disaffection, she retired to take counsel with Solitude as to what was to be done.

Poor Honor!—done indeed! Had she been a little younger, she would not have reflected on the subject at all; had she been a little older, she would probably have viewed it by that more subdued light in which, as time goes on and we learn the inevitable, we come to regard such things; but she would also have known that, when once reflection is necessary, there is nothing to be done. She would have known that while cures avail, or can at least be attempted, for almost every human malady, cure is hopeless here. Wrongs are sometimes righted by the strong power of law; disease is laid bare to the physician, and aid assured; crime is confessed to the dispenser of pardon, who will at all events promise healing to the whitest leprosy of the soul; but, with *this* evil, to recognize it is to create it, and he who seeks a remedy grasps a sword with the point to his own breast.

But, Honor did not know all this, and her strong nature could not remain in passive inactivity while the sudden horror of such a danger menaced those she loved. Our eyes once opened, we are apt to forget how long we have been blind, and to think every one endowed with the same clearness of vision as ourselves. What if others became aware of what was no longer any secret to her? Little as she dreamed how well the truth was guessed by more than one, she could not yet believe that what was so plain to her could long remain undiscovered, and while there was still time something must be done.

CHAPTER VIII.

"INCONSISTENCIES can not both be right, but imputed to man they may both be true." Solomon himself might have penned these

words, though they owe their origin to a less inspired author.

If, when Philip Randolph followed Emmeline Burns down to the cave, he had been asked his motive and purpose in so doing, he would have found it very difficult to give an intelligible reply. Why he should be suddenly and wildly angered because what he would have said an hour before he desired had come to pass—why the demon of jealousy should have been all at once let loose within him because a woman who could be nothing to him had been for a few minutes in the company of another man—are mysteries such as may one day receive solution, but are at present among undiscovered things. In his own chamber he had said, "I shall never know"; he had meant, "I will never try to find out, for I am already sure." Now, when Honor's words and his own thoughts suggested doubt, it became necessary to assure assurance; what had seemed in possession of slight account grew precious under possibility of loss. Passion slipped the bridle and took the bit between her teeth; and Resolution muttered, "I must know, and I will."

The cave where Mrs. Burns sat sketching was, in reality, although so named, no cave at all. It was a deep recess in the shore where the rocks rose high on either hand, floored with white and yellow sand, and with sides draped here and there with luxuriant verdure where streams from above trickled over the edge of the chasm, while in other places the purple rock stood out desolate and bare. Huge masses of gray stone which had fallen from the cliff lay at the entrance, uncovered at low water, and made a bold feature in the foreground, while beyond lay the smooth and glittering sea with its gleaming sails and dark trails of smoke. It was a scene at once beautiful and picturesque, and well worth the time spent upon its preservation in a slight water-color sketch.

But when Emmeline Burns went down that soft and shiny August afternoon into the cool green shadow, armed only with the peaceful implements of pencil and crayon, she closed behind her the gates of life. The Fates who spin our thread of destiny do not let us see the process, and whether the flax still overflow the distaff or run to its last issue on the spindle's point is all one so far as our knowledge is concerned. When the storm has long been gathering, when the clouds have gradually overspread the heavens, and thunderous mutterings have long been audible in the distance, the lightning when it strikes is no surprise; but for the sudden upheaval of the solid ground beneath our feet in summer earthquake we have no preparation and no warning.

Heedless of the fatal Sisters' spinning, all unconscious of the near-completed weaving of her shroud, Emmeline Burns traced her lines and blended her colors, and transferred to her paper the varied beauty of earth and sea and sky. She felt the soothing influence of the soft hour and the lonely place, and was happy. To the man who now looked on her with new eyes and an awakened mind, she formed in her gentle pensiveness, her fair pallor, and her slender figure in its white raiment, not the least fair portion of the fair and peaceful scene.

She had given but an occasional look or word to her companion, who alone at Cape Ransom shared or sympathized in her favorite pursuit, and had ostensibly for that reason accompanied her to-day. He was no more than a companion to her; it was all one whether he spoke or were silent, were with her or away; and when, quite aware of her carelessness and yielding to his own thoughts which were sometimes of the bitterest, he had strayed from her side, it was not until she needed to ask his advice upon her work that she discovered he was no longer near.

"Don't you think, Mr. Morris, that to introduce another sail would be an improvement here?"

There was no answer, and she looked up. The person she addressed was not to be seen, but in his place beside her stood Philip Randolph.

What was it that she felt? What need to ask? Not more quickly broke the web of the hapless Lady of Shalott when she brought upon herself the threatened curse by lawless looking than snapped the thread of Emmeline's unconsciousness, never to be reunited more: and not more surely descended the penance upon her who left the safety of the shadow for the fatal living truth, than fell the punishment on her who woke to perilous reality from the false security of her dream. Children and dumb brutes recognize death though never seen before, and the heart knows its master passion in its first vital throes. In the sickening pulsation of that heart, which after one wild bound stood still—in the surging of the treacherous blood, that reddened her for shame and left her white for fear—in the moment of delight and exultation, and the instantaneous remembrance and abasement—she learned (how could she fail to learn?) the truth!

Her hand fell heedless and made a heavy blot; her voice, when she tried to speak, was changed and shaken; her breath came quick over her trembling lip, and her eyes drooped and turned away. Was he slow to read the signs and to divine their meaning? They would

have been written in scarlet to one far less versed in such lore than he.

But he was far from intending to betray his knowledge. He thrilled with triumph that at last the charm was broken, that her quiet was stirred, her heart's secret revealed to her, and her self-delusion ended; but with this feeling mingled a dash of consternation at the strength of the emotion he had roused. There is sometimes no curse so great as a granted prayer, and, brought face to face with that for which we have striven, we often shrink back appalled at our success. Randolph had taken Aimée's gentleness for weakness—had thought that light sentiments on his own part would evoke but the same on hers. What if he had been mistaken? What if they sank so deep and swelled so high that they escaped control? And—an old saying came back to his mind about fire and edge-tools—if their strength awoke a corresponding passion in himself, a passion he had never dreamed of giving, what must be the consequence to himself and to her?

Thoughts like these succeeded each other thick and fast; but he gave no sign of them as he stood quietly and reverently by, saying little and scarcely looking at her while she regained composure; she imagining that her agitation had been unnoticed and her victory over it gained unseen.

"Honor did not come with me to-day," she said, as soon as she could speak calmly, a time short in reality, though it seemed an age to her. "Have you missed her? She told me she was going to the glade."

"I have just left her there. It was she who told me where to find you."

"Indeed!" She glanced up; his face was impassive, but she felt that her own was not. "How did you get here?" she asked, hurriedly; "I never saw you come round the rocks."

"I suppose not. There is a path down the cliff behind you."

Mrs. Burns turned quickly. "Is there? I never knew that. Is that where Mr. Morris is gone? Did you meet or see him?"

The question and the name on her lips roused afresh Randolph's jealous anger. "Yes, he is gone over yonder," said he, signaling the opposite direction from that which Morris had really taken. "He is a faithful squire of dames. I saw him leave you, and constituted myself your protector—till he chose to return."

She could not but perceive the sneer in his words. She hesitated: she did not like to return without her original companion, but she liked less to wait and risk the chance—why did she feel that there might be the chance?—of a collision between the two men. She thought a mo-

ment, and decided that to go back at once was the lesser evil of the two.

"I do not think we need wait; the shadow is too deep for my drawing already, and the tide will soon be coming in."

He smiled. "I don't think you quite know the time for the tide. Besides, if it did we could go back by the cliff."

"Is it possible for me? If so, it might be a way of escape if I were ever trapped here. Show it me, please."

"There is no hurry. It is very pleasant here."

"But I have already overstaid my time. I had no idea it was so late."

"Do you often come here?"

"Very seldom. It is at most times too gloomy for me."

"It looks beautiful by moonlight."

"I suppose so. No, I should have thought it must look very eerie then."

"How consistent you are! Will you come down to-night and see?"

"Not for the world! There must be a ghost here, I am sure."

"Ghost of what? There may be one hereafter, perhaps—for me."

"Show me the path, please. Honor will expect me, and I must really go." She gathered her drawing together as she spoke.

He saw that she was in earnest. He saw that, whatever her self-knowledge, no word or sign would betray it to him further. It piqued him; he began to think he should like to win her to confession. But if he ever made up his mind that he really wished to do so—if he were ever to make the avowal that must precede and plead for hers—he must wait. Well, he had not now to learn to do that; he had been perfect in that lesson long ago.

No *preux chevalier* could have been more deferential in demeanor than was Mr. Randolph, as he escorted Mrs. Burns upon her homeward way. He spoke but little, and no look alarmed the mind which was now awake to self-distrust, and watchful. Emmeline was herself again when they had surmounted the steep path that led to the top of the cliff; the exertion had quickened her breathing and flushed her cheek; she looked brighter and more radiant than usual, and when she turned on the summit and looked back, and thanked him for his assistance with a smile, Mr. Randolph thought he had quite made up his mind. He was rapid in conception and firm in execution: during the few minutes of their ascent he had had time to think, and he had not thought in vain.

Nothing could have been less lover-like than the tone in which he said, as they parted: "I

shall see you to-night? Even if you feel the fatigue, you will come down with Miss Burns?"

"Honor would not come without me." A blush belied the quiet words.

"Is it true that you are expecting Mr. Burns to arrive soon?" Watching her, as the disciple of vivisection may watch his living victim's agonies, he saw the slight contraction of her throat, and the fading of her color to a mortal paleness.

"I believe so—yes."

"You have heard the rumor that I may possibly have a question to ask him when he comes?" She bent her head.

"May I ask if you believe that report?" Again she did not answer, but she endeavored to smile.

(Conclusion next month.)

"If I ask, do you think I may hope for a favorable reply?"

This time she found words. "You must excuse my answering that. Even were I less ignorant on the subject than I am, I should have no right to speak on it first with you."

"A just rebuke. We will speak of it no more, but leave the mysteries of the future to the development of time."

He left her with a careless bow, that in spite of herself brought an angry flush into her cheek at the seeming indifference. Had she known the difficulty he already felt in self-restraint, could she have counted his quickened pulses, and guessed the thoughts of his brain, would she have been less incensed with him, or more?

HEALTH AT HOME.*

PART THIRD.

IN speaking of beds and bedding in my last paper, I neglected to state one fact, which it is of moment to remember, namely, that, in the cleansing of the feathers which are used to fill pillows and bolsters, the utmost care ought to be taken never to put the feathers back into the tick until they are thoroughly dried. If only a little moisture attach to the feathers they decompose; they give out ammoniacal and sulphuretted compounds, and they become in this manner not only offensive to the sense of smell, but sometimes an insidious source of danger to health.

A few years ago I went with my family to a well-known seaside place, where during the season we were obliged to take what we could get in the way of house accommodation. I was myself located in a small bedroom, which was scrupulously clean and comfortable, and, as bedrooms go, well ventilated. The first night after going to bed I awoke in early morning with the most oppressive of headaches, with a sense of nausea, and with coldness of the body. The thought that these unpleasant symptoms arose from smallness of the room and close air led me to open the window. I was soon somewhat relieved, but could sleep no more that morning, so I dressed, took a walk, and after a few hours felt fairly well, and as wanting nothing more than a few hours of extra sleep. The next night I took the precaution to set the window open, but again in early morning I woke as before, and even in worse condition. I now canvassed all possible

causes for the phenomena. Had I contracted some contagious disease? Was this bedroom recently tenanted by a person suffering from a contagious malady? Had I taken some kind of food or drink which had disagreed with me? The answer to each of these queries was entirely negative. All I could get at was that I had a sense of an odor of a very peculiar kind, which came and went, and which seemed to have some connection with the temporary derangement. On the third night I went to bed once more, but rather more restless and alert than before; and an hour or two after I had been in bed I woke with a singular dream. I was a boy again, and I was reading the story, so I dreamed, of Philip Quarles, who, like Robinson Crusoe, was lost on a desolate island, and who could not sleep on a pillow stuffed with the feathers of certain birds which he had killed, and the feathers of which he had used for a pillow. The dream led me to examine the pillow on which my own head reclined. It was a soft, large, downy cushion, with a fine white case and a perfectly clean tick; but, when I turned my face for a moment on the pillow and inhaled through it, I detected the most distinct sulphur-ammoniacal odor, which was so sickening I had no difficulty in discovering mine enemy. The bolster I found to be the same. I put both away, made a temporary pillow out of a railway rug, went to sleep again, and woke in the morning quite well. It turned out that the pillow and bolster had been recently made up with imperfectly dried feathers, and some of these were undergoing decomposition.

* Continued from June number.

This experience of mine is a good illustration detected, as it happened, on the spot. It is by no means singular. Little children are often made sleepless, dreamful, and restless in their cots from a similar cause.

VII.

BED-VENTILATION.

IN treating of bed and bedding I have dwelt on the importance of allowing the clothes so to lie on the sleeper that they shall not too closely wrap him up in his own cutaneous exhalations. What I wished to convey by this teaching was, that the bed should be ventilated not less than the room. Benjamin Franklin used to take what he called an air-bath, which consisted in walking about in an open room, sharply, for a short time in a loose dress, so that the air might come well and briskly on to the surface of his skin and exert its purifying and cleansing influence on the cutaneous envelope. The good and refreshing effect of this simple measure of cleanliness is well experienced by those who resort to it, and part of the value of the Turkish bath is due to Franklin's method, which is there of necessity carried out. But there is no doubt that an improvement might be made in beds themselves by a process of ventilation of them, and I am glad to say that this principle has been introduced lately by a clever and simple invention, called O'Brien's Bed-ventilating Tube. The late Dr. Chowne showed that the ordinary motion of the air through tubes vertically placed and open at each end is in one continued upward direction, the air inclosed within the tubes being always of slightly higher temperature than that outside. I saw many of Dr. Chowne's experiments on this subject, and, although I could never see what he called the siphon principle which he supposed to be in action, I am bound to admit that he could in the most equable and even atmosphere cause a current of air to circulate down a short arm of a vertical tube, and up a longer arm of another tube connected with the shorter by a joint or bend. Mr. O'Brien, taking advantage of this fact, has, then, invented a tube which ventilates the bed while the sleeper is in it. A tube of two inches diameter at the foot of the bed opens just under the bedclothes; it passes beneath the frame of the bed to the bed's head, and runs up at the bed's head until it nearly reaches the ceiling, or when convenient passes into a flue. Through this tube a current of air, entering the bed at the upper part and passing over the sleeper, is made to circulate out of the bed by the ventilating tube, carrying with it the watery matter that is exhaled by the skin, and keeping up, in fact, a perfectly ventilated space, in which

the body for so many hours reposes. The quantity of fluid from the skin which condenses in this tube in the course of a night is, to common observation, quite remarkable, consisting of several ounces. I consider the O'Brien tube to be a marked hygienic improvement in the construction of bedsteads and bedding. It ought to be fitted to every bedstead, and in the beds of all sick-rooms and wards of hospitals it should have an immediate and settled introduction.

There is much difference of opinion on the question of window-curtains and window-blinds in the bedroom. Some persons who have been unhealthily educated are unable to sleep except when the room is entirely dark, the faintest ray of light being sufficient to break their repose. Others can sleep when light enters into the room in the fullest degree. I have no doubt those are most healthy who can sleep without any window-shade whatsoever, and I am sure that every one can be trained so as to sleep without blinds if the training do but commence early enough in life. Light purifies and invigorates; and children that sleep in darkness, by their blanched faces alone, may be distinguished from those who sleep in a well-lighted room. More than this, the admission of daylight early in the morning tends to create a habit of early rising, which is so conducive to health. He who hails the sun instead of letting the sun hail him is the wise man. Those who sleep like moles in a hole, though they may grow sleek and fat, are not sun-healthy; they are feeble, subject to headaches, excitable, pale, and nervous. For these reasons I would, therefore, teach that the half-blind of muslin is all that is sufficient for the bedroom window, and that the roller-blind should only be used to prevent the actual glare of the sun, or to shut out the view into a room that is exposed to other houses that overlook it. Heavy curtains for bedroom windows, or curtains of any kind, are altogether out of place, except as mere ornamental appendages, and they, when present for appearance' sake, should never be drawn except on emergency, in seasons of extreme cold or heat.

A light-green color is best for the muslin blind and the roller-blind.

ANSWERS TO SOME INQUIRIES.

Before I leave the bedroom it is well for me to take the opportunity of replying to one or two of a great number of inquiries that have been sent to me respecting the various points that have been mooted in these papers:

1. For daylight reflectors Chapuis's are, I think, up to this time, without a rival.
2. For the floors of bedrooms, in cases where the wooden flooring is bad, an oil-cloth covering

is in all particulars good. The oil-cloth can be cleaned by the dry method perfectly well.

3. A portion of stove-piping carried from the calorigen stove to the outer air for the purpose of admitting fresh air answers fairly well; but no plan is so good as to clear away all rubbish from beneath the floor of the room, make plenty of opening from the outer air to beneath the floor, and then let the tube for feeding the fresh air to the stove perforate the flooring into the space beneath.

4. The open gas-fireplace in the bedroom is perfectly safe so long as there is a good chimney-draught, but, if there is anything like a down draught the stove is very dangerous to health. The product which injures most from the gas-fire is not carbonic acid, but carbonic oxide. On the whole, I think the chimney-cowl called the "Empress," made by Messrs. Ewart, of the Euston Road, is the best for preventing down draught in the chimney-shaft. The gas-fire in good action, and planned on a proper principle, such as Verity's, has great advantages over a coal-stove. It causes no dust, which is a considerable advantage of itself, and it saves much labor. But the great advantage of the gas-fire is that it maintains an equal temperature. With the coal-fire, unless it be under almost impossible observation, there is no equality of warmth in the apartment it vivifies. It goes nearly out, leaving the room chilly and uncomfortable; it burns up, making an undue warmth, and hurrying in draughts; and then it cools, temporarily, to what may be considered the proper temperature. The gas-fire, on the other hand, is entirely manageable. With a little practice the temperature of a room, in every part, may be set for the night, and the variation need not exceed five degrees Fahrenheit. The only objection I know of in the open gas-fire is its cost. It is, with all care, at least double the expense of a coal-fire. That, at all events, is my experience.

5. The mean temperature of the bedroom should be from 60° to 65° Fahr. This is easily maintained by the calorigen stove, and at a very moderate expense. The calorigen that burns with coal is perhaps the steadiest of the varieties of coal-stoves which warm and ventilate at the same time.

6. A paper, for walls, which "will wash like linen," as one of my correspondents suggests, is not at all out of the question. Indeed, since these essays have been in progress, Dr. Scoffern has sent me a small specimen of his cupri-ammonium prepared paper which can even be boiled or steamed without being destroyed. A little improvement in a paper of this construction, so as to make it more artistic, would give a basis for a perfectly healthy wall-paper, which could

be put up, in panel, without paste, on a glazed wall, and permit of being taken down, at any time, for cleansing, as easily as a picture.

7. There is, it must be acknowledged, a great difficulty in admitting air into the bedroom from the outside, and at the same time excluding damp. In foggy weather, in such seasons as the one we have just passed through, this difficulty is almost insurmountable, and we are unfortunately placed between Scylla and Charybdis in relation to it. I have tried several plans for drying air in its course from the outside into the room, but only with partial success. When the air of the room is well and equally warmed, the injury arising from moisture is greatly lessened, and it is therefore of moment, in foggy seasons, to keep up a considerable temperature in the room by which the water-vapor will be removed, if there be at the same time free exit ventilation. But all plans of artificial drying are partial or mischievous. To stretch a layer of porous and dry woollen stuff over the opening that lets air into the room is the only mechanical plan I can suggest that is of real value. This, at all events, filters the air. It might be supplemented by introducing into the ventilating tube some loosely packed charcoal in good-sized pieces, over which the air would pass on its entrance into the chamber. Dr. Stenhouse has suggested this plan as a means of purification of air, and it is a good suggestion in that particular.

THE STAIRCASE LANDING.

We may leave the bedroom now, and pass to the landing of the staircase outside. This space, or landing, is, as a rule, a terrible trouble to the sanitary mind. It is a rialto on which varied kinds of sanitary difficulties combine. It often is deficient in light. On it are placed the receptacle, necessary but fearful, of the housemaid's cupboard or closet. On it is placed the sink and water-butt. Worst of all, in nearly every London house, it is the place for the water-closet. When there are two landing-floors in the house these convenient inconveniences are usually divided; but frequently, in houses less fortunately placed, they are all in conjunction.

It is essential on the landing of the bedroom floor first of all to have abundance of light. The window should be made as large as is consistently possible, and it should be kept specially clean. When light is deficient here, the reflector ought to be brought into immediate use. In a large and newly built house in this metropolis, into which I was lately led by a professional summons, an artificial light had actually to be kept for a portion of the day, and for the whole day when the sky was clouded, in order that the passage could be sufficiently illuminated for or-

dinary purposes. A great blank of dead wall opposite the window kept up a perpetual eclipse. I suggested a reflector, and as soon as it was in position the passage became actually brilliant with light, to the immense comfort of the occupants of the house.

After light on the landing of the staircase comes the admission of air by the window, and here I can have no hesitation what to recommend. The costless system of ventilation introduced by Dr. Peter Hinckes Bird is for all intents the best. Dr. Bird's plan is simplicity itself. The lower sash of the window is lifted up about three inches, and in the space between the sill and the sash a piece of wood is introduced to fill up the space. The lower sash at its upper part is thus brought a few inches above the lower part of the upper sash, which it by so much overlaps. In this manner there is left in the middle between the two sashes an open space, up which the air is constantly passing from the outside into the house. At all times the air is finding its way, and, as the current is directed in an upward course, draught is not felt even when the air blows in freely. At the same time the sashes can be opened or closed as may be desired without altering the arrangement for ventilation.

I have recommended and employed Dr. Bird's costless ventilation so many years with such excellent practical results, I hardly like to venture on a shade of suggestion for its modification. There is, however, one change in it which, while it adheres entirely to the principle, is, I venture to think, an improvement in detail. This consists simply in letting the lower sash remain unchanged, and in bringing down the upper sash three inches, so as to let it by that distance overlap the lower. The space above on the upper part of the top sash has then to be filled up, and I recommend for this purpose a permanent bar of wood, against which the upper sash can close. The advantages of this detail are, that the window looks better; that light at the lower part is saved; that lower blinds are not interfered with; that the interposed piece of wood is out of the reach of the servants, so that it can not be taken away without great trouble; and, that if there be a draught at the space where the sash touches the interposed portion of wood, it is at the top instead of the bottom sash, and is not felt by those who are passing the window on ascending the stairs.

The costless ventilation once effected, it should be in operation all the year round. It is true that in cold weather it causes a lower temperature on the landing than would exist if the window were absolutely closed; but this must be met by increasing the warmth within the house, not by the process of excluding the outer air.

It will be soon detected, in windows in which the costless ventilation is set up, how large a quantity of dust there is in the air which finds its way into the dwelling-house of the great city. The space through which the air passes is very quickly charged with dust, some of which settles on the panes of the window and the framework, and requires removal at short regular intervals. It is raised by some as an objection to the system of costless ventilation that the dust enters so freely through the permanent opening as to become, in its turn, a nuisance. Hence, we often find the opening partly filled up with a sand-bag, or else with a plate of perforated zinc, the openings of which are quite closed up with dust. Both these practices are bad; the open space should never be closed. In spite of the acknowledged inconvenience of dust, it is far better to have a free admission of air than to exclude the air. In practice, moreover, the dust nuisance is less than would be expected. It is only occasionally present, while bad air, if outer air be kept out, is always present.

The floor of the landing should be treated precisely in the same manner as the floor of the bedroom. In the course of the tread in the center of the landing, for a width, say, of from eighteen inches to two feet, a line of carpet may be laid down, but the floor space on either side of the carpet should be uncovered, and if it be of wood it should be dry scrubbed and treated with wax and turpentine, when the boards will allow of it. Where the staircase and landing are of stone, nothing is more healthful than the stone itself duly cleaned and whitened. When the floor surface is of indifferent wood or stone, it may, with advantage, be covered with oil-cloth, with the center carpet. In no case should the whole of a landing be carpet-covered so as to make the carpet hug the wall. A floor covered in that manner holds the dust, and keeps the air charged with dust, every step and every gust of air that moves the carpet from beneath tending to waft some particles of dust into the air above.

Of oil-cloth as a covering for landings, passages, and outer parts of bedroom floors, nothing can be said that is unfavorable, granting always that it is laid down with skill and care. As a rule it should be closely fitted to the floor, and well glued and nailed down at the edges, so that it can not become a coating for a thick layer of dust beneath it. Fixed firmly in its place in such a way as to form part of the floor itself, oil-cloth can be cleaned with as much facility as can a boarded floor, and can be waxed as perfectly. It does not retain dust; it shows the presence of dust and dirt, and it is a good non-conductor of heat. The substance called linoleum is, in some particulars, an improvement on oil-cloth, be-

cause it is a better non-conductor. Kamptulicon is more enduring than either, but it does not admit of such perfect cleaning; it catches the dust more, and it never looks so bright and cheery as the others do. We are told that it is so much more serviceable, and that is true; but then it is not good to have for ever in view a structure that is unchangeable and practically indestructible. An occasional change of structure is a positive relief, and when it can be obtained at slight cost is a useful luxury.

The walls of the landing, like those of the bedroom, should be covered with a paint or paper that will readily admit of being washed. Failing this, they should be distempered.

It is always good practice, wherever it is possible, to make an opening from the stair-landing into, and out of, the roof of the house, or into the stack of the chimney. If the landing be just under the roof, then it is good to get a direct opening through the roof, or the cock-loft leading to it, so that there may be an immediate communication with the outer air above. In most houses this upper landing-place is connected by the staircase with the whole of the lower part of the house. The house from below ventilates into it, and if upon it there be no efficient outlet it is in a bad position indeed. Should there be an intervening floor between the floor and the roof of the house a small shaft should be carried up, and beneath that shaft a gas-burner may with much advantage be suspended, so as to make the shaft a chimney for the conveyance of the products of the gas and of air, away from the interior of the house.

In the houses of crowded cities the worst sanitary difficulty of all lies in the arrangement of the water-closet on the landings of the staircases. Some sanitarians propose to meet these difficulties by introducing the dry earth-closet system, or by some other special system distinct from what is in general use. I do not object to such suggestions where they are practicable; but my business, at this time, is to indicate the safest mode of meeting the present objectionable system, and, until a better mode of construction is effected, to improve to the utmost the water-closet as it now exists. I will deal with the earth-closet in the next paper.

It can not be denied that great danger attends the water-closet system in many houses. The closet itself is placed so as to be in the center of the sleeping part of the domicile. It is most imperfectly ventilated and lighted. The flow from it is often exceedingly bad; the leverage and the water-supply are apt to get out of order; the pans soon become unclean, and, whatever care the housekeeper may exercise, there is an odor from the closet which will pervade the floor of

the house in which the closet is placed, and will declare the unwholesomeness of the arrangement. To meet these unfortunate conditions, the first care should be to secure an absolutely free course from the pan of the closet into the soil-pipe, and from the soil-pipe into the sewer, in such a manner that at some point before it reaches the trap leading to the sewer the pipe shall be open to the air. I shall explain in a future paper how this may be done; but for the present I point it out as a necessity. The second care is to secure a good and steady supply of water, so that the pan of the closet can always be thoroughly flushed and charged with water. The third care is to have a closet apparatus that shall let the water completely empty the pan, and shall afterward leave a good supply of water there. Underhay's plan is one of the best for securing this advantage; it gives a free fall of water when the trap is raised, and it fills, if it may so be said, as it empties, thereby rendering the return of air from the soil-pipe all but impossible.

These plans secured, the next step consists in arranging for the purification of the closet itself; for the free ventilation of it specially.

When there is a ready means of making a window or direct shaft from the closet into the open air the difficulty of finding an exit opening is fairly solved, and I need only to say of such an opening that it can hardly be too large or too free. The great obstacles are found when the closet is in the center of the floor, and there is no means of direct communication with out-door air. In many of our London houses so circumstanced, it is actually not uncommon to see a window from the water-closet opening into the staircase, a plan as bad as can possibly be imagined. To avoid that, I would offer the following arrangement, which I have carried out with very satisfactory results.

To ventilate freely under the conditions named it is requisite to make an opening through the ceiling of the closet, and to secure an outlet, so as to allow the air of the closet to find free exit. This is best done, when the closet is under the roof of the house, by carrying a three or four inch tube into the space under the roof, and either running it from there into a chimney-shaft, or direct out on to the roof by a chimney of its own. In cases where there is an intervening floor, it is necessary to carry the opening through the ceiling of the closet into the space between the ceiling and the floor above, and from that, by a tube laid between floor and ceiling, to the side-wall, and through that wall into the open air by an exit-shaft; or else to carry a tube through the ceiling and floor direct up to and through the roof, or into a chimney-shaft. If gas be at hand it is

well to have a burner put into the closet, and to allow the light to be suspended immediately beneath the ascending exit air-tube. By this method the escape of air from the closet is always well secured and part of the difficulties are overcome.

Following, however, upon this it is necessary to let air freely into the closet, so that there may always be a free current of air circulating through it. To effect this object one step more must be taken. Through the floor of the closet in front of the seat, at either or at both ends, there must be cut a free opening into the space between the floor and the ceiling of the room below. From this opening another free communication must be made to the outer air by an opening made through the wall of the house. It may be necessary here to carry a tube from the opening in the outer wall to the closet, but, as a rule, it is only requisite to insert a few perforated bricks in the wall on the level of the space between the floors and the ceilings of the rooms beneath. This space then becomes an air-chamber, which feeds the closet with air in the freest manner. The air introduced should pass also freely under the seat of the closet.

By the simple plan now detailed I have seen a closet in the center of a floor rendered free of all odor, and so flushed with air that it was purer than some closets are which are placed out of doors.

Recently a very ingenious invention has been brought out by the Deodorizing Water-Closet Company, in the Harrow Road, by which the pan of the closet is kept free of odor. Under the seat of the closet, but quite concealed by the

front of the seat, there is placed an apparatus which contains a large supply of permanganate deodorizing solution. A tube from this apparatus enters from above into the basin of the closet, and after water has been allowed to flow through the pan, just as the lever descends to shut off the water, a portion of the deodorizing solution is pumped into the water that remains in the basin, and is left there. The water is colored red by the solution, and not only deodorizes, but becomes a test of the cleanliness of the closet itself. If the pan of the closet be very unclean, the water is almost immediately decolorized; if, on the other hand, the closet be in a wholesome state, the water retains the color of the solution for several hours. I have had this apparatus set up in my own house, and find it to answer excellently. It will, I suspect, become a necessity in hotels, convalescent homes, and hospitals.

The walls of the water-closet should either be painted so that they may be washed frequently, or they should be coated with distemper often renewed. All porous coverings for the walls are particularly objectionable.

The closet should be frequently cleansed throughout, and once in a twelvemonth, at least, the pan should be taken out, and it and all the parts and tubes beneath should be systematically cleansed and purified. Once every week the closet should be thoroughly flushed with water; and through the seat, over the handle of the lever that lifts the plug to let in the water, an opening should be cut so that the handle can be raised during the flushing, while the lid of the closet is closed down.

B. W. RICHARDSON, M. D. (*Good Words*).

(*To be continued.*)

SOME THOUGHTS ON SHELLEY.

WHEN the sea gave up its dead, all of Shelley's body that was rescued from flood and fire was laid where the rise of the ground ends in a dark nook of the Aurelian wall. So deep is that resting-place in shadow that the violets blossom later there than on "the slope of green access" where, seen from Shelley's grave, the flowers grow over the dust of Adonais. It is well that both were buried in Italy rather than in England, for, though no Italian could have written their poetry, yet it was—in all things else different—of that spirit which Italy awakens in Englishmen who love her, rather than of the purely English spirit. The Italian air, the sentiment of Italy, fled and dreamed through their poems,

but most through those of Shelley. It was but fitting, then, that Shelley, whose fame was England's, should be buried in the city which is the heart of Italy. But he was born far away from this peaceful and melancholy spot, and grew up to manhood under the gray skies of England, until its universities, its church, its society, its law, and its dominant policy became inhospitable to him, nay, even his own father cast him out. They all had, in the opinion of sober men of that time, good cause to make him a stranger, for he attacked them all, and it would be neither wise nor true, nor grateful to Shelley himself, were he to be put forward as a genius unjustly treated, or as one who deserved or asked for

pity. Those who separate themselves from society, and war against its dearest maxims, if they are as resolute in their choice and as firm in their beliefs as Shelley, count the cost, and do not, or rarely, complain when the penalty is exacted. He was exiled, and it was no wonder. The opinion of the world did not trouble him, nor was that a wonder. But, as this exile is the most prominent fact of his life, its influence is sure to underlie his work. One of the questions that any one who writes of Shelley has to ask is, How did this exile from the education, law, religion, and society of his country, and from the soil of his country itself, affect his poetry?

It had a very great influence, partly for good and partly for evil. The good it did is clear. It deepened his individuality and the power which issued from that source. It set him free from the poetic conventions to which his art might have yielded too much obedience in England—a good which the obscurity of Keats also procured for him—it prevented him from being worried too much by the blind worms of criticism, it enabled him to develop himself more freely, and it placed him in contact with a natural scenery, fuller and sunnier than he could ever have had in England, in which his love of beauty found so happy and healthy a food that it came to perfect flower. In Italy also, where impulse even more than reason urges intelligence and inspires genius, lyrical poetry, which is born of impulse, is more natural and easy, though not better, than elsewhere, and the very inmost spirit of Shelley, deeper than his metaphysics or his love of man and inspiring both, deeper even than any personal passion was the lyrical longing of his whole body, soul, and spirit—"O that I had wings like a dove; then would I flee away, and be at rest."

But the good this exile did his art was largely counterbalanced by its harm. Shelley's individuality, unchecked by that of others, grew too great, and tended not only to isolate him from men, but to prevent his art from becoming conversant enough with human life. The absence of critical sympathy of a good kind, such as that which flows from one poet to another in a large society, left some of his work as it left some of Keats's, more formless, more intemperate, more impalpable, more careless, more apart from the realities of life, than it ought to have been in the most poetical of poets since the days of Elizabeth. Even in his lyric work, the impassioned impulse would have failed less often to fulfill its form perfectly; there would not have been so many fragments thrown aside for want of patience or power to complete them, had he been less personal, less subject to individual freakishness, more subject to the unexpressed criticism

which floats, as it were, in the air of a large literary society, and constrains the art of the poet into measured act and power. And as to Nature, we should perhaps have had, with his genius, a much wider and less ideal representation of her, had he not been so enthralled by the vastness and homelessness of Swiss and by the ideality of Italian scenery. Even when he did write in England itself, the recollected love of Switzerland and the Rhine mingled with the impressions he received from the Thames, and produced a scenery, as in certain passages in "Alastor" and "The Revolt of Islam," which is not directly studied from anything in heaven or earth. It is none the worse for that, but it is not nature, it is art.

These are general considerations, but there were some more particular results, partly good and partly evil, of this separation of Shelley from the ordinary religious and political views of English society.

A good deal of his poetry became polemical, and polemical, like satiric poetry, is apart from pure art. It attacks evil directly, and the poet, his mind being then fixed not on the beautiful but on the base, writes prosaically. Or it embodies a creed in verse, and, being concerned with doctrine, becomes dull. In both cases the poet misses, as Shelley did, that inspiration of the beautiful which arises from the seeing of truth, not from the seeing of a lie; from the love of true ideas, not from their intellectual perception. The verses, for example, in the "Ode to Liberty," which directly attack kingcraft and priestcraft, however gladly one would see their sentiments in prose, are inferior as poetry to all the rest; and it is the same throughout all Shelley's poetry of direct attack on evil. This polemical element in "The Revolt of Islam" and the endeavor to lay down in it his revolutionary creed are additional causes of the wastes of prosaic poetry which make it so unreadable. The very splendor and passion of the passages devoted to Nature and Love contrast so sharply, like burning spaces of sunlight on a gray sea, with the wearisome whole, that they lose half their value, and disturb, like so much else, the unity of the poem. The same things seem true of "Rosalind and Helen," and of those political poems which are direct attacks on abuses in England. On the other hand, when Shelley wrote on these evils indirectly, inspired by the opposing truths concerned with their beauty, and borne upward by delight in them, his work entered the realm of art, and his poetry became magnificent. These is no finer example of this than "Prometheus Unbound." The subject is at root the same as that of the "Revolt of Islam," the things opposed are the same, the

doctrine is the same, but the whole method of approaching his idea and fulfilling its form is changed, and all the questions are brought into that artistic representation which stirs around them inspiring and enduring emotion.

The good Shelley did in this way was very great. At a time when England, still influenced by its abhorrence of the Reign of Terror, by its fear of France and Napoleon, was most dead to the political ideas that had taken form in 1789, Shelley gave voice, through art, to these ideas, and encouraged that hope of a golden age which, however vague, does so much for human progress. He threw around these things imaginative emotion, and added all its power to the struggle for freedom.

Still greater is the unrecognized work he did in the same way for theology in England. That theology was no better than all theology had become under the influence of the imperial and feudal ideas of Europe. Its notion of God, and of man in relation to God, partly Hebraic, and therefore sacerdotal and sacrificial, partly deeply dyed with asceticism and other elements derived from the Oriental notion of the evil of matter, was further modified by the political views of the Roman Empire, transferred to God by the Roman Church. And, when the universal ideas regarding mankind and a return to nature were put forth by France, they clashed instantly with this limited, sacerdotal, ascetic, aristocratic, and feudal theology. The sovereign right of God, because he was omnipotent, to destroy the greater part of his subjects, the right of a caste of priests to impose their doctrines on all, and to exile from religion all who did not agree with them; the view that whatever God was represented to do was right, though it might directly contradict the nature, the conscience, and the heart of man—these, and other related views had been brought to the bar of humanity, and condemned from the intellectual point of view by a whole tribe of thinkers. But, if a veteran theology is to be disarmed and slain, it needs to be brought not only into the arena of thought and argument, but into the arena of poetic emotion. A great part of that latter work was done in England by Shelley. He indirectly made, as time went on, an ever-increasing number of men feel that the will of God could not be in antagonism to the universal ideas concerning man, that his character could not be in contradiction to the moralities of the heart, and that the destiny he willed for mankind must be as universal and as just and loving as himself. There are more clergymen, and more religious laymen than we imagine, who trace to the emotion Shelley awakened in them when they were young their wider and better views of God. Many men, also, who

were quite careless of religion, yet cared for poetry, were led, and are still led, to think concerning the grounds of a true worship, by the moral enthusiasm which Shelley applied to theology. He made emotion burn around it, and we owe to him a great deal of its nearer advance to the teaching of Christ. But, we owe it not to those portions of his poetry which denounced what was false and evil, but to those which represented and revealed, in delight in its beauty, what was good and true. Had he remained in England I do not think he would have worked on this matter in the ideal way of "Prometheus Unbound," because continual contact with the reigning theology would have driven his easily wrought anger into direct violence. In Italy, in exile, it was different. The polemical temper in which he wrote "The Revolt of Islam" changed into the poetical temper in which he wrote "Prometheus Unbound."

Connected with this, but not with his exile, is the question, in what way his belief as to a Source of Nature influenced his art. He was not an atheist or a materialist. If he may be said to have occupied any theoretical position, it was that of an ideal pantheist; the position which, with regard to nature, a modern poet, who cares for the subject, naturally—whatever may be his personal view—adopts in the realm of his art. Wordsworth, a plain Christian at home, wrote about nature as a pantheist: the artist loves to conceive of the universe, not as dead, but as alive. Into that belief Shelley, in hours of inspiration, continually rose, and his work is seldom more impassioned and beautiful than in the passages where he feels and believes in this manner. The finest example is toward the close of the "Adonais." In his mind, however, the living spirit which, in its living, made the universe, was not conceived of as Thought, as Wordsworth conceived it, but as Love operating into Beauty; and there is a passage on this idea in the fragment of "The Coliseum," which is as beautiful in prose as that in "Adonais" is in verse. But it is only in higher poetic hours that Shelley seems or cares to realize this belief. In the quieter realms of poetry, in daily life, he confessed no such creed plainly; he had little or no belief in a thinking or loving existence behind the phenomenal universe. It is infinitely improbable, he says, that the cause of mind is similar to mind. Nothing can be more characteristic of him—and he has the same temper in other matters—than that he should have a faith with regard to a Source of Nature, into which he could soar when he pleased, in which he could live for a time, but which he did not choose to live in, to define, or to realize, continuously. When, in the "Prometheus Unbound," he is

forced, as it were, to realize a central cause, he creates Demogorgon, the dullest of all his impersonations. It is scarcely an impersonation. Once he calls it a "living spirit," but it has neither form nor outline in his mind. He keeps it before him as an "awful Shape."

The truth is, the indefinite was a beloved element of his life. "Lift not the painted veil," he cries, "which those who live call 'Life.'" His worst pain was when he thought he had lifted it, and seemed to know the reality. But he did not always believe that he had done so, or he preferred to deny his conclusion. Not as a thinker in prose, but as a poet, he frequently loved the vague with an intensity which raised it almost into an object of worship. The speech of the Third Spirit, in the "Ode to Heaven," is a wonderful instance of what I may call the rapture in indefiniteness. But this rapture had its other side, and, when he was depressed by ill-health, the sense of a voiceless, boundless abyss, which for ever held its secret, and in which he floated, deepened his depression. The horror of a homeless and centerless heart which then beset him is passionately expressed in "The Cenci." Beatrice is speaking—

"Sweet Heaven, forgive weak thoughts, if there should be

No God, no heaven, no earth, in the void world;
The wide, gray, lampless, deep, unpeopled world."

But, on the whole, whether it brought him pain or joy, he preferred to be without a fixed belief with regard to a Source of Nature. Could he have done otherwise, could he have given continuous substance in his thoughts to the great conception of ideal pantheism in which Wordsworth rested, Shelley's whole work on Nature and his description of her would have been more direct, palpable, and homely. He would have loved Nature more, and made us love it more.

The result of all this is that a great deal of his poetry of Nature has no ground in thought, and consequently wants power. It is not that he could not have had this foundation and its strength. Both are his when he chooses. But, for the most part, he did not choose. Such was his temperament that he liked better to live with Nature and be without a center for her. He would be

"Dizzy, lost—but unbewailing."

But I am not sure whether the love of the undefined did not, in the first instance, arise out of his love of the constantly changing, and that itself out of the very character of his intellect and the temper of his heart. His intellect, incessantly shaken into movement by his imagina-

tion, continually threw into new shapes the constant ideas he possessed. His heart, out of which are the issues of imagination, loved deeply a few great conceptions, but wearied almost immediately of any special form in which he embodied them, and changed it for another. In the matter of human love, he was uncontent with all the earthly images he formed of the ideal he had loved and continued to love in his own soul, and he could not but tend to change the images. In the ordinary life of feeling, the moment any emotion arose in his heart, a hundred others came rushing from every quarter into the original feeling, and mingled with it, and changed its outward expression. Sometimes they all clamored for expression, and we see that Shelley often tried to answer their call. It is when he does this that he is most obscure—obscure through abundance of feelings and their forms. His intellect, heart, and imagination were in a kind of Heraclitean flux, perpetually evolving fresh images, and the new, in swift succession, clouding the old; and then, impatient weariness of rest or of any one thing whatever, driving forward within him this incessant movement, he sank, at last and for the time, exhausted—"As summer clouds disburdened of their rain."

There is no need to illustrate this from his poetry. The huddling rush of images, the changeful crowd of thoughts are found on almost every page. It is often only the oneness of the larger underlying emotion or idea which makes the work clear. We strive to grasp a Proteus as we read. In an instant the thought or the feeling Shelley is expressing becomes impalpable, vanishes, reappears in another form, and then in a multitude of other forms, each in turn eluding the grasp of the intellect, until at last we seize the god himself, and know what Shelley meant, or Shelley felt. In all this he resembles, at a great distance, Shakespeare; and has, at that distance, and in this aspect of his art, a strength and a weakness similar to, but not identical with, those which Shakespeare possessed—the strength of changeful activity of imagination, the weakness of being unable, through eagerness, to omit, to select, to coördinate his images. Yet, at his highest, when the full force of genius is urged by full and dominant emotion, what poetry it is! How magnificent is the impassioned unity of the whole in spite of the diversity of the parts! But this lofty height is reached in only a few of Shelley's lyrics, and in a few passages in his longer poems.

At almost every point, the scenery of the sky he drew so fondly images this temper of Shelley's mind, this incessant building and unbuilding, this cloud-changefulness of his imagination.

"I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again."

That is a picture of Shelley himself at work on a feeling or on a thought. "I change, but I can not die."

I might illustrate this love of "the changing" from the history of his life, of his affections, of his theories; from his varied nature, and way of work, as the prose thinker and the poet; from the variety of the subjects on which he wrote, and which he half attempted—for he naturally fell into the fragmentary—from the eagerness with which he searched for new thought, new experiences of feeling, new literatures, even from his love of the strange and sometimes of the horrible; from that discontent he had in the doctrines of others, until he had added to them, as he did to Plato's doctrine of Love, something of his own in order to make them new—were there any necessity to enlarge on that which stands so clear. In all these things, what was said of Shelley's movements to and fro in the house at Lerici is true of his movement through the house of thought or of feeling. "Oh, he comes and goes like a spirit, no one knows when or where." But it remains to be said that, all through this secondary changefulness, he held fast to certain primary ideas of life, of morality, and of his art, which no one who cares for him can fail to discover.

There were, then, in Shelley this love of indefiniteness and this love of changefulness. Which of the two was the cause of the other I can not tell, but I am inclined to think that the latter was the first. It is better, however, to keep them both equally in view in the study of Shelley's art, and they are both well illustrated in his poetry of Nature.

I have said that his love of the indefinite with regard to a Source of Nature weakened his work on Nature. His love of changefulness also weakened it by luring the imagination away from a direct sight of the thing into the sight of a multitude of images suggested by the thing.

But, in the case of those who have great genius, that which enfeebles one part of their work often gives strength to another, and in three several ways these elements in Shelley's mind made his work on Nature of great value:

1. His love of that which is indefinite and changeful made him enjoy and describe better than any other English poet that scenery of the clouds and sky which is indefinite owing to infinite change of appearance. The incessant forming and unforming of the vapors which he de-

scribes in the last verse of "The Cloud" is that which he most cared to paint. Wordsworth often draws, and with great force, the aspect of the sky, and twice with great elaboration in "The Excursion"; but it is only a momentary aspect, and it is mixed up with illustrations taken from the works of men, with the landscape of the earth below where men are moving, with his own feelings about the scene, and with moral or imaginative lessons. Shelley, when he is at work on the sky, troubles it with none of these human matters, and he describes not only the momentary aspect, but also the change and progress of the sunset or the storm. And he does this with the greatest care, and with a characteristic attention to those delicate tones and half-tones of color which resemble the subtle imaginations and feelings he liked to discover in human nature, and to which he gave form in poetry.

In his very first poem, in "Queen Mab" (Part II), there is one of these studies of sunset. It is splendidly eclipsed by that in the beginning of "Julian and Maddalo," where the Euganean Hills are lifted away from the earth and made a portion of the scenery of the sky. A special moment of sunset, with the moon and the evening star in a sky reddened with tempest, is given in "Hellas," but here, being in a drama, it is mingled with the fate of an empire. The dawns are drawn with the same care as the sunsets, but with less passion. There are many of them, but the most beautiful, perhaps, is that in the beginning of the second act of the "Prometheus." The changes of color, as the light increases in the spaces of pure sky and in the clouds, are watched and described with precise truth; the slow progress of the dawn, during a long time, is noted down line by line, and all the movement of the mists and of the clouds "shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind." Nor is that minuteness of observation wanting which is the proof of careful love. Shelley's imaginative study of beauty is revealed in the way the growth of the dawn is set before us by the waxing and waning of the light of the star, as the vapors rise and melt before the morn.

The storms are even better than the sunsets and dawns. The finest is at the beginning of "The Revolt of Islam." It might be a description of one of Turner's storm-skies. The long trains of tremulous mist that precede the tempest, the cleft in the storm-clouds, and seen through it, high above, the space of blue sky fretted with fair clouds, the pallid semicircle of the moon with mist on its upper horn, the flying rack of clouds below the serene spot—all are as Turner saw them; but painting can not give what Shelley gives—the growth and changes of the storm.

There is another description at the beginning

of the eleventh canto of the same poem, in which the vast wall of blue cloud before which gray mists are flying is cloven by the wind, and the sunbeams, like a river of fire flowing between lofty banks, pour through the chasm across the sea, while the shattered vapors which the coming storm has driven forth to make the opening are tossed, all crimson, into the sky. This is a favorite picture of Shelley's. In the "Vision of the Sea" it is transferred from sunset to sunrise. The fierce wind coming from the west rushes like a flooded river upon the dense clouds which are piled in the east, and rends them asunder, and through the gorge thus cleft

" . . . the beams of the sunrise flow in,
Unimpeded, keen, golden and crystalline,
Banded armies of light and air."

The description is a little overwrought, but criticism has no voice when it thinks that no other poet has ever attempted to render, with the same absolute loss of himself, the successive changes, minute by minute, of such an hour of tempest and of sunrise. We are alone with Nature; I might even say, we see Nature alone with herself. Still greater, more poetic, less sensational, is the approach of the gale in the "Ode to the West Wind," where the wind itself is the river on which the forest of the sky shakes down its foliage of clouds, and these are tossed upward like a Mænad's "uplifted hair," or trail downward, like the "locks" of Typhon, the vanguard of the tempest. In gathered mass behind, the congregated might of vapors is rising to vault the heaven like a sepulchral dome. Nothing can be closer than the absolute truth to the working of the clouds that fly before the main body of a storm, which is here kept in the midst of these daring comparisons of the imagination.

The same delight in the indefinite and changeful aspects of Nature appears in Shelley's power of describing vast landscapes, such as that seen at noontide from the Euganean Hills, or that which the poet in "Alastor" looks upon from the edge of the mountain precipice. Both swim in the kind of light that makes all objects undefined, deep noon, and sunset light.

Kindred to this is Shelley's pleasure in the intricate, changeful, and incessant weaving and unweaving of Nature's life in a great forest. In the "Recollection" it is the Pisan Pineta he describes, and that is a painting directly after Nature. But he has his own ideal forest, of which he tells in "Alastor," in "Rosalind and Helen," in "The Triumph of Life," and again and again in the "Prometheus." It is no narrow wood, but a universe of forest; full of all trees and flowers, in which are streams, and pools, and lakes, and lawny glades, and hills, and caverns; and in whose mul-

titudinous scenery Shelley's imagination could lose and find itself without an end. The special love of caverns, with their dim recesses, adds another characteristic touch. These, then—the scenery of the sky, of the forest, of the vast plain—are the aspects of Nature Shelley loved the most, and out of the weakness that elsewhere made him too indefinite, and too uncertain through desire of change, for Wordsworth's special kind of descriptive power, arose the force with which he realized them.

2. Again, just because Shelley had no wish to conceive of Nature as involved in one definite thought, he had the power of conceiving the life of separate things in Nature with astonishing individuality. When he wrote of the cloud, or of Arethusa, or of the moon, or of the earth, as distinct existences, he was not led away from their solitary personality by any universal existence in which they were merged, or by the necessity of adding to these any tinge of humanity, any elements of thought or love, such as the pantheist is almost sure to add. His imagination was free to realize pure Nature, and the power by which he does this, as well as the work done, is quite unique in modern poetry. Theology, with its one Creator of the universe; pantheism, with its "one spirit's plastic stress"; science, with its one energy, forbid the modern poet, whose mind is settled into any one of these three views, to see anything in Nature as having a separate life of its own. He can not, as a Greek could do, divide the life of the air from that of the earth, of the cloud from that of the stream. But Shelley, able to loosen himself from all these modern conceptions which unite the various universe, could and did, when he pleased, divide and subdivide the life of Nature in the same way as a Greek, and this is the cause why, even in the midst of wholly modern imagery and a modern manner, one is conscious of a Greek note in many passages of his poetry of Nature. The following little poem on the Dawn might be conceived by a primitive Aryan. It is a Nature-myth:

"The pale stars are gone!
For the sun, their swift shepherd,
To their folds them compelling,
In the depths of the dawn,
Hastes, in meteor-eclipsing array, and they flee
Beyond his blue dwelling
As fawns flee the leopard."

But Shelley's conceptions of the life of these natural things are less human than even the Homeric Greek or early Indian poet would have made them. They described the work of Nature in terms of human act. Shelley's spirits of the earth and moon are utterly apart from our

world of thought and from our life. Of this class of poems "The Cloud" is the most perfect example. It describes the life of the Cloud as it might have been a million years before man came on earth. The "sanguine Sunrise" and the "orbed Maiden," the moon, who are the playmates of the Cloud, are pure elemental beings.

The same observation is true if we take a poem on a living thing in Nature, like "The Skylark," into which human sentiment is introduced. The sentiment belongs to Shelley, not to the lark. The bird has joy, but it is not our joy. It is "unbodied joy," nor "can we come near it." Wordsworth's "Skylark" is truer, perhaps, to the every-day life of the bird, and the poet remembers, because he loves his own home, that the singer will return to its nest; but Shelley sees and hears the bird who, in its hour of inspired singing, will not recollect that it has a home. Wordsworth humanizes the whole spirit of "the pilgrim of the sky"—"True to the kindred points of heaven and home." Shelley never brings the bird into contact with us at all. It is left in the sky singing; it will never leave the sky. It is the archetype of the lark we seem to listen to, and yet we can not conceive it, we have no power—"What thou art we know not." The flowers in "The Sensitive Plant" have the same apartness from humanity, and are wholly different beings and in a different world from "The Daisy" or "The Celandine" of Wordsworth. It is only the Sensitive Plant, and that is Shelley himself, which has an inner sympathy with the Lady of the garden.

Shelley, then, could isolate and perceive distinct existences in Nature as if he were himself one of these existences. It was a strange power, and we naturally can not love with a human love things so represented. In Wordsworth's poems we touch the human heart of flowers and birds. In Shelley's we touch "Shapes that haunt Thought's wildernesses." Yet it is quite possible, though we can not feel affection for Shelley's Cloud or Bird, that they are both truer to the actual fact of things than Wordsworth made his birds and clouds. Strip off the imaginative clothing from "The Cloud," and science will support every word of it. Let the skylark sing, let the flowers grow, for their own joy alone. In truth, what sympathy have they, what sympathy has Nature with man? We may not like to think of Nature in this way; we are left quite cold by "The Cloud," and by the spirits of the Earth and Moon in the "Prometheus"; and, if we are not left as cold by "The Skylark," it is because we are made to think of our own sorrow, not because we care for the bird. But, whether we like or no to see Nature in this

fashion, we should be grateful for these unique representations, and to the poet who was able to make them. In this matter also Shelley's want of a central and uniting thought in Nature made his strength.

The other side of Shelley's relation to Nature is a remarkable contrast to this statement. When he was absorbed in his own being, and writing poems which concerned himself alone, he made Nature the mere image of his own feelings, the creature of his mood. In his "life alone doth Nature live." This was the natural result, at these times, of his intellectual rejection of such pantheism as enabled Wordsworth always to distinguish between himself and the Nature he perceived. The Nature Wordsworth saw we can love well, because it is not ourselves—never a reflection of ourselves. The Nature such as Shelley saw in "Alastor" is not easy to love, because it is ourselves in other form. For this reason also we are not able to love Nature, when thus represented by Shelley, so well as we love her in Wordsworth.

Shelley's love of the undefined and changing is still further illustrated by the fact that we see Nature in his poetry in these three ways—on all of which I have dwelt. We sometimes look on her as the ideal pantheist beholds her; we look on her again as the mere reflection of the poet's moods; we look on her often as she may be in herself, apart from theories about her, apart from man.

3. Lastly, on this subject, the vagueness and changefulness of Shelley's feeling and view of Nature, except in the instances mentioned, the dreams and shadows of it in his poetry that incessantly form and dissolve like the upper clouds of the sky, each fleeting while its successor is being born, and few living long enough to be outlined, are the only images we possess in art, save perhaps in music, of the many hours we ourselves pass with Nature when we neither think nor feel, but drift and dream incessantly from one impression to another, enjoying, but never defining our enjoyment, receiving moment by moment, but never caring to say to any single impression, "Stay and keep me company." In this thing also, Shelley's weakness made his power.

This want of definite belief and of its force belongs also to his conception of the ideal state of mankind. He does not see quite clearly what he desires for man, and describes the golden age chiefly by negatives of wrong. At times he rises into a passionate realization of his Utopia, as he rises into pantheism, but he can not long remain in it. The high-wrought prophecy, too weak to keep the height it has gained, sinks down again and again into an abyss of seeming

hopelessness. The last stanza of the "Ode to Liberty" is the type of many an hour of his life, and of the close of many a poem. But he never let hopelessness or depression master him. Shelley is full of resurrection power, and the fall from the peak of prophecy is more the result of reaction after impassioned excitement than the result of any unbelief in his hopes for men, or in that on which they were grounded.

These hopes, that belief, had their strong foundation. There was one thing at least that Shelley grasped and realized with force in poetry—the moralities of the heart in their relation to the progress of mankind. Love and its eternity; mercy, forgiveness, and endurance, as forms of love; joy and freedom, justice and truth as the results of love; the sovereign right of Love to be the ruler of the universe, and the certainty of its victory—these were the deepest realities, the only absolute certainty, the only center in Shelley's mind; and whenever, in behalf of the whole race, he speaks of them, and of the duties and hopes that follow from them, strength is then instinctive and vital in his imagination. Neither now nor hereafter can men lose this powerful and profound impression. It is Shelley's great contribution to the progress of humanity.

But, he could not combine with this large view and this large sympathy with the interests of man, personal sympathy with personal human life. That is absent from his poetry, and his want of it was confirmed by his exile. Confined to a small circle of which he was the center, among foreigners, feeling himself repudiated by the society of his own country, and incapable of such quiet association with the lives of men and women as Wordsworth loved and enjoyed, it is no wonder that large spaces of human life are entirely unreflected and unidealized in his poetry. The common human heart was not his theme, nor did he care to write of it. And, so far he is less universal than Wordsworth, and less the great poet. But, on the other hand, he did two things in his work on human nature that Wordsworth could not do: First, he realized in song, so far as it was possible, the impalpable dreams of the poetic temperament, those which, when they arise in happiness, he expresses in the little poem, "On a Poet's Lips I slept," and others also less joyous—the lonely wanderings of regretful thought, the imagination in its hours of childlike play with images, the moments when we are on the edge where emotion and thought incessantly change into one another, the visions of Nature which we compose but which are not Nature, the sorrows and depressions which have no name and to which we allot no cause, the depths of passionate fancy when we have not

only no relation to mankind, but hate to feel that relation. Of all this Wordsworth gives us nothing; and though what he does give us is of more use and worth to us as men who have to do with men, yet Shelley's work in this is dear to our personal life, and has in fact as much to do with one realm of humanity as the sorrow of Michael or the daily life of the dalesmen have with another. English poetry needed the expression of these things; Shelley's expression of them is unique, but I doubt whether he would ever have expressed them in so complete a way had he not been thrown into isolation.

Secondly, there is an element almost altogether wanting in Wordsworth, the absence of which forbids us to class him as a poet who has touched all the important sides of human life—the element of passionate love. A few of his poems, such as "Barbara," or, in another kind, "Laodameia," solemnly glide into it and retreat, but, on the whole, this, the most universal subject of lyric poetry, was not felt by Wordsworth. It was felt by Shelley, but not quite naturally—not as Burns, or even Byron, felt it. Love, in his poetry, sometimes dies into dreams, sometimes likes its imagery better than itself. It is troubled with a philosophy; it seems now and again to be even bored, if I may be allowed the word, by its own ideality. As Shelley soared but rarely into definite pantheism, so he rose but rarely into definite passion, nor does he often care to realize it. It was frequently his deliberate choice to celebrate the love which did not "deal with flesh and blood," and as frequently, when he writes directly of love, he prefers to touch the lip of the cup, but not to drink, lest in the reality he should lose the charm of indefiniteness, of ignorance, of pursuit. Of course, he was therefore fickle.

For this very reason, however, two realms in this aspect of his art belong to him. Neither of them is the realm of joyous passion, but one is the realm of its ideal approaches, and the other the realm of its ideal regret. No one has expressed so well the hopes, and fears, and fancies, and dreams which the heart creates for its own pleasure and sorrow, when it plays with love which it realizes within itself, but which it never means to realize without; and this is a realm which is so much lived in by many that they ought to be grateful to Shelley for his expression of it. No one else has done it, and it is perfectly done.

But still more perfect, and perhaps more beautiful than any other work of his, are the poems written in the realm of ideal regret. Whenever he came close to earthly love, touched it, and then of his own will passed it by, it became, as he looked back upon it, ideal, and a

part of that indefinite world he loved. The ineffable regret of having lost that which one did not choose to take is most marvelously, most passionately expressed by Shelley. Song after song records it. The music changes from air to air, but the theme is the same, and so is the character of the music. And, like all the rest of his work, it is unique.

But, in this matter a change passed over Shelley before he died. It is impossible not to feel that the poems written for Mrs. Williams, a whole chain of which exist, are different from the other love-poems. They have the same imaginative qualities as the previous songs, and they belong also to the two realms of which I have written above, but there is a new note in them, the beginning of the unmistakable directness of passion. It is, of course, modified by the circumstances, but there it is. And it is from the threshold of this actual world that he looks back on "Epipsychidion" and feels that it belonged to "a part of him that was already dead." The philosophy which made Emilia the shadow of a spiritual beauty is conspicuous by its total absence from all these later love-poems. Moreover, they are not, like the others, all written in the same atmosphere. The atmosphere of ideal love, however varied its cloud-imagery, is always the same thin ether. But these poems breathe in the changing atmosphere of the earth, and they one and all possess reality. Every one feels that "Ariel to Miranda," "The Invitation," "The Recollection," have the variety of true passion. But none of them reach the natural joy of Burns in passionate love. Two exceptions, however, exist, both dating from this time, and both written away from his own life—the "Bridal Song," and the song "To Night." These seem to prove that, had Shelley lived, we might have had from him vivid, fresh, and natural songs of passion.

Had he lived! Had not the sea been too envious, what might we not have possessed and loved! It were too curious, perhaps, to speculate, but Shelley seems to have been recovering the power of working on subjects beyond himself, in the quiet of those last days at Lerici. He was always capable of rising again, and the

extreme clearness and positive element of his intellect acted, like a sharp physician, on his passion-haunted heart and freed it, when it was out-wearied with its own feeling, from self-slavery.

While still at Pisa, at the beginning of 1822, Shelley set to work on a drama, "Charles I," the motive of which was to be the ruin of the King through pride and its weakness, the same motive as "Coriolanus." It was to be "the birth of severe and high feelings," but severe feeling was not then the temper of his mind, nor could he at that time lose himself enough to create an external world. He laid the play aside, saying that he had not sufficient interest in English history to continue it. Yet it is plain, even from the fragments we possess, how great was the effort Shelley then made to realize, even more than in "The Cenci," other characters than his own. There is not a trace in it of his own self. It is full of steady power, power more at its ease than in "The Cenci," and it is quite plain that it can not be said of the artist who did this piece of work that he had exhausted his vein.

It becomes still more clear that Shelley would have done far more for us, when we consider "The Triumph of Life," to write which he threw aside "Charles I." It is the gravest poem he ever wrote, and it has a deep interest for this generation. Its personal value as a revelation of his view of life, of the change of some of his views on moral matters and of his retention of youthful theories, can scarcely be over-estimated, but to analyze it here would take up too much space. It is enough to say here that its interest for humanity is as great as its personal interest. Had he lived, then, he would have once more appeared as the Singer of Man and in the cause of men. But the swift wind and the mysterious sea, the things he loved, slew their lover—a common fate—and we hear no more his singing. His work was done, and its twofold nature, as the Poet of Man, and the poet of his own lonely heart, may well be imaged by the sea that received him into its breast, for, while its central depths know only solitude, over its surface are always passing to and fro the life and fortunes of humanity.

STOPFORD A. BROOKE (*Macmillan's Magazine*).

THE INFLUENCE OF ART IN DAILY LIFE.

I. INTRODUCTION.

I PROPOSE in these papers to show in how many ways the arts serve for pleasure and profit, how they embellish the house and bring joy to the home, how they refine daily life and add grace and finish to individual character. The inquiry has naturally a twofold bearing: the one outward, the other inward; the one dealing with houses and tenements, with furniture, dress, decoration, pictures, and other visible and tangible objects of beauty. This is the concrete, the actual branch of the subject, while the converse side concerns conditions of mind, desires of imagination, taste, and the sense of the beautiful. This is the abstract, the mental, and what may be called the æsthetic phase. To picture one side exclusively would be to present only one half of the subject; while to combine the two into a whole brings into view the arts as they exist in the world bodily, and as they affect man mentally. Cause and effect here move in a circle: the inborn love of beauty begets art, and then again art, when brought into daily life, feeds the finer faculties of the mind. Art is a pervading atmosphere which colors common things, giving, as Lord Bacon says of poesy, "some shadow of satisfaction to the mind of man in those points wherein the nature of things doth deny it, the world being in proportion inferior to the soul." The end to strive for is to raise life to the level of art, not to sink art to the level of the common world.

A man's home is something more than a protection against the elements: in fact, his house in relation to his life may be compared in some sort to the connection between body and soul. The analogies are many; indeed, the windows of a dwelling have been sometimes likened to the outlook senses, the eyes being as the windows of the mind. And next in import to the health and comeliness of the fleshly tabernacles we inhabit are the houses we make our homes—their light, air, and beauty; the colors, forms, and ornaments that, growing into daily life, percolate the thoughts, and flow into the current of the domestic affections. One reason why a man is seldom quite comfortable in lodgings is, that the surroundings are foreign to himself: hence the endeavor to make his house in some good degree an integral part of his life.

It has been aptly said that "a house is in a certain sense an outer garment, which should bear the impress of the owner's peculiarities"; and, it may be further observed that, as a single

dwelling represents an individual, so does a collective style, or concerted mode of construction and decoration, correspond to a race, a nation, or a period. An historic style, whether it be exemplified by a temple, church, palace, or ordinary private house, is an accumulative growth. In domestic architecture the first germ may be said to be a chamber or room, a shelter from the elements, which, as barbarism passes into civilization, gradually grows; and so in the course of time have been matured the Greek and Roman house, the Italian villa, the French château, the German schloss, the English castle and manor-house. Each type in turn was molded on the actual life, and, having served its end, was succeeded by a new form accommodated to changed circumstances. Moreover, these historic styles and architectural structures have risen in the presence of nature—that nature which in its beauty colors the mind of man; they reflect conditions of climate, they make provision for summer's heat and winter's cold, they respond to the daily wants of great families of mankind, they embody an idea, and satisfy a desire. And thus these forms and decorations become more living than inanimate stone; they are vital as organic tissues, they share a growth with nature and a grace with the human figure and flowing draperies. I deem it rather important here, at starting, to indicate how the manifold phases of art, which in these latter days have grown complex and perplexing, had at first a simple origin in the forms of nature and in the wants of man; how they stand as tangible effects of more or less ascertainable causes, and accordingly are appreciable to reason and common sense. This line of thought invites to further study.

Domestic architecture in England sprang out of the social state of the people. The arrangements were once feudal and servile, but at length the local arts, like the national laws, wrested, as it were, a Magna Charta of liberty. In mediæval times the distinctive domestic feature was the dining-hall, but after the fifteenth century expanded into importance dormitories and other chambers, including the ladies' "withdrawing-room." These structural changes were made to meet the advance in the social and moral condition of the English nation, the object being to minister to the convenience, comfort, and privacy of domestic life. Mr. Parker sums up the case clearly; he shows that the English house in the middle ages, as well as in subsequent times, was not the individual contrivance of any one builder,

but the continuous accretion of centuries. "Side by side with the gradual development of the civilization, wealth, and power of England, grew the domestic habitations of the country, in each age reflecting not only the manners and customs of the people, but the position and prosperity of the English as a nation; each progressive step in the gradual development of the style and plan being but an illustration to a page of history."

Whether the British Islands possess any one style that can be called expressly national is doubtful, and yet, beyond question, our structural and decorative arts have grown out of and respond to our national life. Our laws are said to be the perfection of reason, and our arts, though not very ideal, are little short of perfect in their adaptation to practical ends. Like our liberties, they are the heritage of our people. Of the Englishman's house the boast has been made that, though the winds of heaven may blow through it, the king can not enter. Against our political constitution the fault has been found, that it holds so loosely together that a carriage and six can be driven between its clauses, and yet it works well. And so with the domestic economy of our art: it may be wanting in symmetry and consistency, and yet it keeps out weather and insures comfort. The Englishman's house, as the race inhabiting these islands, is compounded of divers constituent elements; like the spoken language, it is composed of many roots, and yet it has shaken into goodly shape, and reconciles in great degree variety with unity. An Englishman true to his birthright might, as a motto, inscribe over his door, "Liberty with order, Heaven's first law"; the corner-stone might serve as the symbol of stability, the key-stone as the bond of a union insuring repose.

Architecture is the parent art whence all the auxiliary arts spring; and the reason of this is obvious, not only because a structure must be raised before it can be decorated, but also because the conditions of man and the surroundings of nature which mold the architecture act with equivalent forces on all subsidiary creations. Hence sculpture and painting, born as twin-sisters, acknowledge architecture as a parent entitled to govern and to guide. Cognate, if not identical, principles of construction, composition, and ornament prescribe the style of a building, of a statue and wall decoration; like laws regulate the fashion of a stone façade, of a wood cabinet, of a wall-painting, and a woollen carpet. I do not wish to underrate the difficulty an unprofessional person may find in mastering these principles with their practical applications. But it may be well to recognize that, without some knowledge, a householder's judgment must be all but worthless; that wanting the first rudiments he will fall a

victim to blind caprice and unreasoning fashion. Such misadventures, which have brought upon the arts in all their aspects incalculable evils, may, I think, in great part be averted even by the most elementary tuition. Art-education, fortunately, becomes day by day more widely extended; and, casting aside what is false, florid, and meaningless, people are taught to revert to a simplicity akin to nature and appreciable to clear reason and common sense. Nor is it hard to gain a sound groundwork by aid of the plain and practical books which treat of the orders of architecture and the principles of design and decoration; and such teachings may receive pleasant illustration by visits to public museums and schools wherein national styles and chronological developments are exemplified by leading historic examples. The mind, thus recipient of light, will crave for clearer vision, difficulties will vanish, and soon, if I mistake not, the learner will readily accept as helps to further advancement some such propositions as Owen Jones, in his "*Grammar of Ornament*," lays down to the following effect:

"Architecture is the material expression of the wants, the faculties, and the sentiments of the age in which it is created. Style in architecture is the peculiar form that expression takes under the influence of climate and with the materials at command. The decorative arts arise from, and should properly be attendant upon, architecture. All the decorative arts must possess, like architecture, fitness, proportion, harmony; the result of all which is repose. As in every perfect work of architecture a true proportion will be found to reign between all the members which compose it, so throughout the decorative arts every assemblage of forms must be arranged on certain definite proportions; the whole of each particular member should be a multiple of some simple unit. Those proportions are usually the most beautiful which the eye detects with most difficulty. Thus, the proportion of a double square, or 4 to 8, is less pleasing than the more subtle ratios of 3 to 5, 3 to 7, 5 to 8."

What is the style, Italian, Gothic, or otherwise, which an Englishman may best select for his dwelling? In the majority of cases this is decided for him, and not by him. In a city, at all events, the chances are that he will have to content himself with "the common square house," which he must make the best of. But, of course, the ideal condition is that a man possessed of some modest independence shall begin at the beginning, and first construct the house which he will afterward proceed to decorate and furnish. Thus, in due course, the inside grows in harmony with the outside, all is of one type and pattern, and will turn out a consistent and complete work of art. This I have known done successfully—of course, under professional advice,

for I need scarcely say that the man who acts as his own architect has a fool for his client. Happily it is not difficult in the present day to find a well-trained and trusty adviser. Now, as in the best epochs, the divisions are broken down between high and low, great and small; the artist is not above industries, while the artisan is raised by legitimate aspirations. Our modern architects, treading without servility in the footprints of Giotto, Orcagna, and other masters of the revival, deign to decorate, at least by proxy, the structures they design, and thus, as by a guild or brotherhood of art, the home is brought into harmony. Art, as Thomas Carlyle says of poetry, "is the attempt which man makes to render his life harmonious." Very salutary is the close fellowship that has sprung up among skilled laborers. We may possess no "Gardens of the Medici," but we have at least the Schools of South Kensington. And throughout the country in the same Government institutions are seen studying together the architect, the sculptor, the painter, and the workman. And it is no slight gain that among the pupils may be counted the sons of capitalists and of private gentlemen. Nothing, it is well known, tended more in the immediate past to the degradation of the arts than the ignorance and false taste of the middle and the higher classes; but now, when art-culture, at least in its rudiments, is possessed by all conditions in life, professional men may, with advantage, take counsel with patrons and connoisseurs. Such relations between employers and employed have in the best epochs led to salutary results. The dilettant is the man of ideas, of imaginings, sometimes over-visionary, it may be, and the artist comes with skilled hand to fashion the conceptions into form and color. And the hope would seem not unreasonable that the architect and decorator may be incited to rarer beauty and subtler utility by the well-to-do, well-read, and widely-traveled Englishman who not unreasonably requires that his house in its plan and appointments shall minister to his highly-wrought sensibilities. It is through such reciprocities that the domestic arts have ever blended with the habit and complexion of the times, and it is yet possible that new and improved adaptations may follow, when the artist shall find equivalent expression for the better thought of man and the higher phases of life.

Never were the facilities greater for bringing domestic surroundings into keeping with the mind's imaginings. The sage advice has, indeed, been given to "leave the goodly fabrics of houses meant for beauty only to the enchanted palaces of the poets who build them with small cost." To count the cost were certainly wise before any one should venture to realize Tennyson's description of the "Palace of Art":

"Full of great rooms and small the palace stood
All various, each a perfect whole
From living Nature, fit for every mood
And change of my still soul."

But fortunately "the thing of beauty" is not costly in proportion to the joy it brings, and while the necessities of life have grown year by year dearer, elegances, and even luxuries, have come within the reach of moderate means. Therefore the solecism is less than ever inevitable, that a poet should write in a garret, an artist paint in a barn, or a man stricken with the love of beauty live in an ugly tenement. Sometimes, nevertheless, strange incongruities subsist, as when a certain literary man, hypercritical to a fault, was known to tolerate within his own house whatever might seem expressly to refute the principles he propounded. It may be observed that there are typical characters which appear to fit typical houses; on the other hand, incongruities arise between tenants and tenements, as signified by the supposititious blunder of putting a square man into a round hole. It may be readily conjectured that there exist certain angular, crochety, serrated individuals to whom gable-ends, barge-boards, and cork-screw chimneys prove most congenial; while there are others of symmetric proportion, balanced thought, and finished manner, who might feel most at home within a geometric and ideal villa as designed by Palladio and Sansovino. What is greatly to be desired is, that art shall express character of some sort, for in these days, especially in city life, the bane has been that houses, like their inhabitants, are characterless. Artists, however, of late years, both at home and abroad, have set a good example; they have raised habitations which, breaking aloof from dull routine, are picturesque as their own manners are unconventional. It may be invidious to single out examples, and yet, among many others, recur to mind the houses of Mr. Birket Foster, Mr. William Burgess, and Mr. G. H. Boughton. Studios are naturally built and adorned in response to the arts they shelter. I have known many in England and on the Continent, some in London and its suburbs, others in Munich and in Düsseldorf, quiet retreats secluded from the busy world in gardens among shadowy trees, or shut off from noisy city life by tapestries, and otherwise far removed from senseless fashion by old treasures—painted glass, cabinets, carvings, costumes, and embroideries, which transport the fancy to periods historic and picturesque. A studio fitly reflects the style of an artist's compositions; a library, in like manner, echoes an author's thoughts, and each will generally be found to yield material for a picture. Indeed, scarcely any better test can be made of

the felicity, or otherwise, of any structure or decoration than by asking the simple question, Will it compose well; will it add beauty to the landscape; will the whole arrangement make a pleasing picture? Many such paintings live within the memory. Take as examples Lord Lytton and Charles Dickens, each seated among books in his library; or, again, the studios of great artists surrounded by the works their genius has called into being. Each man, though but a small unit in a large world, impresses his mind indelibly on his home, and something more than idle curiosity leads a traveler to search out the haunts and habitations of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Shakespeare—of Goethe and Schiller. Matter impressed by mind becomes art.

The reverence for antiquity, the love for what is old, has made our century a period of revivals. And there is a reason under the law of reaction why men, suffering from the pressure, the turmoil, and perpetual motion of modern civilization, should seek refuge in the tranquil and poetic past. Young men rush to the city, while older men have retired to the country, only too happy if amid the beauties of nature could be found repose in—

"... an English home—where twilight poured
On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep—all things in order stored—
A haunt of ancient peace."

The country-seats of old England gave place to palladian villas, not of native growth, but exotics transplanted from abroad. Then ended for a time, at any rate, the national type, and houses were raised for pride and ostentation. The successive architectural styles, often named from the reigning sovereign, which took root in British soil were, it must be confessed, far from legitimate in descent; the Elizabethan was followed by the Jacobean, and in due course came Queen Anne and the Georges. Nothing can be more melancholy than the degradation and corruption into which the arts had fallen, when at last the notion happily seems to have occurred that it might be well to revive the old styles in their purity. Hence the resuscitation of the Gothic, not only for ecclesiastical, but for secular uses; a revival which, notwithstanding some extravagances and follies, brings to our English homes manifold forms of phantasy and beauty. Since have followed other phases, and one of the latest and most favored of ideas is that the Queen Anne style, though somewhat mongrel, bids best for the art of the future. These several revivals have the advantage of being sustained by research. Archæology, a study which has done good service in correcting "modernism," is a rich mine wherein our artists have dug sufficient-

ly deeply to bring again to the light of day forms which, though decked as the newest, are virtually the oldest. And so critical has been the study of historic masterpieces that the care-taking revivals of Classic, Gothic, or Renaissance types reproduce the style, purged from late corruptions, in the chastity of the best period. Thus there is good ground to hope that shams have had their day; indeed, there can not be a doubt but that the domestic arts have gained greatly in purity, simplicity, and truth. In fine, the time has come when art permeates all conditions of society, ministering to the luxuries of the rich as well as to the necessities of the poor. The aim should be in all our works to approach the completeness and fitness which mark the more perfect ways of creation, making our homes, the furniture of our houses, the clothes of our bodies, part of that large economy in which uses intermingle with beauties.

II.—INTERIOR DECORATION OF THE HOUSE.

NOTHING can be more fatal than the notion that a man, in the decoration of his house, has only to know what he likes, and to do with his own as he chooses. Without some guiding principles the further he goes the more wide will be his departure from true standards. In the present day the mere diversity of doctrines and multiplicity of appliances, each with some show of truth and beauty in its favor, become perplexing. The conflict between styles, the rivalry among fashions, old and new, the impatience as to methods handed down from time immemorial, the effort to throw off all bondage to traditional arrangements, and the not unlaudable desire to strike out something original and to assert private judgment within the dwelling, have in these latter times too often divided the house against itself and brought upon the domestic arts confusion, not to say anarchy. I shall be glad if the simple suggestions made in the sequel may serve to restore order.

The first thing in the art-treatment of the interior of a house to decide on is a well-considered scheme of decoration. And, of course, must be taken into account all the conditions—such as the use, size, and number of the rooms; the several requirements of hall, library, breakfast, dining, and drawing rooms, of boudoirs and bedrooms; their aspects as regards the sun; the distribution of windows and doors, with the means of approach and intercommunication. Certain characteristics all rooms possess in common: they are interiors, and are bounded by walls, floors, and ceilings. These, then, are the surfaces calling for decoration. "The scheme" should primarily provide for "the general effect," whether grave or gay, quiescent, animated, or

festive. It should also secure an agreeable sequence among the varied members of the house, so that one room may lead on pleasantly to its next-door neighbor, and the whole suite, whether large or small, combine in harmonious variety. This scheme of the whole and the altogether, which may be called the decorative idea or motive, is of vital import; if happily conceived, the interior is an assured success.

Next to be considered is the means that may best conduce to the required effect; and herein it should be borne in mind that the decorator can employ but three agents or instruments of expression—form, color, and material. The form is the design or pattern; the color is the harmony of tone; the material, whether stone or wood, paint or paper, woolen, cotton, or silk, gives quality or texture of surface; involves cost or economy, and concerns utility, durability, richness, or plainness of decorative effect. Among these three means of ornament, material is of least moment; it is comparatively an accident, while higher and subtler elements subsist in form and color—form lying close upon thought, and color being in correspondence with emotion. Thus, by the play and interchange of the one with the other over walls, floors, and ceilings, the interior of the house is made responsive to the mind's desires. In the use of these appliances the decorator's purpose, stated in the general, should be to exclude all that is ugly and to embrace every attainable beauty; the one removes all that is disagreeable, the other brings into the house the colors and the forms that give most pleasure. As to color, let gravity be free from gloom, and let cheerfulness not degenerate into levity or garish gayety. Domestic decorations should come as genial accompaniments to domestic affections; they are scarcely required, like ecclesiastical decorations, to move to solemn emotion. They need not, as works of high art, convey definite ideas to the intellect; they attain for the most part their end sufficiently well when, by pleasing impressions, they conduce to tranquil tones of feeling and states of mental felicity.

The principle can hardly be too often insisted upon that decoration is the obedient, though not the servile, handmaid to the master art of architecture, and therefore like that art must conform to symmetry, proportion, order. The geometric construction of an arch, whether round or pointed, the flat lintel of a door or the horizontal line of a cornice, will severally impose accordant compositions in ornament. The decoration must likewise in its scale be apportioned to the size of the rooms and to the wall-spaces to be filled: the ornament should be evenly balanced and disposed over the entire surface, conveying the impression of intention and method. The decora-

tion of a dwelling is indeed little else than the application to flat surfaces of the laws of ornament. And the style of any ornament may be compared to and has the significance of handwriting; ornament is handiwork, and like writing gives expression to thoughts and sentiments; it takes from nature what is most lovely in form and color, it responds to the craving in the human mind for beauty, it thus brings to our homes in a thousand ways pleasures for the eye and the fancy. Ornament is a language, and its varied styles are as divers tongues spoken from age to age by the great human families. And ornament is no less a history: its developments mark the transition from states of barbarism to civilization; it is an index to culture; and thus it becomes of all the more import what decorative modes, whether Greek, Romanesque, Byzantine, Gothic, or Renaissance, we admit within our dwellings. The fundamental rules which regulate all ornament, whether of walls, floors, or ceilings, of paper-hangings, carpets, curtains, or furniture, have been epitomized by the Government Department of Science and Art in substance as follows:

The true office of ornament is the decoration of utility. Ornament should arise out of and be subservient to construction; it requires a specific adaptation to material, and therefore the decoration suited to one fabric needs readjustment to another. True ornament does not consist in the mere imitation of natural objects, but rather in the adaptation of the essential or generic beauties of form or color found in nature to decorative uses, and such adaptation must be in conformity with the material, the laws of art, and the necessities of manufacture.

The decoration of an ordinary dwelling is a comparatively simple affair, provided only a few elementary principles be borne in mind. Domestic decoration, unlike the monumental painting formerly in the service of the state or of princely families, is not usually prompted by patriotism, poetry, or other phases of lofty thought. The cases are rare in which an Englishman can follow the example of the Roman banker who called to his aid Raphael, Giulio Romano, and Giovanni da Udine to adorn the Palazzo Farnesina with poetic scenes from the Greek Parnassus. Still, within recent years private houses have with happy results been intrusted to the decorative skill of many of our English artists, such as G. F. Watts, R. A., E. J. Poynter, R. A., E. Armistage, R. A., H. S. Marks, R. A., W. B. Richmond, Burne Jones, Albert Moore, W. B. Scott, Walter Crane, and H. Holiday. These are among the best signs of our times, and there seems reason to hope that, emulating the example of the great art epochs, the decorative works of our

painters may, like the poetry of our best authors, become as household words the near companions of our daily lives. And it may not be amiss just to mention that money can hardly be laid out more profitably. The wall decorations of Italy are simply priceless, and there can be no doubt that the contemporary works ventured upon in England are year by year gaining a value in excess of the first outlay.

The themes for such decorations can not be better suggested than by our English poets and writers of romance. And I have long had a favorite idea that the poetic and graceful designs of Flaxman, such as he made for Wedgwood, might with suitable modification work effectively as friezes or panels for our rooms. The designs can be got for nothing, and the execution by hand or by a printing process need not cost much. It has also been with some a cherished idea that our English classics might be turned to good decorative account by furnishing quotations to be illumined on friezes or borders. One advantage accruing from such inscriptions is that decorations which give delight primarily to the senses might be made to appeal also to the understanding and to convey positive truths. Mere ornament may be compared to pantomime or dumb show, but such intermingling of choice quotations from our best authors might seem to break the silence by speech. It may be fitly left to individual taste to determine what literary extracts can best give verbal expression to the art motive; but perhaps a library or a studio might echo the latent thought within by some such extracts, treated decoratively, as the following:

"Reading maketh a full man, Conference a ready man, and Writing an exact man."

"In Reading we hold converse with the wise; in the business of life generally with the foolish."

"Calm let me live, and every care beguile,
Hold converse with the great of every time,
The learned of every class, the good of every
clime."

"Order is Heaven's first law, and the way to Order is by Rules that Art hath found."

"The course of Nature is the Art of God."

Many are the methods and materials used in past and present days for the decoration of dwellings. In bygone ages rooms were not only painted and colored, but were hung with tapestries, damasks, silks, and embossed leathers. But now, for many reasons, for economy, cleanliness, and convenience, most other modes have given place to paper-hangings. And in point of taste there is no great loss, inasmuch as some of our chief artists have designed patterns which fulfill the true conditions of surface decoration. But the difficulty constantly arises as to a wise choice

among the perplexing multiplicity of styles and patterns. In former days wall designs were made for some actual locality or room, and became part and parcel of the freehold and inheritance; but paper-hangings, the reverse of mural paintings, belong to no spot in particular, and are in their habits as itinerant as easel-pictures. Yet the principles which underlie all wall decorations alike remain for ever unchangeable, and therefore in the selection of a paper-hanging it is not sufficient to look to the beauty of the design in the abstract, but to its suitability to the uses, scale, and proportions of the actual apartment. Opinions differ as to the rules which should guide the choice, and indeed considerable latitude is permissible; the following laws, though not to be insisted upon too dogmatically, may be of service:

Paper-hangings bear the same relation to the furniture in a room that a background does to the objects in a picture. The decoration, therefore, should not invite attention to itself, but be subdued in effect, without strong contrasts either of form, color, or light and dark. The decorative details should be arranged on symmetric bases, and nothing should be introduced to disturb the sense of flatness. Color is not to be in positive masses, but should be broken over the whole surface, so as to give a general negative hue and an impression of retiring quietude.

In direct dissonance with such placidities are the eminently pictorial paper-hangings which come conspicuously from Paris. A peacock disporting the attractions of his tail on a terrace is just one of those mural placards which the French love to put up in corridors. Neapolitan peasants dancing the tarantella in the foreground, with the blue Bay of Naples and Vesuvius flaming in the distance, are likewise chosen to give to interiors a festive and out-door aspect. In Venice I have seen rooms painted free-hand, with fancy figures in masks, or revealing gay costumes as they peep out from the ambush of columns. Perhaps it may not be easy quite to justify such vagaries even in decoration, which avowedly is a field for fancy and frolic. But at least these extravaganzas meet the popular taste, and when all is in keeping it were hard to prohibit what pleases. Indeed, almost everything may be permitted that is beautiful in itself and is rightly placed. Yet war needs to be waged perpetually against the follies of fashion and the eccentricities and conceits which pass for strokes of genius.

What is chiefly to be desired is that each decorative system shall be clearly understood in its character and its conditions, and that then it shall be consistently carried out to its legitimate consequences. In the present day the public are divided into opposing parties, and the utmost

diversity of opinion can indeed be tolerated, the golden rule in art ever being, liberty free from license. Some authorities, as just seen, lay down the law that wall decorations shall be retiring and comparatively insignificant, while others would make them conspicuous and self-asserting. Which of the two alternatives may be preferable will greatly depend upon whether the wall relies on its own surface decoration, or whether it will receive additional adorning from easel-pictures, drawings, or engravings. The general substitution, in modern times, of movable pictures in frames for mural paintings attached to the structure has brought about a radical revolution in the ornamentation of our rooms. Large, obtrusive paper patterns are of course destructive of the delicate tones of pictures. On the whole, small, quiet designs are obviously the safest. Color is yet another perplexed problem. With some authorities color has assumed the certitude of a creed, with others it is still subject to controversy. This complex question will in the sequel call for special consideration; in the mean while, let it be premised that here likewise stand face to face two opposing schools. The one favors strong positive pigments applied boldly, though of course in balance; the other beats a timid retreat behind quiet, retiring tones. Each party claims specific successes: the adventurous course has most to gain, the cautious line has least to lose. It needs scarcely be added that the treatment of the furniture will have to be reversed with each revolution in the wall decoration. It may further be observed that paper-hangings or other mural adornings can either be in monochrome or polychrome; if of one color, then the pattern will have to be thrown up from the ground by either a lighter or a darker tone of that color. Or if the decoration be of two or more colors, then a simple and favorite arrangement is to use some complementary hues, such as green for the ground, and red for the patterns, an harmonious contrast exemplified by nature in the red flower of the geranium rising out of a green mass of leaves. It is well that a room should be so decorated that the walls, when looked at near, offer forms of simple beauty pleasingly varied, and when viewed at a distance present as a whole, both in design and color, a composition which falls into prevailing unity and repose.

Floor-coverings, whatever be their material, should be made to accord with the general rules already laid down for wall-clothings. Indeed, the difference in position and use between a floor and a wall would seem to demand that these laws be here enforced with all the greater rigor. Floors are for walking on, therefore they should seldom be embellished with objects that

it is outrageous to trample under foot. They, moreover, serve as the resting-place and support of furniture, and therefore, whatever be the materials or fabrics employed, whether mosaics, tiles, marquetry, or carpets, the impression conveyed should be that of a stable and sustaining surface. A floor likewise, being the lowest member in a room and the nearest to the ground, should not advance upon the eye, and even when serving as a foreground should appear in shade rather than in sunshine. These considerations incline to somber coloring and to unostentatious designs. But here, again, there are no rules without occasional exceptions, and I am not one of those stern critics who would prohibit, for instance, such freedoms as the strewing of floors with flowers. Fra Angelico, in his pictures, scatters flowers on paths leading to paradise, and, if our homes can in any wise be made heaven-like, art will in good degree fulfill its mission. But, as to the placing or misplacing of flowers, I remember that, at the imperial *fête* given by the Düsseldorf artists in Jacobi's Garden, now the Malkasten Club, the Empress of Germany started from her seat, exclaiming, "I am trampling lovely flowers under my feet—remove the chair on one side!" We may recall, however, on the other hand, how at a certain sacred triumph on the road leading from the Mount of Olives to Jerusalem "a very great multitude spread their garments in the way; and others cut down branches from the trees and strewed them in the way." Enthusiasm and love, which in religion inspire to acts of devotion, need not be denied humble service in arts of decoration. Yet, in our times a cold and barren rationalism would restrain Fancy in her innocent sport with things of beauty. But, to return to plain matter of fact, it may be of use to sum up the general rules for floor-coverings; they are briefly these:

The surface of a carpet serving as a ground to support all objects, should be quiet and negative, without strong contrast of either form or color. The decorative designs must be flat, without shadow or relief; flowers and foliage from nature must be conventionalized to meet the exigencies of art, and the pattern should be distributed evenly over the whole floor. The entire composition must be brought into balance of lines and masses, and into harmony of color.

Ceilings, which have been strangely neglected or defaced, claim more than a moment's consideration, did space permit. They have sometimes been surrendered to a negative, sanatory, and undecorative coating of whitewash, and then again they have been heavily weighted with constructional beams serving to give stability to ponderous ornament. As to whitewash, the

remedy is easy and inexpensive. Let some color be added to the wash which shall harmonize with the tone of the upper walls. One purpose in the preceding remarks has been to show that the disposition of light, shade, and color within a house may be reduced to certain elementary principles. And a rudimentary axiom is that dark should gravitate downward, while light ascends upward. Hence, in part, the reason why floors should be dusk and shadowy. And, while the floor or ground represents the earth, the ceiling or vault leads up into air and space. Some persons, indeed, have pushed the comparison so far as to maintain that ceilings are best dealt with when, after the practice of the ancient Egyptians, they are colored as the blue sky, spangled with golden stars. Others again have pushed the atmospheric idea to the extreme of covering the expanse of the ceiling with floating clouds; and a member of the Royal Society has not inappropriately employed a well-known artist to compose an astronomical ceiling, with the sun in the center and the seasons and signs of the zodiac around. Other householders, inclining to botany and floriculture, train over their heads flowering creepers and climbing roses, making the ceiling a bowery canopy, attractive to butterflies and winged birds of bright plumage. At this point the transition becomes easy to Italian-like compositions wherein Cupids and genii float in mid-heaven; but, it is well to stop somewhere ere the sublime runs into the ridiculous. However, suffice it to say that ceilings present spheres for diversions of fancy inviting to minds cherishing the laudable ambition of redeeming a dwelling from ordinary commonplace by some pretty spurts of poetry.

When the floor, walls, and ceiling are brought into harmony the decorations of a room are complete. Each part, I repeat, must be in studied relation of design and color to the rest; the floor must sustain the walls, and they in turn must lead up to and support the ceiling. Yet, while all are brought into unity, it is well when each is kept distinct. Accordingly, fitting divisions and boundary lines are usually provided structurally in the skirting-board, the dado, the frieze, and cornice. These several members it is wise to pronounce more or less decisively, such points of demarkation in the decorative arts being comparable to punctuation in written compositions, serving, like commas, dashes, or full-stops, as pauses and spaces for rest. In the decoration of a room the crowning victory is in the successful coming of the whole together. And, although simplicity is, for ease and economy, to be commended, yet, on the other hand, the greater the complexity and the difficulty challenged and overcome, the more signal will

be the triumph gained, and the more subtle the pleasure imparted to the mind. Tyros in any art are timid; experts daring. Elementary forms and negative colors may be safe; but designs highly developed and colors lustrous as light will, in a master hand, secure decorative evolutions and effects comparable to the harmonies evoked by a full orchestra.

One or two general considerations may be added. It is not unworthy of remark that the house of the north necessarily differs from the house of the south. In the south protection is sought from heat, from the tyranny of the sun and the blaze of day; accordingly, the classic house and the Italian villa provided open courts, cool corridors, and balconies of free outlook, while the walls and floors were clothed with plaster, marbles, or mosaics. But in the north the conditions are reversed: comfort and coziness are desired, and thus the northern house secures closed rooms safe from the assaults of the elements, and provides snug curtains, warm carpets, and tight casements. In northern cities, too, a crying need is for more light within the dwelling. "The dark ages" were dark in more senses than one, and dirty into the bargain, and, when modernism swept away the cobwebs of mediævalism, light entered as the herald of truth. Architecture, in its onward and upward growth, has been seeking to secure more light. Early structures are shadowy and cavernous; but at length buildings learned to spring from the earth into the heavens, and courted companionship with the day. And light seeks association with the bright sisterhood of color, and all in concert strive to compensate for the darkness and dullness of our northern clime, in the absence or shyness of the sun.

A like current of thought is suggested by the contrasted conditions of a town-house and a country-house. In England a country-seat may be fitly designed for the summer and the sun. It is often in close proximity to nature; the windows possibly command a pleasing landscape; the daily life comes in hourly contact with gardens, trees, meadows; and in proportion as it thus shares in the simplicity of nature can the helps and allurements of art be dispensed with. But the town-house is surrounded by opposite conditions. To shut out the external world, the noise of the street, and the gaze of the neighbor, is an end to be gained. And, to make the home-life within all the more self-sustaining and satisfying, the mind seeks, as a substitute for converse with nature, the companionship of literature and art. The complexities of modern society oust the artlessness of more primitive life, and the converse of cultured intellects, the contact of minds highly wrought, the compan-

ionship of books and music, demand that the dwelling shall be decorated to like concert-pitch. In fine, in towns and northern latitudes, where the sky is overcast and the life of man sad, it peculiarly behooves us to make our homes light-

some and cheerful, so that in dark days witness shall not be wanting to the promise that, though "weeping may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning."

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON (*Good Words*).

GERMAN DIALECT-POETS.

GOETHE calls dialects "the element in which the soul breathes freely." His own works and those of his master in literature, Herder, show how much they both honored the dialectic ballads and legends of their native land. So far from being ashamed of their indebtedness to such humble sources, both these great poets were proud to own that in those long-neglected mines of wealth they had greatly enriched their minds and purified their poetic taste. Herder's German version of the beautiful old Semlandish poem, "Anka van Tharaw" (well known in America and England through Longfellow's admirable translation), forms one of his greatest claims to fame. Many of Goethe's most powerful poems were based upon old ballads or prose stories which had long been extant in the popular dialects of Germany, and in some cases he reconstructed the ballads without depriving them of their dialectic form.

But there are some other German authors who have published whole volumes of strictly original poems in the different German dialects. These may be properly considered "dialect-poets." A few of them are comparatively well known throughout Europe and in America, and the works of one or two have been partly translated into various languages. This is especially true with regard to Hebel, whom Bayard Taylor called "the German Burns." Nearly all of these writers, however, are still strangers to a vast majority of the reading public outside of Germany. Yet they are, as a class, true poets, expressing the thoughts and feelings of the common people around them with great power and beauty, and admirable truth to life. With very few exceptions they have been highly cultured men. Some of them have belonged to the nobility, while others have obtained a more honorable rank by their labors in the field of philosophy and science. One of their number, Karl von Holtei, has just died at Breslau, after a long life, during which he was brought into contact with some of the most famous public men of his day in Germany, and the universal expressions of

sorrow that followed his death show that it was considered a national loss. But they have all acquired a true and thorough insight into the poetry of every-day life among their neighbors in the lower ranks of society, just as Burns and Jasmin did in Scotland and Provence. And, like those of the two last-named poets, their works derive an additional charm, as well as the great advantage of general congruity, from being clothed in the homely, hearty words of the peasants and artisans to whom they relate.

It is important to remember that these dialects are not mere corrupt and inelegant forms of the orthodox speech of Germany. On the contrary, they are true surviving branches of that widespread German language which forms an important subdivision of the great Teutonic stock, and which is properly divided into High and Low German. Since Luther's day the form of High German into which he translated the Bible has become the German language *par excellence*, but the other forms of the two divisions have continued to be the popular means of communication in their proper localities. And in reality this orthodox modern German is less pure than they, for it has greatly developed and has undergone many changes, while they have all moved at a much slower pace. The relationship between the Lowland-Scotch dialect and modern English affords a strikingly similar instance, and just as a glossary to Burns may be a great help in reading "The Vision of Piers Plowman," so any one familiar with Hebel's "Allemannische Gedichte," or with Groth's "Quickborn," would have many advantages in studying the poems of Walther von der Vogelweide, or the old Low German "Heliand."

It would be impossible to translate the poems that have been written in the German dialects into any other language without the loss of the greater part of that freshness and *naïveté* upon which their charm mainly depends. But some specimens of the works of those dialect-poets before mentioned, however imperfectly rendered into English, may serve to give a general idea of

their style and character for the benefit of those who are unacquainted with the poems themselves.

These poems are chiefly interesting because they present so graphically to our view the lives, characters, and feelings of the German lower classes. Like Auerbach's "Dorfgeschichten," they show us the people just as they are. But instead of being confined to one section, or even to one class, they relate to every part of Germany, and to nearly all the lower grades of society. The feelings that have led so many German peasants and artisans to forsake their beloved Fatherland and cross the ocean find expression in a number of cases. A poem in the Palatine dialect, by K. G. Nadler, a magistrate of Heidelberg, is one of this class. It is called "Leb wohl, mein Haamethland," or, "Farewell, my Homeland." Part of it may be translated as follows:

"Only some cuttings from the vineyard yonder
I take, to plant far off, beyond the sea;
And father's flint-lock, and our dear old Bible—
These things are all of home I take with me.

"In that book stand the names of all us children,
And all our ages, written side by side;
With father's own song of 'The Captive Rider'—
And that dark day, too, when our mother died.

"I know sad thoughts should grieve my soul no longer,
But all that passes seems to me a dream.
Oh, when I'm far off, there across the ocean,
Then swiftly backward all my thoughts will stream!

"There once again the old home must be builded;
Still the old home, but stanch and strong and new,
Where all the wrongs we've borne can no more reach us:
Proudly to stand, the coming time all through.

"When through the night the fierce storm-winds are roaring,
And the black clouds are flying, wild and free,
Then think of us as we are forward faring,
Out there so far, across the dreary sea.

"And winter evenings, when you're all together,
Think of us then, on that strange, distant shore,
As we shall surely still of you be thinking
In weal and woe, in joy and heart-ache sore.

"Once more together let us drink at parting;
My brothers all, my friends each one, your hand!
Farewell, and God in heaven be your helper!
Farewell for ever, mine own Fatherland!"

At the same time, some other poems indicate the existence among the German peasantry of

very different feelings; namely, a deep-seated national pride, an ardent enthusiasm about the military glories of their country, and a thoroughly filial love and reverence for their great war-heroes. These pieces are very much like the old soldier-song, "Prinz Eugen, der edle Ritter." But, though fully as forcible and true to life as that famous war-lyric, they are much smoother and far more skillfully constructed. Among the most noticeable of this class are some of those by Wilhelm Bornemann, a Prussian, who was born in 1767. Bornemann wrote in the Plattdeutsch dialect, as it is spoken in his native country, and his productions are supposed to be the utterances of Prussian peasants. One of his poems is called "De olle Blücher"—"Old Blücher." After setting forth the glories of the old hero's career in glowing language, it ends with this verse:

"Bi böse Tieden—joa, doa kann
Mehr loat ick mi nich in—
En trü beglöwter Buersmann
Woll ok moal nüttlich sin."

This may be translated as follows:

"In evil times—sure, nothing can
My heart's strong faith undo—
A true and loyal peasant-man
Can help the good cause too."

In another poem Bornemann eulogizes Frederick II, under the name of "De olle Fritz." He says:

"Old Fritz a king was, on my word,
Like no one else who ever stirred.
His greatness was not shown by size;
He had the sort that inward lies.

"Just as a household father might,
He kept his statecraft true and right.
And so, no matter what he planned,
His party was the whole wide land.

"His faith it is not hard to tell—
'Who keeps the ten commandments well,
He surely will, with justice mete,
Find mercy at the judgment-seat.'

"And, true and sure, in fiercest fight,
With powder-smoke to left and right,
All round him crashed the shot and shell,
But God's good angel watched him well.

"Once to the camp came famine dread.
The last full cup and loaf of bread
Fritz dealt around to great and small
As though they'd been good comrades all.

" My work in this world now is done ;
 Soon I shall pass beyond the sun ;
 And, when I see old Fritz up there,
 Once more I'll fling my cap in air ! "

Much the same spirit appears in one of the poems in the Austrian dialect, written by J. G. Seidl, who was born at Vienna in 1804. This piece, "Das letzti Fensterln," is a very attractive little story in verse about an Austrian mountaineer, who is called upon to leave his home and his sweetheart and serve in the army. Seeing the girl afterward, he begs her not to grieve for him, but to remember always that he is doing his duty and bringing no disgrace upon her. He shows her his medal, ornamented with the face of his leader, "Father Max," and tells her how he and his comrades love to follow when Father Max is in the front. He says :

" When we see how a chief
 Whom our father we call
 With us goes, each one knows,
 And is comrade to all ;
 With a word from his mouth
 With his form in our sight—
 Yes, we follow him gladly
 Right into the fight."

Professor von Kobell, of the University of Munich, has also written poems about the lives and feelings of the south German mountaineers. The following bright little piece (called "Die oa die i moa") will serve as a specimen of the learned Professor's success in composing love-songs in the dialect of the Bavarian Highlands :

" Not a star I can see
 Is so lovely to me
 As a girl that I know—
 As my darling, my darling !

" The mountain-heights glow
 With the fresh-fallen snow ;
 But no snow is so pure
 As my darling, my darling !

" Full fair is the day
 When the clouds float away ;
 Yet it's never so fair
 As my darling, my darling !

" The roses may flush
 And the peach-blossoms blush ;
 But no blossom's so fresh
 As my darling, my darling !

" So, as no one can be
 Half as charming as she,
 Why, I love none, you see,
 Like my darling, my darling ! "

It would be hard to find more truly charming pictures of German peasant-life than those con-

tained in a volume of poems in the Westrich dialect, by Ludwig Schandelin. One, describing the dancing at a village festival, is so full of natural grace and beauty that even the following very inadequate part-translation can hardly fail to convey some idea of its spirit :

" The music swells, loud booms the drum,
 The brass and strings are vying ;
 All swiftly in a circle come,
 And soon their feet are flying.
 And, not more slow,
 The old folks go
 To take their places in the row.

" Loud booms the drum, the music rings,
 And ever rises higher ;
 Each wood-bird from its cover springs
 As though it felt the fire.
 Why don't they stay ?
 There's naught to say ;
 They're free to rest by night or day.

" Now Piper George his passion strong
 No longer can keep hidden ;
 Amid the waltz a freedom-song
 He smuggles in, unbidden.
 Then, all around,
 Their glad hearts bound,
 And ringing voices swell the sound.

" The fun is free, and maid and lad
 Each in the dance rejoices.
 They're all so happy, all so glad !
 They talk with lowered voices.
 There's naught to say ;
 It's holiday !—
 Why shouldn't they throw care away ?

" The night comes down ; the fiddle's din,
 The pipe's clear notes, sound lower.
 Now slips 'the sandman' softly in.
 The dancers' feet are slower.
 The oid, at last,
 Have homeward passed ;
 The hanging lights are dying fast.

" Good night, good-night ! The day is done ;
 And who can blame its spending ?
 There'll come, some time, a darker one.
 Soon may we see its ending !
 Such joy to win
 Is, sure, no sin,
 While heart and soul are clear within."

Perhaps the most justly celebrated of these dialect-poets is Klaus Groth, a native of Holstein, and a professor in the university at Bonn. His poems in that pure form of the Lower Saxon (or *Plattdeutsch*) dialect spoken in Holstein have become extremely popular. While they are not less faithful and realistic than those of the other dialect-poets, they are marked by a greater delicacy of touch and a more finished style. One

called "Dat Dorp in Sne" ("The Village in the Snow") is a thoroughly artistic picture in words of a winter scene on the North Sea shore. The following is an attempt at a translation:

"White and peaceful, as I look,
Lies the village in the snow.
'Mid the alders sleeps the brook;
Under ice the lake below.

"Snow-clad willows, far and near,
Like a host of spirits stand.
All is restful, cold, and clear;
Still as death on sea and land.

"Wide, as wide as sight can go,
Naught of life to meet the eye.
Only there, above the snow,
Blue smoke seeks the bluer sky.

"I would sleep, like tree and stream,
With no care, no wish to roam.
But the smoke, as in a dream,
Softly draws me nearer home."

Others among Groth's poems, such as "Min Jehann" and "De junge Wetfru," are full of a pure, tender pathos, expressed in simple words which appeal strongly to our deepest sympathies. It would probably be useless, however, to try to preserve the delicate aroma of these beautiful little pieces in the form of a translation. Equally vain would it be to attempt to translate effectively the best of Hebel's Allemannish poems—such, for example, as "Die Muetter am Christoben" ("The Mother at Christmas-Eve"). This tells of a poor old laboring-woman placing, on the small bough which does duty for a Christmas-tree, the few poor presents she has been able to get for her sleeping child. As she looks at him and thinks of her own long life, full of pain and heart-weariness, she cries out in her great love and pity, "O my little child, God keep you from bitter tears!" It is a very humble subject for a poem, but it is made noble by the poor mother's pure and perfect love.

Among the dialect-poets whose works are chiefly or altogether of a light, humorous character, the most noted are Von Holtei and Gröbel. Karl von Holtei, whose death has been already referred to, is the author of some very popular comedies in the German language, but his most original works are his poems in the dialect of his native province, Silesia. One of these, called "Ock a Wing," or "Just a Bit," may be partly translated about as follows:

"He who my sweetheart sees
Finds her right comely.
Lively is she, and light;
Coaxing from morn till night—
Just a bit homely.

"While she goes in and out,
Lies, my darling,
She is as good as gold;
But she *does* like to scold—
Just a bit snarling.

"I can tell at a glance
How things are running.
Sometimes (in fun, you know)
She gives me such a blow!—
Just a bit stunning.

"Her plates are Buntzlau-ware—
Cheap and unhandy.
That's all the same to me;
Her floors from dust are free—
Just a bit sandy.

"Well, I'm right fond of her,
This little gosling!
Money she scatters far;
My thoughts on marriage are—
Just a bit puzzling!"

J. K. Gröbel was one of the earliest of the modern German dialect-poets, having been born at Nuremberg in 1736. He aimed at imitating the famous cobbler-poet of old Nuremberg, Hans Sachs. Although he never wrote anything equal to the "Schlauraffenland" of the great Meistersinger whom he took for his model, yet the genuine, homely humor of some of his pieces in the Franconian dialect has made them great favorites. One of them, "Der Schlosser und sein Gsell," contains the following colloquy between a locksmith and his apprentice:

"'Boy,' said the master once, to him,
'I've often heard folks say
That as we work so we should eat;
And that's the proper way.
But as for you, it seems to me
That's not the way you do:
Not one of us so slowly files,
Or eats so fast as you.'

"'Yes,' said the 'prentice, 'that's all so;
And everything's just right:
The time for eating soon goes by,
But work keeps on till night.
If eating-time began at dawn
And lasted all the while,
Why then, you see, I'd always eat
As slowly as I file!'"

It is not very likely that the German dialects will long continue to be spoken to any appreciable extent. Since the practical attainment of German unity old things have been giving way to new, even in the most provincial localities. And, just as the currencies of the different German states have been superseded by the uniform

monetary system of the empire, so the various dialects will, it is probable, at last be replaced by the German language, even among the lower classes. The more thorough educational system and the greater degree of intercourse which form part of the new order of things will have a great deal to do with producing this effect, but many other influences are tending to bring it about. In fact, the old provincial German life in all its phases is fast dying out before the advance of modern habits, ideas, and feelings. It is natural to suppose, therefore, that

the works of the modern German dialect-poets will, before long, become monumental relics of a bygone time. For the historian and the linguist they will then possess a deep interest, apart from their intrinsic merit as poems. But at present their interest is of a far more active kind, for it is certain that no other form of literature furnishes such a thorough and general portrayal of life among the lower orders of the Germans, as it exists at this day, as do these poetic utterances in their popular dialects.

W. W. CRANE.

MICHAEL AND I.

I.

MY belief in Michael Horatio Belbin has been the theme of ridicule. I know that in our set at Oxford we were sometimes called the lion and the jackal. Of course the jest was playful, and I was never foolish enough to resent it. It was one of Motherwell's jokes, and, like himself, was heavy. But our set was a good set, and I was wise enough to pay any price for the privilege of belonging to a society of which Michael was the center. I saw in Michael all those qualities which combine to make a successful man—an accurate appreciation of men and circumstances, clear foresight, consummate prudence, and inflexible purpose. I looked forward to a time when I should be the friend of a great man. His air of authority, which was perhaps excessive, his warm feelings and quick temper, seemed trifles in comparison with his clear vision and good sense. Perhaps I shut my eyes to his weaknesses; perhaps I might have seen more clearly had I chosen to see. I think that I may say, without boasting, that I am not slow to detect the weak places in my friends. I delight in the exercise of my critical faculty. In Michael, alone, I believed without reserve. Michael, I felt sure, would live to be pointed out by the common finger, as the keen-sighted, practical, successful man. How far my faith was justified let my story show.

In the autumn of last year Michael and I, with three other men, occupied a cottage by the sea. We were a reading party, and we all read more or less. We all, to some extent, were stimulated by the extraordinary energy of my friend. He was so full—full even to overflowing—of life that I sometimes doubted if he ever slept. I knew that he slept but little. I knew that at early hours, when I was fain to enjoy my sound-

est sleep, Michael was more wide awake than the village cock. In spring he was up before the cuckoo, and would help that telltale bird to call the feathered choir, who for his ears alone began their morning charm. Even in the darkness of a winter morning I had often heard him declaiming in his room, or stumbling, with sharp exclamation, over the coal-scuttle in the passage. I, who confess that I am made of stuff less stern, had often started wide awake from dream of ghost or burglar, and, recognizing the familiar tread, had smiled to think that I had such a friend, and so had gone to sleep again. It seemed, however, that sea air and devotion to study diminished even my powers of slumber. One morning, soon after our arrival on the coast, I found myself wide awake while it was yet dark. I tried to lose myself, but in vain. Then a happy thought struck me. For once I would astonish Michael; I would be up and abroad before him: as usual, I was foiled by the superior vigor of my friend. Michael had long since found the cottage too small to hold him. He had rushed out into the darkness and mist, had climbed the steep with winged feet, and stood like the herald Mercury to stare across the pathless sea. There I found him, and hailed him with what breath my climb had left me.

He turned sharply at the sound of my voice. "Hang it!" he cried fiercely, "what do you want?"

It was his way with me, and I understood him. "All right, Mike, old man," I answered, "I want nothing. I only came to look you up."

He looked at me for a full minute, peering in the dim light and frowning; then he burst out laughing, as I knew he would. "You are inevitable as death," he said, and turned again toward the sea.

I sat down behind his back and waited. I

felt sure that he would address me in time, and I was not disappointed. He still looked away from me; but he spoke. "Pecker has asked Geordie to come here," he said.

In a moment I knew the cause of my friend's abrupt manner. "What cheek of Pecker!" I cried, with keen sympathy.

"He has a perfect right to ask whom he likes," retorted Michael, "without asking you."

"But how about you?" I asked; "if it hadn't been for you, Pecker wouldn't be of the party at all; you would have him; he ought to have consulted *you*."

"Not at all," said Michael, throwing up his chin, as he always did when he intended to end a discussion.

In spite of this well-known sign, I was beginning another remark, when he strode down the steep before him to the shore. I was left alone to commune with the unresponsive sea. It was strangely early; and the air was sharpened by that peculiar chill which precedes and ushers in the dawn. I am especially sensitive to atmospheric influences. I knew that to follow Michael would be to lash him to frenzy. I wrapped myself in my virtue and my pilot-coat, and endeavored to enjoy the scene. Beneath my feet were low flat rocks, and sea-weed both green and yellowish brown; beyond the rocks the sea lay rippling and gray under a light haze, which was mist away in the east, and softened the low level link of pink, which promised the rising sun. The sky was of most delicate pale blue, and straight above my head a waning moon, like a strayed reveler, seemed ready to faint into a long line of fleecy cloud. Suddenly on the level sea was a flame (it seemed not a thousand yards away), then an arch of red fire. Higher and higher it rose, until there was the full circle of the sun, like a great flame-colored ball on the cool floor of ocean, while in the misty east the pale rose deepened into violet. Brown birds darted on sea and shore, and swept upward by my head. There was a brisk tumult of life. As the sun climbed into the sky, a halo of yellow light was about him in the melted haze, and flat beneath him on his blue-gray plain a wide path shimmering golden-bronze spread to my feet. I am peculiarly sensitive to the beauties of Nature. I was thrilled by this new birth of day, this daily miracle of Aphrodite; I forgot to shiver. I enjoyed; and then I noted the causes of my enjoyment, the details of the scene. When I had fixed these in my mind, I turned my eyes to where on the green slope, dewy and sparkling responsive to the sun, Michael strode away to the southwest. He was going with long strides like Achilles in the Shades. Truly, it was better to be alive and on the goodly earth than a king

among the squeaking ghosts. Not for Michael was idle noting of the beauties of dawn, nor tissue-wasting sentimentalisms. Enough for him to sniff the keen clear air of morning; to prance eager for the battle of life; to cry ha-ha with the war-horse. He had seen the fiery sun; he had gazed unflinching as an eagle. In his every movement, as he went farther and farther away, was the promise of splendid success. What careers had I not imagined for this triumphant person! Now, as I strained my eyes after his vanishing back, I felt that he must carve his way to success, that Fortune was his fool, that my friend would be a great man. Ah, how little can the most thoughtful observer prophesy the future! A few days—but a very few days—would pass, and— But I will invoke no shadow to mar this stainless dawn.

II.

WHY had Michael insisted that Pecker should be of our party? It is a problem which we others had often discussed. The lad, whom I take to be almost mindless, would laugh at the question, and declare that there was no reason. Motherwell, who in his rare moments of depression becomes weakly sentimental, maintained with a sigh that it was an instance of Belbin's benevolence. I waited for the solution of the enigma, and I did not wait in vain. When that wonderfully successful schoolmaster, Mr. Trickett, became head of our college, poor little Pecker, who is known to the university authorities as the Rev. Stanley Betel, melted like a mist before the rising sun. The old man seemed twice as weak by the side of his young chief; the old school was seen in its full absurdity when contrasted with the new; the cobweb which had fluttered for generations on the lecturer's chair fell to the first sweep of the new broom. The Rev. Stanley Betel was treated with courtesy; attendance at his lectures was made voluntary: there was no attendance at his lectures. He vanished behind his oak, and was seen but little of men. Michael Horatio Belbin was the last man who sat at his feet. At this time my friend would blaze into fury at ridicule of the old don, though nobody had spoken of him with more magnificent scorn in the days of his authority. This puzzled me very much. To ridicule Pecker had become a college custom. Freshmen scarcely felt themselves members of the place till they had cracked their early joke at his expense. It was a tradition that, ages ago, the Rev. Stanley Betel had been called the wood-pecker on account of a certain bird-like air and tricks of manner. Sometimes he darted at us his sharp nose and screwed-up eyes; in more emphatic mood he darted at us from the neighborhood of his right ear a forefinger and thumb

lightly joined together; in moments of great excitement he darted at us altogether—long, thin coat, sharp nose, little eyes, and finger and thumb simulating a goose-beak. Enough of description. Let it be sufficient to say that this respectable fossil had been disinterred by my friend and added to our reading party. I hoped, and even suggested, that Motherwell and the lad would raise some objections; but they (I can not wholly acquit them of servility) accepted the addition with an appearance of pleasure. The lad declared that Pecker would be rare fun; Motherwell bluntly observed (I remember that the joke struck me as clumsy and ill-timed) that, if I thought the party too big, I could easily reduce it by one. Thus it happened that, as I on principle never oppose Michael, Mr. Betel was admitted to our cottage without a protest. Slowly, as we five dwelt together and pursued our studies, I became certain of the cause of my friend's action. No young don of the new school, however brilliant and however broad, was more than a match in breadth and brilliancy for Michael Horatio Belbin. For width of vision and knowledge of theories he stood almost alone. In minute details, on the other hand, in exact dates, in the precise force of particles, Michael Horatio was liable to err, and, with his accurate self-knowledge, was of course well aware of his own weakness. In securing the companionship of Pecker he had, with his usual sagacity, taken the very best means of strengthening himself where he was weakest. Mr. Betel is a lumber-room of unimportant facts, disconnected fragments, trifles which the bold generalizer has swept aside to the dust-heap. In that dusty twilight my friend groped daily, and every day acquired some morsel useful for his coming examinations. When I was sure of the reason of his action my mind was at rest. I could not bear the shadow of a doubt of Michael's practical wisdom. So we five lived happily together till that fair autumn morning when I heard the news of Pecker's extraordinary audacity. It was an almost incredible instance of ingratitude to Michael, and I was not surprised at my friend's annoyance. Moreover, Mr. Betel's choice of a new companion was singularly unfortunate. I had observed long since that the society of George Effingham (we called him Gentle Geordie) was peculiarly irritating to Michael. George and he had been friends from childhood. They had been schoolfellows, and had come up on the same day to the same college. Throughout their career at school and at the university, in every examination which the two had passed together, George Effingham had invariably beaten Michael Horatio Belbin. It is an astounding fact, Effingham was always first; Belbin was always second. It is a fact, and must be accepted as

such. Of course, I knew well enough that the gentle one's appearance of idleness and indifference was affected. I knew that he had worked in secret with wearing concentration. Again and again had I taken pleasure in noting his wearied eyes in the morning. I had made it my business more than once to smell out the midnight oil. Nevertheless, though this elegant and fop-like youth had worked like a horse, it seemed impossible that he should ever surpass the wonderful power of Michael, who delighted in the conflict, who told wonderful tales of his prodigious labors, his wrestling with ancient authors, his endless hours of vigil. And now this haughty spirit, which had been soothed by an atmosphere of affection and consideration, was to be chafed by the presence of this triumphant and indifferent rival. The peace essential for the labors of the fervid soul was to be changed into restlessness by a soft voice and quiet manner, and changed at a most critical time. Michael and Geordie were on the eve of taking their degrees. Both were certain to be in the first class. Both, as I at least knew very well, would compete for our vacant fellowship. Of course, it was only too likely that Geordie would enjoy his usual luck; but, whether he were fated to succeed or no, it was certain that his appearance at this time would be most prejudicial to Michael's work.

Whatever the degree of Michael's annoyance, he seemed on that day, whose dawning we had watched together, to have shaken it off with ease. He came back to breakfast flushed, hungry, and with his rebellious hair on end. He addressed Mr. Betel as usual, with a manner half respectful half patronizing. He declared that the day was the most glorious of days. He proclaimed a holiday. The lad gave a shout of gladness; Motherwell shook his fat sides, his expansive countenance beamed, and his high-pitched laughter rippled musically, as he looked inquiringly at Pecker. The Rev. Stanley Betel was quite ready. "A day of air and—well—exercise—well—will do us all good," he said, "yes—of exercise, in fact—and air"; and he pointed his sharp nose at each of us in turn as if he would collect our votes.

Under the invigorating influence of Michael Horatio this most peaceful of elderly dons had been rapidly acquiring an enthusiasm for air and exercise. He rushed about with his long coat open to the breeze and his coat-tails flying; he pushed out his little breastbone, which resembled a half-starved pigeon's; he puckered his lips, rose on his toes, and drew in such breaths that we expected to see him borne upward, and swept like a draggled rook among the lofty trees. Nay, I myself happening to be in his neighborhood when he thought himself alone, had found

him engaged in most mysterious rites. Standing as erect as his formation would allow, without his long coat, large of head and thin of person, he bore a strange resemblance to a well-colored clay pipe erect on the smaller end. He stood opposite the glass, and followed with his eyes the upturned palm of his left hand, which at arm's length swung slowly backward till the good gentleman's nose was straight above his heels. In this position he resembled a crow about to prune his tail-feathers. Then the left hand returned and lay upon the right breast, while the right arm swung backward, followed by the earnest, peering eyes. I stood amazed, and watched the alternate movement of those skinny arms and the long nose turning above the high white collars. Here was a tremendous example of muscular Christianity. For this determined athlete to collect the votes of the party was, of course, a mere form. Michael had spoken; and it was certain that they would all acquiesce in his whim.

"To-morrow," said Pecker, "Effingham will be here, and we must set to—well—work again; in fact—yes—to-morrow."

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow," cried Michael, looking up from his ham and eggs.

At the sound of Effingham's name I had glanced at my friend with inquiry in my eye. You would not have supposed that he was aware of my existence. He is a man of extraordinary character, of inexhaustible power.

III.

THAT shore to which fate and the desire of knowledge had brought us is a rare shore for walkers. Above the flat rocks, which are covered at high tide, is a low wall of loosely piled stones; within the wall is a strip of green, more or less level, which a little farther back rises steeply into green slope; and the slope is clothed above with trees, and the trees on the crest stand out against the sky. Here and there the long strip of level green is broken by a bold rock of old red sandstone, and here and there the slope has been hollowed into deep, cool caves. On this exquisite morning of a day, which, alas! was big with fate, the green turf, the red rock, the trees above us now growing to new beauty of gold, ruddy or pale—all these beautiful things were aglow in the light of a warm, fertile sun. The mists of dawn had melted away; and, save where in the shadow of some rock the grass was sparkling and drenched with dew, we walked in full light and warmth. We were a strange procession. Belbin, dressed in a blue guernsey and flannel trousers, rolled up to his knees, wore his coat on one shoulder, while on the other was one end of a pole, which swayed behind him as he strode

along; the other end of this pole we supported in turn; slung upon it was the lordly hamper, which held towels and luncheon. In the pride of life and the heat of young imagination I fancied that Michael and I, when it was my turn to help him with the burden, were, like Joshua and Caleb, in a land of milk and honey.

Here let me pause a moment that I may make a confession. If, in the course of this little narrative, I show myself clear-sighted as to the faults of others, let me at least enjoy the credit of not ignoring my own. Let me confess then that, as my appreciation of the beauties of nature verges on weakness, so also my wayward fancy too often leads me into superfluous comparisons. My imagination is the source of my weakness. I can guard against it when I am studying a human being; but it runs away with me in the presence of natural phenomena, and it too often betrays me into picturesque simile and misleading metaphor. I know my faults and I confess them. In this story, which I am bound to tell, I will do my best to preserve my descriptions of natural objects from those wearisome details which have a charm for me, and to avoid those fanciful comparisons which occur to me so frequently. After all, the resemblance of Joshua and Caleb to myself and my friend may be dismissed as superficial.

"It is a great morning; come, away!" cried Michael more than once, and he leaped till the pole on my shoulder jumped painfully. The lad, all white flannel from head to heel, was busy slipping stones into Motherwell's capacious pocket. Motherwell, silent, possessed wholly by intense delight, was trying to force his unwieldy bulk to imitate the uncertain motions of the Rev. Stanley Betel. The reverend gentleman was drifting along like a withered leaf; it seemed as if he were driven forward by the book in his coat-tail pocket, which was banging against his calves, if calves they may be called. Truly we had seemed a strange party, had there been any one to see us. But, save for a tramp or two, all that shore with its southern aspect was for us alone. The sun grew warmer and warmer; the air was fresh, but sweet and still; there was a bountiful quiet, a promise of plenty over all the land.

"Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness," chanted Michael, and ever and anon he flung forth other fragments of that rich ode of Keats, seeming, as his habit is, careless whether there were fifty listeners or none.

So my comrades journeyed onward, glad of their strength, and of the bountiful morning, until they came where was a broad gap in the low rocks, and shelving sand ran down into the sea. There a fisherman's boat had been drawn

clear of the brine, and the heavy oars lay in her. Then Michael shouted aloud like an Homeric warrior, tossed the pole from his shoulder, and leaped down the sand. "Aboard!" he cried, and laid hold of the boat. Pecker opened and shut his mouth, meditating expostulation. Meanwhile, the lad, with the reckless enthusiasm of his character, sprang to the farther side of the craft; and Motherwell, after a nervous look at the sea, where was a ripple as on a girl's hair and no more, turned his broad back, and stern to stern made ready to heave portentously, while his expansive, ruddy face seemed to rival the countless laughings of ocean. Altogether they bent their strength and weight to the task. There was nobody in sight; I, too, lent myself to this wild project; even Pecker, catching the prevailing recklessness, attached himself to the boat. Another heave, and she moved—moved with such suddenness that she brought our reverend companion to his knees. A little more, and she was in the shallow water; boots and socks were thrown into her, and, barefoot all, we pushed her till she floated free. Then, as we were all in her and were getting out the oars, a shout came from the trees above the slope, and then a figure flying.

"Hullo! hi! you come back!" cried the boatman.

"Yes—well—yes, my good man," piped the Rev. Betel; "we will bring it back quite safe—well—at once; in fact, yes, at once—almost."

Michael rose in the stern of the boat, and flung ashore a sovereign; of which coin he has not too many specimens.

"We will return no more," he chanted with portentous barytone; and the local mariner stood open-mouthed and staring on the shore.

Then Michael descending seized the stroke-oar, and Motherwell attached his monstrous weight to the other. I handed the rudder-lines to Pecker, who, peering earnestly ahead like a stage pilot, pulled them alternately: the boat's nose pointed now hither now thither, but always out into the sunlight. The sun seemed twice as hot upon the sea, and the light was dazzling. Motherwell began to blow like a grampus, and presently let go his oar with his left hand that he might draw an arm across his brow.

"A bath before luncheon," cried Michael.

Before we have time to consider the proposition, the lad is out of his clothes; he stands in the bows, in no hurry to take himself out of the warm sun: as he pauses tremulous on the edge, Motherwell looks round upon us with a face full of intense but silent joy, draws his oar noiselessly aboard, lifts it, poises it, and lightly swings the blade; there is a sound as of a flapping sail, or of hands clapped smartly, and the lad dis-

appears into the water, and comes up vowing vengeance.

Next, Motherwell, with frequent bursts of laughter, bares his majestic curves, goes in with a splash, and sets us rocking in the boat.

Michael leaps like a stag, and flashes far into the water.

Our Betel declines, with broken excuses, to bathe. I wonder how much of the Rev. Stanley Betel is really coat.

I feel the sea with one foot, and, finding it less cold than I expected, slip in forthwith. It is quite warm; surely the Gulf Stream must take a turn hereabouts. The sunlight sparkles on the rippling surface where my companions roll and play; the lad leaps on Motherwell's shoulders, and has his revenge; Michael with imperial partiality ducks them both. I remain near the boat an amused spectator. There are endless laughter and splashing. The Rev. Stanley Betel prostrates himself in his efforts to strike our playful friends with the oar; he has grown as playful as they; I don't think that he was ever young till now.

When we were dry and dressed, and in turn had rowed ourselves into a glow, we fell upon the food, and, lying motionless on that bright watery floor, feasted like kings. And, when we had made an end of eating and drinking, we were motionless, basking like lizards in the sun. Perhaps Motherwell was more like a turtle, as he lay on his comfortable back, placidly regarding the blue vault of heaven. The air was full of soft wooing. As I looked round on my companions, a society of reading men formed for the acquisition of knowledge, I could see that every one of them, even Pecker himself, had almost reached that beatific state in which man is, and thinks not. Like ruminating kine, they were content and torpid; I alone kept my wits about me. One can learn so much when people are off their guard.

Of course, Michael was the first to rebel against repose. He raised his tumbled head, shook himself, shouted, and laid hold of an oar. The lad awoke at the shout, and sat up, rubbing his eyes, in the bottom of the boat. Motherwell awoke from his profound contemplation of the void. I arranged the strings in which our reverend friend had hopelessly involved himself. So we started shoreward, silent and yawning. Was that silence ominous of evil to come?

As we drew near to that narrow sandy bay, whence we had stolen our gallant bark, we became aware of more people than one upon the beach. There was the boatman, who was the richer by Michael's sovereign, but he was no longer alone. A tribe of little girls were with him—of little girls all dressed alike in scarlet

cloaks, and with hats of rough straw tied over their ears with dark-blue ribbons; and with the tribe was a young woman in command. I can hardly write of her with patience. She was tall and strong, lithe and fair, and a mass of light hair was tied loosely at the back of her long neck. So much we could see as we drew near. I don't know why it was obvious that she belonged to a higher stratum of society than the children. She wore a blue guernsey no better than Michael's, a short skirt of some strong stuff, and stout shoes. I suppose that it was some trick of the carriage of the head, or the manner of her looking at us, which made us aware that this was what is called a lady. Her manner of looking at us may be briefly described: she regarded us as if we were dirt. An awful presentiment fell upon us. Michael muttered something inaudible between his teeth, and rowed with redoubled vigor; Motherwell whistled, with a countenance most woe-begone, and answered Michael's spurt. In a few moments the boat was driven through the shallow water, and up into dry sand. Then we scrambled out. The young lady stepped down to meet us, and addressed herself with a perfect air of politeness to Pecker.

"May I ask," she said, "why you took away my boat?"

Her boat!

Pecker seemed to fall together like a card house; he opened his mouth to speak, but no sound came.

"It was unfortunate," she said, "because I had promised the little girls of my Orphanage to take them for a row."

Here Michael, who alone seemed capable of speech, cried out and asked if it was too late, and if we might not be allowed to row the little girls.

She hardly looked at him as she answered that she was much obliged, but that it was impossible now.

"Can't I do anything?" cried Michael, who was chafing under a sense of humiliation. "Of course we had no idea that the boat was yours; we thought it belonged to this man, here, and that we could pay for its use. It is most unlucky."

To this speech the young lady paid no attention whatever. She was looking with a puzzled expression at Pecker, who was twisting himself strangely in his efforts to arrange a few sentences of apology.

"Surely," she said, with a complete change of manner, "surely, I can't be mistaken. You are Mr. Stanley Betel? I am sure you are."

"Yes, yes—in fact—certainly, of course—yes," answered Pecker.

"Oh, my father will be so glad to see you!"

she said, shaking his hand vigorously, while her face beamed with a smile. She seemed a different creature when she smiled; and we all stared in amazement. "He will be so pleased," she repeated. "My father is General Falconhurst; that is our house up there, above the trees."

"Harold Falconhurst," said the old don to himself; and I detected a faint flush on his dry old cheek. "Yes; your father was a—well—very great friend of mine," he said, darting forward toward the young lady.

"Come up and see him," she said, cordially.

He darted back again, and looked to us for help.

"I am afraid we have a—well—friend," he began; "that is, a friend—yes, a friend joins our—well—party, to-day; I am afraid he is waiting for us now—in fact—George Effingham—I am afraid he is—well—waiting for us already—well."

The little gentleman was apparently confused, and the girl—for she was no more than a girl—looked at him with a kindly superiority. "To-morrow, then," she said; "you must promise to come to-morrow. Come to luncheon at two. And I am sure"—here she seemed to become aware of our existence—"my father will be delighted if you will bring any of your pupils."

This was indeed condescension.

I happened to be looking at Michael, and I saw him start at the word "pupils" as at the flick of a whip.

This lady's manner seemed to place us on a level with her tribe of little girls with grins and red cloaks. These children were not country-born, nor offspring of fisher-folk, but orphans brought young from London to be reared in country air. From the shrewdness of the eyes in their sharp little faces, I should have fancied that they read us like a book, and enjoyed our discomfiture. I am always embarrassed by children. One can never tell how much they perceive. Their instinct defies calculation. Strangely enough, I can never persuade them to make friends with me. I don't like children.

Pecker, darting forward with cordiality, and backward with shyness, finally succeeded in accepting the invitation for the next day; and Miss Falconhurst shook him again by the hand as she thanked him. Her little flock and his little flock stood and stared at each other. In the eyes of those London orphans I discerned a supernatural penetration. Michael was the first to free himself from the spell. He raised his hat to the lady, who was now half-way up the slope, swung round, and marched off in silence. Motherwell and the lad (the lad certainly did look unjustifiably young) shouldered the pole and the basket. We went home with solemnity and long strides.

IV.

THE next morning we were all at work, and all very solemn. That double portion of gloom, which is apt to follow a holiday, was on the party. Moreover, George Effingham had arrived. He was reclining on the sofa with a history of philosophy in his hand; he had the air of dallying with the lightest work of fiction. It is the fashion to talk of Gentle Geordie's charm, of his sweet temper, his modesty, his unselfishness. I see little beneath his affectation; and, as I have said before, his presence acts as a lively irritant to Michael Horatio Belbin. I fancy that a presentiment hung over us all. Even Motherwell wore that harassed look which is caused in him by the thought of examinations; he rubbed his face till it glowed like a furnace, and twisted the lock of hair above his forehead till it stood straight on end like a magnetized corkscrew. The lad's eyes were wandering; I suspected him of counting the dead leaves which, fluttering and pausing in the still air, fell one by one along the window-pane. I could not but notice the tricks of my fellows, for it has become a habit with me, though for the most part my attention was fixed on Michael. He had said nothing more to me about Geordie. He seemed absorbed in his work. His elbows were as firmly planted on the table as his feet on the floor; his head was held tight between his fists; his eyes were fixed unwinking on his book.

Now, as the morning hours slipped away, I could see that Pecker grew more and more nervous. He hopped on his chair; he noiselessly got up to peer at the clock; he tapped the barometer with his skinny little claw. At last, when he had regarded us all in turn many times, and had opened and shut his mouth as often, he rushed into the question:

"Which of you are coming with me?"

We all looked up; and Motherwell, glad of an interruption, shoved all his front hair straight on end with one gigantic hand, rolled on his seat, and favored us with his silvery laughter.

"Not one of us dares go with you," he said, and laughed again.

I was looking at Michael, and I saw him start at the word "dares."

"I shall go," he said, briefly.

Motherwell opened his eyes wide, and whistled.

"Shall you come?" asked Michael of me across the table.

I jumped at the invitation. In truth, I was eager to go, though I had been unwilling to make myself conspicuous by volunteering. I was determined to study Miss Falconhurst. She had such an air of power that I could not rest till I

had stalked her weaknesses. She interested me, though I did not like her. I longed to analyze the littlenesses of this grand-seeming lady.

"Three are enough, if not too many," said Michael.

The lad's face fell; he had, as usual, caught the infection.

"I need a day of complete repose," said Geordie, smiling lazily upon us from the sofa; "give her my love, and to Mr. the General, her father. Adieu."

We were made welcome at the castle with the utmost friendliness. It is a strange pile of building, and I took pleasure in noting its peculiarities. It was once no more than a little fort, built high above the sea for the sake of an outlook, a watch-tower whence the rude vessels of primitive marauders were descried. To this tower rooms have been added at different dates, till at last it was lengthened westward in the form of a French chateau, with high slate roof. This strange pile, with the ancient fort still standing at its east end, stretches low and long on the top of the slope. Before it the wide terrace is all day full of sun, and up to its low parapet thick trees climb the steep slope from the shore below. At the western end of the house the terrace stretches backward, with smooth turf; and a steep bank and dense mass of yew shelter the warm green from the north. The whole place, with its glorious sea-view, has, I must confess, an extraordinary charm. To this pleasant dwelling we were cordially welcomed by its owner. The General had a high color and pale-blue eyes, a figure now rather stiff, but slim as a boy's. Even in the loose gray clothes which he wore as landed proprietor, he had a distinctly military air. He talked a great deal, and smiled when he was not talking. He asked numberless questions of our reverend friend. He was full of disorganized information on all sorts of subjects, and was childishly eager to increase his store. Anybody could read him like an open book: his satisfaction with the world and with himself, his information, his possessions, and, above all, his daughter. Indeed, the young lady had a most charming air with him. She seemed to take charge of him with a constant apology for so doing. She waited on him and his old friend at luncheon, and pretended great delight in their anecdotes of former days. Of Michael and myself she took as little notice as was consistent with politeness. She seemed to consider us, so far as she considered us at all, as unimportant appendages of Pecker—two little boys at his coat-tails. That she should really so consider Michael Horatio Belbin was impossible. I was not deceived for a moment. For all her frank air, I was sure that she calculated the effect of her free attitudes as she hovered over the two

elderly gentlemen, of the turn of the long white throat as she listened to their stories. I felt that she challenged our admiration, or at least that of my friend. Her indifference to me was possibly genuine. Possibly she was as wholly unaware of my presence as she seemed, until I had studied her with perhaps too great persistence, when at last she slowly turned her head in my direction, and looked on me as if she looked on vacancy. I dropped my eyes in some confusion. She certainly looked imperial. She might have posed for a young Artemis. I felt a strange dread of her power, even while I was analyzing her weakness.

After luncheon the General carried off his old friend, that he might show him all the ingenious dodges which he had introduced into his houses and gardens, and doubtless also that he might pump him undisturbed. Miss Falconhurst remained with us on the terrace above the sea. She could no longer pretend to ignore us, nor did she try. On the contrary, she passed with one step from a manner of the most chilling indifference to one as frank and friendly as if she had known us for years. I could see that this abrupt transition astonished Michael; it was almost conceivable that she would chaff him before they parted. She was standing in a grand, negligent attitude, and pointing out the various objects which could be seen on the coast between us and the little fishing village, which was far away below us on the right, when Michael broke in with a question.

"Are you any relation," he asked, "to the Captain Falconhurst who went back under fire to fetch the little drummer?"

"That was my father!" and she turned to him with a great flush flooding her face and neck, and her eyes shining. It must be confessed that she looked superbly handsome.

Michael, obedient to one of his fine impulses, pulled his hat off, and stood bareheaded.

"It's worth while living to do a thing like that," he said, after a pause.

She looked at him, laughing a little, but critical withal.

"It is not given to every man to be a hero like my father."

"We have no chance," cried Belbin, hotly.

"You young gentlemen at college must mind your books."

Michael chose not to hear this remark. He rushed off on a familiar track. He inveighed against the enervating influence of our modern England, occupations cut and dried, progress on safe, smooth roads, life in clover, in cotton-wool, in glass houses. When he stopped, he was still staring far away to sea, and I knew that he was hot with his old longing for adventure.

"And do you think you would really like danger?"

She looked at him with a sidelong glance under her drooped eyelids. There was something in her look or tone which hinted doubt, and set his pride ablaze.

"Why not I as well as another?" he cried, hotly.

There was a passionate ring in his voice. I looked at him with amazement. I knew the force of his passion; but I knew also his power of controlling that force. It was impossible that he was to be shaken from his self-control by a girl. I thought that I was sure of his judgment, of his good sense. Yet he was strangely moved. She had stung him with her hints.

"I am not utterly a coward," he went on with growing heat. "Even in these days—even here—even a civilian may show himself a man. It was only last year—"

He stopped abruptly.

"Last year!" she repeated, with an appearance of lively interest; "what happened last year?"

"Oh, I saved a girl's life; that's all."

She laughed with low, sweet laughter. "That's all," she said, echoing his words; then she added: "How did it happen? Do tell me."

I could not believe that my wise friend was deceived by her arts. I cast about in my mind for his motive in allowing himself to be drawn out. He told her how he had stopped a young lady's runaway ponies in London. From this story he was cunningly led to other adventures of himself and of his friends. He seemed to abandon himself to mere delight in past heroic deeds, as if he spoke to a hearer sympathetic as Desdemona. He spoke with enthusiasm, and he never spoke better. Nor were his looks less heroic than his speech. The wide brow, above which the hair was tumultuous as usual, was turned square to the sea; the brown eyes were full of fire; the wide nostrils seemed to long for the brine; the firm and rather prominent lips were parted with quick words. Standing straight as a wand, with his firm chin upraised, and a flush on his clear, sallow skin, he looked fit to conquer the world.

"... I am ashamed

To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown."

As he spoke the lines, he seemed to have forgotten the girl's presence. She was looking at him with arched brows and evident curiosity. To a superficial observer they would have made a great picture of simple heroic man and maid.

I sometimes wonder if superior insight be an un-mixed blessing.

"What's that, what's that?" cried the General, bustling up with his thirst for information. "You were quoting poetry, eh?"

The young people turned at the sound of his voice, and both started to find me at their elbow. It seemed that they had entirely forgotten my presence.

"What are you doing here?" asked Michael, with his quaint, rough manner.

"Nothing," I answered.

He turned away to say "good-by" to the General, who was most pressing in his invitations to us to come again.

"To-morrow," he said; "every day; all of you, all your party; we need enlivening, my girl and I. I rely on you, Stanley; you must come and bring all your party."

On the way home I ventured to congratulate Michael Horatio on his eloquence. He snorted like a war-horse. "Oh, that's what you like, is it?" he said; "I bragged like a fool."

V.

AND NOW was the complexion of our reading-party changed. Heretofore we had prided ourselves on combining the acquisition of knowledge with a life robust, barbaric, free. We had got our heads out of the collar, and forgotten the feeling of starch. Pilot-coats and woollen guernseys, flannel trousers and patched breeches, stalking-caps, sombreros, sou'westers—such were the coverings in which my comrades had taken delight. I shall never forget the appearance of the Rev. Stanley Betel as he went forth one day in Motherwell's gigantic fishing-boots. And yet Pecker had looked upon us sometimes with a strangely puzzled expression, as if he had woken to find himself mate of a gang of smugglers or captain of poachers; he had regarded us as a hen at the pond's verge regards the ducklings of her hatching. Such had been the effect on cultured youth of sea-air and a wild coast. Now all was changed. Michael and I had donned linen for our first visit to the Falconhursts; and since that event shirts with collars became the rule among us. Of course, we did not rush at once into our most elegant clothes. In the first place, acquaintance with a lady of the neighborhood made necessary a few modifications of costume. Then quickly growing came thought of the picturesque, invading, modifying, adorning our roughness. We were rough, but rough like tame bears—with hair combed and ribbons round the necks. We were beasts with Beauty in the neighborhood. Motherwell's flannels went to the wash, and returned a little tight, but decorous. At about the same time he became very unwilling to sing those

humorous ditties for which we were wont to call after dinner; while, on the other hand, he was always found warbling to himself scraps of sentimental song; trying things, as he would say with a high, nervous laugh, at the jingling piano, while the music-stool groaned beneath him. The lad, save for a certain demureness, which appeared in the presence of Miss Falconhurst, and of which he had been previously held incapable, was unchanged. George Effingham was always well dressed, though he pretended to think only of comfort. It was a time of change; but the novelty which was most important in my eyes was the appearance on Michael of a loose neckerchief, of which the color was subdued crimson. In men like Michael Horatio Belbin even trifles like these have a meaning. They never escape me. The color was most becoming to him. Its appearance was the one touch which completed my certainty of his intentions. I was now sure that he desired to make himself agreeable to Miss Falconhurst. Since our first visit to the castle Michael had been there daily. Indeed, this is true of most of us. The General's hospitality grew more and more pressing; and we responded heartily to his pressure. We were all quite at home in his house. We played many games of tennis. Some shot our host's rabbits, others rode his horses. We took the grave young orphans out to sea; we listened to their hymns, we treated them to buns; we no longer quailed before their solemn glances. Day after day I was in the society of Miss Falconhurst; and day after day I watched Michael Horatio Belbin. Nor did I confine myself to observation. I found means to draw from Pecker, without undue appearance of eagerness, a good deal of information about the Falconhursts. The General had not long since inherited this property; it was a good property and not entailed; Miss Falconhurst was the General's only child. Now, I had always held that no man estimated money more justly than Michael; that while on the one hand he had no greed, on the other he knew well that money is a necessary part of a great career. He had always intended to have a great career; we all expected it of him. When I had convinced myself (and, indeed, I thought from the first that I could trust my knowledge of my friend so far) that Michael was not led away by mere fancy for a handsome head and a royal air, I breathed again. I could not bear that my idol should for a moment totter on his pedestal. When I was reassured, I could look on at the game with a tranquil spirit. Ah! what pleasure is there to equal the quiet observation of one's neighbors? I ask little from society, from the world. Let other and stronger men fight the great battle of life! I do not demand the contest. I am content to be left at peace, a

humble watcher, an observer unobserved. Now, though my friend's conduct had, as I thought, become wholly intelligible to me, that of Miss Falconhurst still puzzled me. I had the key to his action, but not to her caprice. It seemed to me that she demanded a whole bunch of keys. She was astoundingly frank with us all, and yet, for all her frankness, she never ceased to suggest to me a real self in reserve. Daily with us was the cheerful companion, frank as a boy and yet charmingly feminine; every day I was more certain that this character was played to us as audience, that we, or some of us (for I can't say that she valued the opinion of all), were to be influenced by the representation, that she was playing a game. What game was she playing? I spared no pains to discover; I gave myself to the minutest observations; I lay in wait to surprise her in an unguarded moment. The study of her nature became a passion; I began to feel that my happiness depended on finding her out.

Miss Falconhurst, though she occupied so great a share of my thoughts, nevertheless managed to preserve toward me an air of sublime indifference. She seemed wholly careless of my observation, and indeed for the most part of my existence. She was polite to me, and no more. And one of the puzzling facts about this lady at this time was that she seemed a different person to each one of us. Not only did the wily woman, whom I detected within her, differ from our frank, pleasant comrade as darkness from light, but this charming comrade herself had a peculiar charm for each of my fellows. She seemed outspoken, simple, honest, while with consummate art she adapted herself to each, and won them all. With Mr. Betel she was like a humorous daughter, a child full of little attentions, and loving the peculiarities at which she laughed openly, as if she could not help it. She laughed at Motherwell too, especially when he was in the sentimental vein, as he often was at this time. He was apt to sigh about the sea or the color of the autumn trees, and to make general observations about beauty interrupted by little, high-pitched coughs; he smiled almost as much as usual, but pensively, and he sang, with a tenor which was wonderfully small for his bulk, little songs about loyalty to ladies, and comfort in dreams and such things. It required no great penetration to see that Motherwell had been made a fool of by Honoria Falconhurst. She used to look at him sideways when he sighed, and turn down the corners of her mouth; then she would probably summon the lad and go away to the stables or the tennis-ground. The lad followed her like a dog, and when she did not notice him, as was generally the case, he would stand and stare at her with big eyes. I think

that it was slowly dawning on him that there were women in the world. He said nothing, or very little, but he attended the lady's steps; he was eager to fetch or carry; instead of laughing all day, he only laughed when she laughed; he was lost in amazement. In conversation with Michael Miss Falconhurst was more grave; though she treated even him with so much ease and apparent lightness of heart, that she would have seemed to the casual observer to see no more in him than in any other young man. Luckily, I am never a casual observer. Yet, though she jested and laughed, she was careful to show interest in his thoughts and a desire to share his knowledge. She asked almost as many questions as her father, and laughingly expressed indignant surprise that he knew more than she of the rocks and birds and flowers of her own coast. For, indeed, Michael is inexhaustible, and is as much at home in the field as in the library. Moreover, no man can talk so well as when, as in this case, he has good reasons for talking well. Thus it happened that he and Miss Falconhurst were often together. When their talk was very earnest, we others generally kept our distance; the lad would stare from afar as if he awaited a summons; Motherwell would become restless and roll himself about and sigh. I sometimes managed to approach the talkers without exciting their observation, for luckily neither of them appeared to notice me much. I found that the young lady very often brought the conversation back to their first subject. She seemed greedy of deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice. There could be no more delicate flattery of Michael, whose mind was stored with tales of daring more or less true. His voice would tremble as he spoke of the Elizabethan sailors, who after all must have been very wild and rough, and little better than pirates; then she would call into her face an expression of the keenest sympathy; I have seen more than once the tears stand in her eyes. So wonderful are the arts of woman! He lent her books too, and she led him through her father's library, asking advice about her reading, and with a pretty air of deference bringing her favorite romances up for judgment. So they read together and talked together, and together rode or walked by the sea. All looked well. It looked as if Michael Horatio Belbin would win this lady, and win with her a great start in life. And yet I dared not be sure. I knew that I had not plumbed the depths of this exasperating character. This girl in her brave beauty (and her beauty is wonderful at times—a mighty power) was still mysterious to me. She went forth from a secret chamber, armed for conquest, with woven spells for Michael. But did she care for him? The problem perplexed me to the verge of dis-

traction. I watched and listened, but the question remained unanswered.

VI.

HONORIA FALCONHURST puzzled and perplexed me as nobody had ever before puzzled and perplexed me. I have always found it harder to understand women than men. I have often mentally constructed a man from a single trait which has come under my observation; and subsequent experience has shown me that my constructed creature corresponded with the real being. I early learned that in the case of a woman this bold method is useless. If I have observed a quality in her, who can assure me that it has a right to be her quality—that it is not wholly inconsistent with her character? She may be a bundle of discordant attributes, and yet herself sublimely unconscious of her illogical state—of her impossibility. She may be wholly pleased with herself, though she have no more right to be than a close combination of centrifugal forces. It is this which makes woman eternally interesting to man. She is a riddle which it is impossible to give up. All women are hard to read, and of all women Miss Falconhurst was the hardest. Whenever I could free my mind even for a moment from the eager investigation of her feeling for my friend Michael, there was another question waiting for me—another question which I could not answer. What was the secret cause of her strange treatment of George Effingham?

During the first days of his visit to us, Gentle Geordie had declined with his usual air of laziness to go to the castle or to know its inmates. At first he said, as he generally said, that it was too much trouble; he maintained languidly that his constitution required complete repose after his journey. When he had reposed for eight-and-forty hours he passed easily to a new excuse. He complained that he was already tired to death of both the General and his daughter. He laughed at the picture of General Falconhurst, with military decision and cheerful aspect, cross-questioning the Rev. Stanley Betel about the merits of the Latin Grammar now in use at Oxford; he sighed over the soldier's passion for useless information, as if, forsooth, useful information were not fatiguing enough; he sighed yet more over the General's daughter, whom he pronounced a hoyden, much too familiar in manner—in short, uncomfortably modern. But it was the tale of heroism—of the rescue of the drummer-boy by the gallant young officer—which Effingham treated with the greatest show of disrespect. He even caricatured the incident, drawing the young Falconhurst with the drum very big under one arm, and the boy very small under the other, hero

and guardsman with his bearskin knocked over his nose and the child's drum-sticks in his mouth. He argued with a show of gravity against the wisdom of the act, saying that there were by far too many boys about, and that, for his part, he hated drums. Of course, there were champions enough to break lances in defense of our neighbors; but I observed that Michael said nothing, and, save for a certain grimness in his face, might have been held not to hear the flippant remarks of our gentle companion.

For a full week George Effingham declined to accompany us on our daily walk. He smiled on our start; said that he asked nothing but to be let alone—to be left on the sofa, and to the labors necessary for his schools. At the end of a week he arose and stretched himself.

"I find," he said, smiling sweetly, "that I am not yet quite good enough for the hermit's life. As you fellows keep all your conversation for the people on the hill, I must go thither too, or consent to forego the voice of man."

We thought that this was intended for a jest, for we had long ceased to urge him to accompany us; but when we climbed to the terrace on the afternoon of that day, we found him in close conversation with General Falconhurst. The General held him by the button, and Gentle Geordie, with amiable nods and brief speeches, was confirming his new acquaintance in all his false ideas of university life. It was annoying to some of us to find that Geordie immediately became the General's favorite. He smiled pleasantly when the elderly gentleman talked; it was never any trouble to him to smile. As usual, he smiled himself into favor.

But, though George Effingham with his usual luck delighted the father, his smiling and his soft, lazy speech seemed to produce a precisely opposite effect in the daughter. Miss Falconhurst had the air of being irritated by the very first word which George Effingham spoke in her presence. She was talking to Michael at the moment. At the sound of the unknown voice she stopped short, and looked at the stranger with a curious, side-long look. There was something which seemed almost aversion in her glance. So far as I could judge, Geordie irritated her, as he often irritated Michael, by his assumption of indifference and ease. But Michael and Miss Falconhurst showed their irritation in very different ways. When my friend was annoyed by Effingham, I inferred his annoyance from his silence. Miss Falconhurst, on the contrary, was stung to speech, and eager to sting in return. Before their acquaintance was an hour old she had begun to throw darts at Geordie. Each time they met, the darts were sharper and more frequent. She seemed bent on rousing him from his invincible good temper. It

was wellnigh impossible. The more energetic her attack, the more languid his defense. He surrendered every position with a light heart; and with a light heart he reoccupied them when the engagement was over. The sharper her tongue, the more pleasure appeared in his smile. He seemed to take a gentle interest in his own wounds, in wondering when the next dart was coming, and where it would strike him. So were all his powers concentrated into pure exasperation. Every day he carried to her home a small offering of sentiments which were calculated to annoy the lady. He not only shaped his speech, but also his life, to the same good end. He delighted to come lounging in the character which would most surely irritate her. He discovered at once her love of heroism and self-sacrifice; therefore he plumed himself ostentatiously on selfishness and cowardice. He would do nothing but sit in the sun when it was warm enough on the terrace, or by the fire when the mists crept up from the sea. He refused a mount, on the ground that he was afraid of horses; he said that his nerves could not bear the sound of a gun; he lisped forth the remark that "it was too much trouble to play games." Now, none of these reasons were true, as I very well knew. They are reasons which I might have urged in my own case with far more truth; since I confess that I join in the sports and pastimes of young men less from any natural inclination than from a strong desire to be with the young men themselves—to see what they are doing, to find out what they are thinking. But George Effingham is not like me. He is a very pretty horseman, and was one of the best tennis-players in our time at Oxford. Indeed, he is one of those men who do most things well, and with the crowning grace of apparent ease. He seems to sit well on a horse, because it would be an effort to him to sit otherwise; to place a ball in the right place, because his racket so willed it, and he would not balk his racket. In short, there seemed to be but one true reason for Gentle Geordie's conduct at the castle—the desire to irritate Honoria Falconhurst. He was very polite in manner, always sweet-tempered as a cherub; but when he begged that his attendance might be excused, he would plead with a childlike look the meanest motives. It was too much trouble; or he was frightened; or he didn't see what good *he* could get out of it. Such were his excuses, and so the young lady was moved to looks of scorn and to hasty speech. She shot arrows into him, whereat he smiled as if tickled; she threw caps in his way which, though to her eye they fitted him to a nicety, he would by no means wear. It was a very pretty game for the spectators; and yet I could see that it afforded no pleasure to Michael Horatio Belbin.

VII.

BY degrees we had been lulled into a pleasant belief that on that coast autumn was always fair. Day followed day in beauty. Every morning the white mist lay close on sea and shore; every evening the soft haze grew dense again to mist, and the rich grass was drenched with dew; but all the midday hours between mist and mist were bright and warm with sun, and the sunlit air was still. The leaves were yet thick on inland copse and thicket, and on the trees that crowned the grassy sea-banks; but the beeches were showing a richer and deeper red, and the pale gold of slim birches was ever brighter about the silver stems.

How happy am I that I am not too great to be delighted by little things; that for me Nature renews again and again her endless enchantments, and never appeals to me in vain! This wonderful autumn will be for me a life-long possession, "a joy for ever." Even my companions were not insensible to the extraordinary charm. Each in his degree is capable of feeling. All seemed to have forgotten that English weather is changeable.

Of course a change came. One morning, as we sat over our books, I observed that most of us were idle, and some of us irritable. At last Motherwell, who had been twisting his handkerchief, shoving his hair round and round his head with a large hand, fidgeting and yawning, burst out into abuse of the heat. Our room was small, and the sun stared sullenly in at the window.

"I am going out," said Michael; and he rose to put away his work.

Mr. Betel looked up to expostulate, and saw that we were all putting away our books. "I confess," he said, "well—that there is a—well—something oppressive, in fact electrical, in the day."

We were quite willing to accept electricity as an excuse for leisure.

Out of doors the air was but little fresher. Even the lad was in a measure subdued. But the strangest phenomenon was to be observed in Effingham. I had not seen a single smile on the face of Gentle Geordie since we met that morning. He said very little; there was even a faint crease between his eyebrows. If I had ever known him ill, even in the least degree, I should have guessed that he had a headache. Nobody suggested that we should go up to the castle, perhaps because it was too early, perhaps because it was easier to remain on level ground; it was certainly easier to offer no suggestion. There was a peculiar silence about us; to break it required an effort; in it was safety; in the most commonplace speech there was possible offense

and quarrel. Sea and shore looked different to our eyes. We could see much farther across the water, for there was no haze on its surface; but the clearer air was far less pleasant. So we marched on in silence till we came to that small, sandy cove, where we had first beheld Honoria Falconhurst, terrible as an avenging Artemis with her little orphan nymphs about her feet. This little bay is one of the very few places on that coast where a boat can be beached. The flat rocks, which are bare at low tide, lie in unbroken line between that bay and the point, which farther to the west runs out into the sea. Beyond the point is the little harbor, and the village full of fisher-folk, among whom Miss Falconhurst loves to play the Lady Bountiful.

When we came in sight of the well-known sandy cove, we saw that the boat was not there; we turned seaward to look for her: there she was on the water; she was being driven toward us by a pair of strong sculls, and impatient, high on the bows, was Honoria Falconhurst once more. Truly Fortune was very kind to this young lady; by happy accident she was again and again found in a magnificent attitude. I stared at her open-mouthed, and so doubtless did the others. The onward motion of the boat stirred the sluggish air; the girl's clear, pale cheek was flushed; she seemed to bring life with her; she looked a goddess—a goddess riding shoreward with blown hair. I was enchanted by the picture. As I gazed, I heard a deep breath at my elbow; looking out of the corner of my eye, I took note of George Effingham's face; there was no smile on it, and the line had deepened between his brows. On came the boat and ran into shallow water; the boatman shipped his sculls; the girl leaped ashore with a laugh. She seemed full of excitement; and, as if the sight of our dullness stung her anew, she gave the rein to her excitement with a sudden defiance. She was audacious, almost reckless, full of talk. She rushed into an explanation of her rough dress and loose locks. She had been to the village to see a poor fellow whose arm had been broken; he was young Robin, son of old Robin; old Robin had come to fetch her; she had made old Robin row her there and back in her boat; she was glad to get out of the house, which had been stifling all the morning; and young Robin was so glad to see her, and he had been so badly hurt, and he was so brave. "Ah, it is great to see his patience!" she cried; "night after night he dares death as a matter of course, and thinks nothing of it; and now he doesn't think of his pain, but only about getting out again to work for his wife and his little baby; and he is as quiet and patient as man can be, just that he may go out and risk his life again."

"I suppose that they are not in danger every night," said Effingham, slowly.

"Oh, you needn't believe in the danger," she said, sharply; "of course you wouldn't; it's easy not to believe. Ask old Robin here; he'll tell you if this coast is dangerous; and young Robin isn't a bit better than the others—is he, old Robin? They are all brave and simple, and—"

When she stopped for breath, Gentle Georgie, who seemed to me to make an effort to recover his lazy, mocking manner, said shortly, "A whole village of heroes!"

She was very angry. She was herself. She showed the bad temper which I had suspected. "And why not?" she cried; "there are still men in the world, though you may not know it, Mr. Effingham."

He bowed and smiled, but, I thought, with an effort. Michael, who had stood by silent, turned on his heel, and I heard him grind an oath between his teeth.

Perhaps Mr. Stanley Betel was right, and the air was full of electricity. Miss Falconhurst turned from Georgie to her old friend and henchman. "Of course you go out to-night, Robin?" she said, with her most imperial air.

The old man looked to each point of the compass, with one eye screwed up in a knowing manner; then he regarded each of us in turn with the same expression; finally, he allowed his gaze to rest upon the young lady. "I'm thinking it'll be a coarse night," he said.

"But you will go," she cried, impatiently; "you always go, always."

"I can not say that, Miss Falconhurst," said old Robin, regarding her with his clear, shrewd eye.

"But you will go to-night. Here is a fine gentleman come to laugh at us; he thinks we are afraid, Robin. You must promise me to go out to-night, promise me whatever the weather."

"I am no saying I won't go."

Miss Falconhurst seemed to accept this speech as satisfactory. I know nothing of dialects and but little of fishermen; but there was something about old Robin which convinced me that he was a north-countryman both by birth and breeding.

"Perhaps, if you go, you will take me with you," said George Effingham, with his most lazy manner.

We all laughed, though not very heartily; it seemed an ill-timed joke. It certainly failed to amuse Miss Falconhurst: she turned angrily away.

VIII.

WHEN the fair Honoria had gone away homeward, we debated if we should follow her. Motherwell thought that the General would be

disappointed if a whole day passed without a talk with Mr. Betel: he said that, if Mr. Betel would go, he did not mind going with him. Pecker was inclined to agree with Motherwell. I looked for Michael, and saw him striding up the path which leads to the castle. I decided to go.

Geordie, with a light laugh, said that he thought he would give the Falconhursts a holiday. "Good-by," he added, "and take great care of yourselves; don't be persuaded to do anything rash." He waved his hand to us with that grace which he generally affected, and sauntered away along the shore.

That afternoon Miss Falconhurst was unusually agreeable. I fancied that she was somewhat ashamed of having betrayed herself, and was taking pains to erase the impression. She insisted on tennis till she had roused us from our lethargy; she instructed the lad in a variety of ingenious knots; she filled the capacious Motherwell with delight by ordering him to try duets with her; she was almost deferential to Michael, who was still somewhat glum. Finally, when her father pressed us to dine with him, she seconded the invitation with a most agreeable air of friendliness. Something was said of Geordie's loneliness, but we decided that he liked to be alone sometimes; we accepted the invitation.

Meanwhile it had become evident that old Robin was no false prophet. The night promised to be coarse indeed. The sun set fiercely red among broken clouds, and out of the wild west the wind began to blow. As we dined we heard it in the pauses of our talk and laughter, moaning round the old wall, and now and again the dead flying leaves pattered on the window. We staid rather late in the warm, pleasant rooms; and when we were ready to go we found that a gale was blowing. When the Rev. Stanley Betel with excessive daring ventured to open the big hall-door, he was blown backward and caught in the strong arms of Michael. It taxed all our strength to close the door behind us, and no little care and skill to keep the narrow path. The lad sent wild cries into the darkness; Motherwell, whom music, and dinner, and tender thoughts had borne to the very height of geniality, laughed high as he was hustled along by the blast; Michael gave his arm to Pecker, and I followed.

When we were near our home we saw that there was no light burning. "Ho, ho! the lazy one has gone to bed," cried Motherwell, running like a collier's tub before the breeze.

"Do you think I might go and hustle Geordie?" asked the lad, shouting the question into Michael's ear.

"No; let him alone," said Michael; "he is not in the mood."

So we opened and closed our door as quietly as the gale would allow, and quietly went to our beds. I could not sleep. The wind came whistling round the corner close to my head, rattled the window with handfuls of dry leaves, grumbled in the chimney, shrieked in the keyhole. If I dozed for a few minutes, I awoke with a start. If I believed in such things, I should say that I was under the influence of a presentiment. Fortunately, no man is so wholly free from superstition as myself. And yet I confess that I felt no surprise when I leaped up wide awake with Miss Falconhurst's voice in my ear. She was speaking in the passage, and, mixed with the riot of the gale, I could distinguish the passionate pain in her tone. Presently I heard Michael speaking in answer.

"Hush!" he said; "don't wake the others; they'll be no good; we must get some men from the village."

Meanwhile I had noiselessly got into my clothes. I was in a fever of curiosity. I opened the door and crept into the dark passage. They stood just inside the front door. Michael held a candle, and its light shone on the girl's face. She was leaning against the wall, pale as one dead, and her hand was pressed against her side.

"You must be brave," he said. "You are sure that Geordie went in the boat?" Was it possible? and I had never suspected his intention.

"My maid saw him in the village, and heard him persuade old Robin; he offered him money, and then he said that I should be angry if he didn't go for the honor of the village. It's my fault, all my fault—two lives, two lives!"

I was much moved by her anguish, which was real enough. As I came down the passage, Michael turned upon me.

"Oh, it's you," he said; "don't wake the others. Geordie is not in the house; Miss Falconhurst thinks that he has gone to sea with old Robin; she came to ask if he was here; she has done exactly the right thing."

Then he turned to her again, and tenderly, as if he were speaking to a child, he asked her:

"Are you strong enough now? Are you ready to go back with us?"

She stood up and pushed the heavy hair from her temples.

"Yes," she said, "I am ready; but don't take me home; let me go with you to the shore."

He looked down on her with infinite pity.

"It will be all right," he said; "the wind is falling already."

Then he opened the door, and she seized his arm as the strong wind met her on the thresh-

old. He chose the low path along the coast. Once out of doors, I found that the worst of the gale was over and that another day had dawned. The wind was still blustering strong and free from the west; but I could judge how much more violent it had been when I saw the sea. Great waves were rolling in, hurrying to dash themselves with thunderous roar on the low rocks, while spray came driving thick over the greensward and the path where we were traveling with what speed we might. Miss Falconhurst had gained new strength; I found it hard to keep up with her. We passed the little sandy bay and struggled on.

"Look!" cried Michael with a great shout; "they are safe; yonder she rides."

I looked and saw a single-masted fishing-boat off the long point which runs out into the sea. She was evidently trying to round this spit of land, beyond which is the harbor. In my ignorance of nautical matters I concluded that she was safe.

"She will not do it," said Miss Falconhurst in a tone of despair. It was certain that the boat made no way. She was barely holding her own. We stared, trying to see that she moved. Suddenly she turned; she rolled in the trough; a great wave smote her in the side; then round she went with an effort and ran before the breeze.

"Run to the village for men!" cried Michael, giving me a push, and in a moment he was flying back along the shore. I turned in the opposite direction, but even in turning saw that my mission was useless; two young fishermen were hurrying with cork about their waists and ropes in their hands; we joined them and hastened in pursuit of Michael.

Meanwhile the boat was leaping shoreward; if she missed that one narrow, sandy cove, which we knew so well, she would be smashed like a nutshell on the rocks. Even I, ignorant as I confess myself of things nautical, could see this. Luckily, there was a steady and skillful hand on board; hustled and buffeted, the boat still held her course, and, coming with a wide curve, was driven plump into the sand. I tried to shout as I hurried along, but the next moment I thought that her danger was as great as ever. She could not, like Miss Falconhurst's smaller craft, run into shallow water. She was stuck fast in sand, and the great waves following leaped on her and shook her like hounds. It seemed impossible to me that she could hold together for many minutes, and that the crew, after a long night's battle with storm, would have strength to reach the shore. We were not more than a hundred yards from the boat when she struck, and Michael was already on the beach. I remember that even in

that whirl of thoughts and emotions I had faith that all would be well, since Michael Horatio Belbin was there. All the men in the boat were clustered in the bows; and now the youngest of them, a mere boy, crept out upon the bowsprit, and, as a great wave drew back, dropped into the shallow water; as he dropped Michael sprang to him, caught him in his arms, and half led, half carried him to dry land. Then a man crawled out in his turn, watched for his chance, and dropped; he could scarcely stand, but by this time our two cork-jacketed mates were ready, and between them supported him to shore. Then I recognized the shrewd face of old Robin, as he crept out on the bowsprit. He seemed as calm as ever, but when he stood among us he could not speak above a whisper. He tried to say something, but only a hoarse croaking was heard as he pointed back to his craft. While the fishermen were trying to understand him, Michael had grasped his meaning. As the next wave shrank back he followed it, and before we could see his purpose he had clambered up the side of the boat and disappeared.

I felt a grasp like iron on my wrist; Miss Falconhurst was by my side with parted lips and wide-staring eyes. She was looking at the place where Michael had vanished, and I think did not know that she was touching me. Presently my friend appeared again, holding somebody close against him with his left arm; he glanced seaward, then in a moment he lowered his burden from the bows, sprang after him, and caught him as he reeled; quick as he was, a great wave was almost on him; he caught Geordie up in his two arms and staggered toward us; the wave crashed on the boat with baffled fury, dashed on, and hurled my friend from his foothold; obeying some blind impulse, I rushed forward, and the two fishermen with me; some of us got hold of Michael, who never for an instant had loosened hold of his charge; as the spent wave recoiled, we dragged them up to safety, and Michael, without a word, laid George Effingham softly on the sand at the feet of Honoria Falconhurst.

There was clapping of hands and cheering, for by this time had gathered a motley crowd of fisher-folk and castle-servants. Then I heard the General's voice giving quick, peremptory orders. His daughter went to him and leaned on his arm. She was still very pale, and kept her eyes fixed on poor Effingham, as if she had no thought in the world but of the chances of his life.

Gentle Geordie was a pitiful sight. I could not help thinking how far from pleased he would be if he fully realized this wretched appearance in public. As four men carried him through the crowd he looked neither to right nor left; his eyes were wide open, but had an idly wondering look;

his face was more yellow than pale, except for a long, ugly scratch on his left temple.

"Gently, gently!" cried General Falconhurst; "and take him straight to the castle. I have sent to the housekeeper, and she will have everything ready."

Then he tucked his daughter's arm tight under his own, and stepped up the path after the wounded man with an unusual air of military authority.

"I'm thinking she is done for," said old Robin, who had found his voice again.

"Who?" I asked, turning in a flutter of anxiety.

"Who should it be but the boat?"

"Can naught be done for her?" asked one of the younger men.

"Naught." So saying, old Robin shook himself, and slouched off toward the village. The waves broke fiercely over his stranded bark, but he gave her not another look. Some show emotion in one way, some in another. I fancied that old Robin frowned overmuch at his tobacco, and that his sturdy thumb shoved it down into his pipe with unnecessary severity.

IX.

ALL day my mind was busy with the events of that exciting morning. I was feverish and restless, and ever and anon I fell into uneasy slumber; but even in sleep I saw the doomed boat, and the big waves breaking, or listened again and again to those discussions on heroism which had been so common of late. Again and again I heard the tales which Miss Falconhurst had told us with a most effective *tremolo* in her voice; the books, all eloquent of gallant deeds, which Michael had lent to her, crowded on my memory, and dinned their swelling contents in my ears. My mind was in a whirl. I could scarce distinguish fact from fiction. This heroism was no more a thing of printer's ink, an erection of foolscap; it had come close to us, and touched our common life with fire; we—we were heroes—all heroes more or less. Was I a hero? Had I, too, done a deed of daring? It was easy to place my conduct in such a light that it assumed heroic proportions, vast and vague. As I grew calmer I placed my conduct in such a light, and considered it. My friend was tottering shoreward under a lifeless weight; the strong wave swept him from his feet; in an instant I had sprung forward into the seething water; Michael was safe. Was that description false? I hoped not. But, if I placed my conduct in another light, it seemed different. My friend was knocked down by a great wave; at this sight I was seized with a kind of vertigo. I stumbled blindly forward; I clutched my friend; I clung to him as I had

often clung in difficulties; Michael and Geordie and I were lugged ashore together. I could not be quite sure that this description was less true than the other. After all, are not most of these heroic actions due to impulse? Perhaps to be subject to heroic vertigo is to be a hero. Perhaps I was a hero. I was inclined to give myself the benefit of the doubt. It is a strange fact that this question, which seemed and, indeed, still seems to me a question of great interest, has never for one moment occupied any one of my companions. Never, from that moment to this, have I heard, or heard of, a single comment, favorable or unfavorable, on my share in the actions of that eventful morning.

When I turned from the review of my conduct to that of George Effingham, I found it far easier to decide upon its merits. He had been very much to blame. Pierced in spite of all his seeming imperviousness by the darts of a girl, he had determined to prove his courage. Anxious to be perfectly just to him, I put myself in his place. I asked myself what possible advantage he could gain by his conduct; I confess that I could see none. For this end, which seemed to me useless, what had he not suffered, and made us suffer? He had passed an awful night; he had given us the greatest anxiety; he had imperiled our valuable lives; he had appeared to less advantage than at any other moment in his life; he had been carried to the feet of her whose admiration he had striven to compel, dirty, yellow, made hideous by a ragged scratch. He had only accomplished one thing, a thing which he had been far from purposing. He had given an opportunity for heroic action to Michael Horatio Belbin. One fact was now beyond dispute: Michael was a hero. His action had been as deliberate as it was wise and bold. With the glance of an eagle he had discerned his course; with the courage of a mother he had saved the man who vexed his soul. He had done a gallant deed under the very eyes of the lady who was to be won by gallantry, and whom he sought to win. He had had a great chance, and had used it. He had been practical, as he always was.

With perfect confidence I looked to Michael to improve his advantage. How strangely was I deceived! The day made memorable by my friend's great action was a Tuesday. All that day he was locked in his room; his door was twice opened so far that he could take in food; for the rest it remained closed—closed even against me. I could hear nothing when I listened at the crack. He gave me no answer when I called through the keyhole; I was content, for I thought that he was maturing his plans. On Wednesday, at breakfast, I learned that he had

gone early to the castle for news of Geordie. I rubbed my hands secretly under the table. I thought that he was taking time by the forelock. Motherwell, who had been Michael's companion, came back alone; I glowed with the delightful certainty that all was going well. There were good news of George Effingham, who, needing nothing but care and rest, was in full enjoyment of both. Motherwell spoke less confidently of Miss Falconhurst; but then I knew that this messenger, our supersolid Hermes, was suffering from an attack of sentiment. He said that the young lady had been a little delirious, and was still nervous and excitable. A little later I saw him draw Mr. Betel aside and confide something to him, which I could not overhear; I fancied, however, that as he spoke he glanced at me with an embarrassed, almost irritated expression; Mr. Betel listened with a score of sharp nods and pecks, and was plainly troubled. At that time I could form no conception of the nature of this confidence.

As the day wore on, I grew more and more eager to see what was going on at the castle. I could not bear to miss a sight of the game. Yet I did not speak; for I wished my eagerness to be unobserved, my watchfulness to be unsuspected. Much to my surprise, there was no suggestion of a visit to the castle. I lingered over my books, and looked askance at my companions. Their conduct puzzled me. Motherwell was flushed and irritable; but I thought little of that, for I had long since penetrated his secret, and I now suspected him of a tardy foresight of Michael's immediate success. The Rev. Stanley Betel was more than usually restless; but that was nothing. It is true that on this occasion he outdid himself. He darted first at one book, then at another; he assiduously consulted a Bible under the impression that he hunted a word in his Greek Lexicon; he began sentences which he never finished; and, whenever he opened his mouth, he dropped his little "well" twenty times in a minute. Mr. Betel was unquiet, and Motherwell was fidgety; but neither of these phenomena surprised me. The strange fact which puzzled me was that on this day, of all days, there came neither from Motherwell nor from Mr. Betel the usual suggestion that we should all go up to the castle. At last I could await their initiative no longer. I closed my book and proposed with a sufficiently careless air that Mr. Betel should go with me to the Falconhursts. The little gentleman jumped and gasped. "No," he ejaculated, after a few moments. "That is—in fact, no, no; that is—well—no; I think—well—that—that it is better—well—that none of us—in fact, none—should go—well—to-day to the castle—well. Miss Falconhurst is—well—in fact, well."

Thus did the little tricks of our reverend friend become multiplied under a disquieting influence. I wondered what that influence could be.

"I think," I said, "that it can't do any harm to Miss Falconhurst if I just walk up and look after Michael; perhaps he'll come home with me."

I was rising as if to go, when Motherwell spoke testily, with his voice pitched higher than usual. "It's no good your going for Michael," he said, "for he ain't there."

"He isn't there?" I exclaimed.

"No. Of course not. We neither of us went in; we asked about Geordie at the door, and about—about Miss Falconhurst."

"Then where has Michael been all this time?" My inferences were falling like a card-house.

"He walked on to Dronemouth."

"To Dronemouth!"

"Yes. He said he wanted a long walk. He'll be back this evening."

"He'll stop at the castle on his way back?"

"Certainly not," said Motherwell, crossly: "we both met the General, and we all agreed that nobody should go there to-day—nobody." He repeated the word "nobody" with some tartness. I sat down again, astonished at my mistake, a Marius amid the ruins of a house of cards.

X.

"WHAT time shall you go to the castle?" I asked Michael, with apparent carelessness.

"I sha'n't go there to-day," he answered, calmly. "The lad and I are going to walk to Dronemouth."

The lad laughed; but I saw nothing to laugh at. It was Thursday; Michael had not begun to improve his advantage. For what was he waiting? What was his plan? I still believed that his action must be in accordance with consummate sagacity; but I was almost distracted by my inability to comprehend it. Why was he letting slip this magnificent opportunity? Motherwell had told us with what fervor the General had greeted Michael, how the old hero had crowed at the prowess of the young hero. Surely now was the time for mounting the triumphal car, for wearing the becoming wreath of laurel, for winning the young lady. The father was already won; the daughter was awaiting a conqueror. Surely now, when she was nervous and unstrung, was the moment for action. If she recovered her wonted equanimity, her wonted subtilty, who could tell what long series of games might not be played before the final victory? Now, when the girl was all disarmed, when in her exhaustion and excitement she was possessed by a vision of Michael saving her conscience from

the awful burden of a human life, surely now was the moment to wring from her some words of fervent gratitude or admiration of a golden deed, which on some future day, when she was calm and strong again, might be so twisted as to bind her like a promise. I was utterly unable to understand my friend's delay; but yet I could not abandon my belief in the foresight and prudence of Michael Horatio Belbin.

When Michael had stalked away with the lad chattering at his ear, we others made a show of study. I don't think we deceived each other. Books were of small importance at that time. For my part, I was thinking how I could slip away from my companions and make a visit of inspection to the castle. If Michael saw fit to absent himself, I could do no harm by satisfying my curiosity, by seeing for myself the mental condition of Miss Falconhurst—a matter so important to my friend. If I suggested a visit, I felt a presentiment that one or both of my companions would raise objections. I kept silence and watched them. At last Motherwell banged his big book on the table, stretched himself till his chair groaned under him, yawned vastly, and with a sort of roar hoisted himself on to his legs. Then he smiled in a propitiatory manner, and declared his intention of visiting old Robin. He would go and talk to the Robins, father and son, about their new boat, for which we were raising a subscription. "One of them is out of the way," I thought to myself. The Rev. Stanley Betel, left alone with me, exhibited signs of uneasiness, which I was not slow to encourage by fixing my eyes on him suddenly, by dazzling him with my silver pencil-case twirled carelessly in the sunlight, and by other similar methods. At last he too tripped to his feet, and after some broken remarks assured me with unnecessary earnestness that he had seen a flower, "a—well—in fact, flower," somewhere at some time, and that if he did not secure it now, he "might—well—never, in fact—well—never—" And so saying, he hastily quitted the apartment. Luck comes to those who know how to wait. I had waited. I waited yet a little longer. Then I stole cautiously out. I avoided the path which led along the shore to the village, whither Motherwell had gone. I kept a sharp lookout on banks and in copses for the bent and botanizing form of Mr. Betel, for the flutter of his long coat-tails. I saw nobody. I drew near to my destination. Now, as an observer, I have found it a good rule to approach a place from an unusual quarter. It is astonishing how often one sees something which one is not meant to see, when one enters by a back door or runs up a private staircase. I am convinced that to the neglect of such little rules of conduct—rules which seem to

the careless unimportant, but which are so obviously sensible—many a failure of able and worthy men may be attributed. It is good to approach the place where observations are to be made from an unusual quarter. On this occasion I did not forget my principle: the result gave me one more proof of its value.

When I was near the castle I passed round and below it, and made my way, by a path half overgrown with brambles, to the foot of a steep flight of mossy steps, which climb to the terrace above the sea. I knew that by this route I should appear suddenly at the end of the terrace farthest from the house; that in a minute I could reach a little side-door, which was never locked; that I could be among my friends before they knew that I was within a mile of them. It was a capital plan. Even now I am thrilled by its success, though the fact which it revealed to me was unpalatable enough. I had completed only the first part of my programme when I made the great discovery. When I was within a few steps of the top of the old staircase, I found that I was close under the parapet, and that, by standing on tip-toe, I could command a view of the terrace. I cautiously raised my head in a slanting direction, till my right eye peeped over the edge. Then I ducked like a flash, while I felt the blood rush to my face. I had seen enough. Yet I could not resist the desire of peeping again. I was even more cautious than before, although I felt that there was small chance of these two young people seeing anything but each other. It was a pretty picture. Shocked as I was, I admitted its artistic value. In the temperate sunshine of a still autumn noon Gentle Geordie was walking slowly toward me; he was pale, and the pallor was made more effective by the strip of black plaster on his temple; but his lips had recovered that sweet, insinuating smile which is so often theirs, and his eyes seemed darker and larger for the wan hue of his cheek; those eyes, full of devotion and eloquent of sweet thoughts, were turned upon Honoria Falconhurst. One glance at the girl's face was enough. Where was now that air of maidenly defiance with which she was wont to confront the world? Where the proud raising of the head and sidelong look of scorn with which she had so often listened to George Effingham's smiling confessions of selfishness and cowardice? Her face was like a child's now, full of sweet trouble; the defiant lips were trembling, the proud eyes veiled; yet she bore herself bravely, and the arm on which he leaned, as he moved slowly, was strong to aid. She had never been half so beautiful before. I stared in wonder; but, even in the first glow of admiration, I was struck cold by the thought of Michael, my friend. What a loss was his! What had he not lost by his folly! In the bitterness of

the moment I, for the first time in my life, boldly accused of folly Michael Horatio Belbin. Every link in the chain was mine, but too late. It was all natural, inevitable. She had driven George Effingham into danger by her taunts; she had felt, with an agony of feeling, that if he died she would be guilty of his death; she had watched and prayed for his safety with all the intensity of a strong woman; if he died, she was sure that she would never be happy again; he was well, and she was overwhelmed with gratitude to him (oh, the perverse irrationality of woman!) for consenting to live. The next step was no step at all: the happiness of her life had depended on him for hours; it continued to depend on him—she loved him. This had been the course; and when the real hero, in all the pride and glory of heroic action, should have appeared overwhelming, irresistible, he had been walking to Dronemouth; he was walking to Dronemouth once more. What malign power had paralyzed the practical wisdom of my friend, that he might not foresee that combination which was now before my eyes?

As George and Honoria drew near to the end of the terrace, I stooped, and turning sped noiselessly down the old stairs. When I had ceased to behold the actual youth and maiden, doubts of my own eyesight thronged perplexing me. I would make assurance doubly sure. I hurried along the path by which I had come; I reached the main entrance of the castle; I mattered my excitement, and with the air of a casual visitor rang the bell.

A new surprise awaited me. Ushered into the library, I found, besides my host, Motherwell and the Rev. Stanley Betel. All turned with a start at the sound of my name; and I saw that the General looked at Mr. Betel with raised eyebrows before he came forward to meet me. General Falconhurst was polite, but I felt that his manner lacked the usual friendliness. There was an awkward silence.

"I didn't expect to see you here," I said, looking from Motherwell to Mr. Betel, and back again.

"No," said Mr. Betel, "that is—well—no. And I think—well—that perhaps we had better both be going now. Miss Falconhurst—well—"

"The fact is," said the General, breaking in with his high voice and decisive manner, "that my daughter is hardly yet strong enough" (I thought of her appearance on the terrace) "to receive visitors. I am sure you will excuse me if I suggest to you that some other day—"

He stopped, but there was no mistaking his meaning. I bowed, expressed my hope that Miss Falconhurst would soon be better, and retired. Mr. Betel followed me.

"Where's Motherwell?" I asked, when we were outside the castle.

"Motherwell?—well—well—; perhaps he—possibly, that is—; well, in fact, I don't think that Motherwell is coming."

"Then why did he send away *me*?"

Our reverend friend seemed to struggle with infinite perplexities. He opened his mouth; he began to speak; he stopped; he darted his head at me; he raised his finger and thumb to his ear and then pecked with them again and again at my chest. At last he spoke, and in despair spoke plainly:

"The fact is that Miss Falconhurst is not well—well—well; she is nervous, and has taken a strange fancy; she thinks that you, ever since you first came, have been watching—in fact (it's a most extraordinary fancy), in fact—well—have been playing the—in fact—spy. She begged that you might be kept away for a few days—on some pretense—without rudeness—till she was less nervous. We tried to keep you away, but—"

I could have laughed aloud. It was a clever move of this very clever young woman. She had dreaded my power of observation. She had feared that I should detect her game in the hour of her weakness. As to a nervous dislike of my society, that explanation was too far-fetched, too little probable. What is there to dislike in *me*?

XI.

FRIENDSHIP required but one thing more of me. I must tell everything to Michael Horatio Belbin. For weeks I had observed in silence, till my burden of observations had become intolerable; I had locked my thoughts in my bosom till the weight lay heavy on my chest. I must go to Michael and tell him all—all that I had seen, all that I had thought. I longed to support him in the hour of his great disappointment; and I was curious to see how he took it. Perhaps I might meet him on the Dronemouth road. The inland road was shorter than the path on the shore; he had gone by the latter, and was the more likely to come back by the former. I broke from Mr. Betel at the cross-roads, and turned toward Dronemouth. The air was crisp and invigorating; I walked swiftly in a whirlwind of thoughts and emotions. In a time which seemed incredibly short, I reached the place where the road rises gradually through a wood of beeches, which almost meet above it. The frost of the night before had robbed the trees of many leaves, which, lit by the slanting sunlight of the afternoon, lay richly red and deep upon the path. Down this triumphal way came Michael with springy step and head in air. Fortune favored me—he was alone. He had dropped the lad somewhere, and was enjoying

one of those lonely walks which he loved. Would he forgive my intrusion? How would this proud and vigorous youth bear my crushing news? I was possessed by eager curiosity, and yet for a moment I was tempted to scramble over the oak paling and to hide myself in the dry brown fern; but it was too late. He saw me, and stood still. How grand he looked, erect and glorified by slanting rays, a hero crowned! I was on fire with eagerness to see how he would bear himself when he knew that once again the prize had been wrested from him by George Effingham. Michael came down the road with a half smile on his mouth, and nodded as he passed. I turned and hurried to his side. Then all that I had to say burst from me in a flood. He strode on, staring before him, and I, from time to time forced to a trot and talking without end, was at a loss for breath. Nevertheless, gasping, perhaps now and then incoherent, I told him everything, all that I had seen, all that I had thought for weeks past, all my hopes of his success. I peered up into his face, but I could not read his expression. He was calm and inscrutable. At last, after a pause for breathing, I brought before him, as suddenly as I could, the picture which I had seen on the terrace that day. He stopped short and stood still. Now I looked for the breaking forth of pent feelings; I half feared, half longed for the explosion. There was another surprise for me. Michael turned to me with a strange smile on his face, and laid a strong hand on my shoulder. He faced the sun; and yet I could not read his looks. Nor could I understand the tone in which he spoke; there was something like pity in his voice—pity for *me*.

"And so," said he, "you think that I would marry a girl for a big house, and stables, and tennis-courts, and rabbits?"

"O Michael," I cried, "I didn't blame you; I think you were so right. Money is the only thing you need; with money you can do anything and be anywhere."

"You were mistaken," said Michael.

"Mistaken! You did not wish to marry Miss Falconhurst?"

"Yes, I did," he answered. Now there came a new ring in his voice, a new flush in his cheek, and I thought that we were on the eve of the explosion. "I hoped to marry her," he said; "I will make no secret of it to you or to any man; there is nothing in my life, so far as I have lived, of which I am so proud as that I love Honoria Falconhurst."

"O Michael," I cried out again; "you have had so much to be proud of!"

"Have I?" he said, quietly; "you've told me so often enough, but I don't see it. Perhaps

if I'd lived more with my betters, and cared less for flattery—but no matter."

What did he mean? I rapidly ran over in my mind the men of our set; they all looked up to Michael more or less; but to no one of them, I think, could the term "flatterer" be applied. Perhaps my friend's excitement made him a little unjust.

"You may win Miss Falconhurst yet," I suggested timidly.

"No." There was such certainty in his tone, that my last hope vanished.

"Oh, why did you neglect your opportunity?" I said, almost blaming him in my vexation.

"Why didn't you go to her fresh from saving George Effingham—from your heroic action? Then you would have won the whole thing."

"It was too late."

"Too late!"

"The second time that Geordie went to the castle, I knew what would be."

"They did nothing but quarrel."

Michael looked at me, and even smiled as he said, "I have eyes."

I knew that he had eyes. But have I not eyes, too? Had I not made it my business to observe this matter? Here Michael must have been mistaken; the fact that he loved the girl accounted for any errors; his clear sight had been obscured by vehement feeling; love is blind. How is it possible that I had failed to see that he was really in love? I must confess that I too had made a mistake.

"Effingham's luck is something which defies calculation," I said, crossly; for I was annoyed.

"He deserves it," said Michael; "and no man could take it better; he has the sweetest temper in the world, and yet she may trust him; he will make her happy." His voice had dropped, and he seemed to be speaking to himself. Then he looked at me again and smiled. "The ever-victorious Geordie," he said, softly.

"He won't go in for the fellowship," I cried, as a new and consolatory thought struck me.

"Nor shall I," said Michael, coolly; "I shall take my degree and go to Texas."

"To Texas!" I exclaimed in dismay. What was to be my fate? Must I choose between my friend, my one familiar friend, and the blessings of civilization? "Oh!" I cried out in my vexation, "who can measure the mischief of women?"

"Stop!" said my friend, sternly. He put both hands upon my shoulders, and turned me till I faced the setting sun; I was a child in his hands. "Now," he said, "I want to say a word to you. I can forgive you—perhaps too easily—for undervaluing gentle Geordie. I can forgive you for believing me to be that base thing—a cold-

blooded, intriguing fortune-hunter. Though you have known me a long time, and called me friend, I can forgive you your low opinion of me. But I shall find it very hard to forgive you for breathing, day after day, the same air as one of the best and noblest women in the world, and all the time being blind as a mole to her great goodness and nobility."

He still held me, and looked sternly in my face. Then he let me go.

I would as soon have crossed a hungry lion as dared to differ at that moment from Michael Horatio Belbin. He was not himself. The influence of passion is wonderful. Here was the most sagacious and prudent of men, blinded—made almost ridiculous in my eyes—by love.

I did not venture to say anything; but, of course, I knew very well that he was mistaken, and that I was right.

JULIAN STURGIS (*New Quarterly Magazine*).

THE HISTORICAL CHARACTERS OF THE SPANISH STAGE.

ALMOST the only exceptions to the uniformity of type of the *dramatis personæ* of the Spanish stage are a limited number of historical personages who were dear to the heart and familiar to the imagination of the people, and who appear again and again. The number of history plays is very great in Spanish literature. The dramatist, addressing himself, like his English contemporary, to the people at large, and not, like the French school, to the highly cultivated society of a court, naturally drew his materials from the sources most familiar to his audience; and these were the ballads and the legends of saints. Pieces founded on the latter can scarcely be classed with the comedy, though there is no want of plays professedly religious which have an amorous and intriguing character sufficiently at variance with their pious pretensions; but such pieces are only religious in name. The saint who figures in them served to preserve dramatist and player from the "evil eye" of the Inquisitor, as the horseshoe on the barn-door kept out witches. The religious plays proper belong to a very different branch of literature. In their final form they are something peculiar to Spain, and must be studied by themselves. They may be the more properly left out of the question here, since their object is the inculcation of morality or the teaching of dogma, not the display of character, in which respect their field is of the most restricted nature. Their hero is always the conventional Catholic saint, a type which on the stage or in the breviary is not susceptible of much greater variety than the ordinary lover of comedy.

In the most part of the secular historical plays the Spaniard's preference for action over every other kind of dramatic merit has made the writers careless enough about the characters they

introduce. Probably the subject has been taken because it offered the materials for a good plot, and in that case characters and manners are alike an exact copy of contemporary Spanish theatrical habits. Nero plays the guitar, makes love to a lady in a balcony, fights with and escapes from the *alguacils* of Rome. St. Cyprian and his contemporaries do the same in Antioch, while all talk in the inflated conventional style of the Spanish stage hero. This indifference to time and place is just as conspicuous, though perhaps not so obviously absurd, in pieces founded on old ballads. The Infantes of Lara and the Bastard Mudarra speak in an alembicated dialect very unlike the chronicles. But historical events were made the subject of plays for other than their merits as stories. Among a people who read very little, the stage is the one great means of expressing national sentiments of all kinds. Thus the unlettered Spaniard, whose whole intellectual food was his ballads and his lives of the saints, learned how Columbus discovered America from a play of Lope de Vega's, exactly as he gained his scanty knowledge of the events narrated in the New Testament from an "auto." The gain of a great victory or the surrender of an obstinately defended city in the Low Countries was immediately brought before the public in the yards of the "Cruz" or the "Principe": it would, perhaps, be too much to say that it was dramatized. The standing masks were violently transported to the scene of action, and the victorious general introduced into the midst of them in a sufficiently artistic way. Some of these generals would seem to have been exceptionally popular with Madrid theatre-goers—so popular as to induce writers of such assured eminence as Calderon to introduce them when there was no dramatic necessity for their appearance.

But in most of these plays we can not help feeling that the audience is mainly interested in hearing its praises sung or in seeing three acts of lively movement. There are, however, some in which are embodied the national ideas of heroism, some through which the people in the decay of their freedom found a means of giving expression to their wishes for better government, and, perhaps unconsciously, criticising their actual rulers. The hero of these plays is not that type of Castilian chivalry and crusading zeal, the *Cid*. Ruy Diaz is the hero of the noblest historical play in the Spanish language; but it is a work which stands by itself. It may be doubted whether justice has ever been really done to the "*Mocedades del Cid*" of Guillen de Castro. We intend no reference here to the debt which Corneille owed him and loyally acknowledged. The defenders of the Spaniard, among whom his own countrymen have not been the most prejudiced, have unfortunately thought it necessary to be unjust to the great Frenchman who used him, but was in no sense his imitator; or else, like Lord Holland, they have erred on the side of an offensive condescension. Guillen de Castro is in no need of the sacrifice of other writers to take a high place in literature, still less does he want patronage. He should be compared not to Corneille, who belonged to and wrote for an utterly different world, but to his successors in Spain. The comparison is wholly to the advantage of the Valencian poet. Writing before the overwhelming popularity of Lope de Vega had fixed the national drama, he drew his inspiration straight from popular tradition and the ballads, using them as Corneille used him, and giving their spirit in a form of his own. What little addition he made to the received legends was just what was necessary to make the marriage of Jimena with the slayer of her father fit for dramatic representation. In all other respects he has kept the spirit of the time with a truth which will make his work for ever fresh and delightful. The flowing ease of his verse, the perfect truth to nature of his passion, the absence of self-consciousness and affectation in his characters, place his work apart among Spanish historical plays. When in the second part he makes Doña Urraca reproach the *Cid* from the walls of Zamora in the very words of the old ballad, we feel that they are in perfect keeping with his own verse. They would have been strangely out of keeping with the conceits, quibbling, and overstrained sentiment of later men. But Guillen de Castro belonged to the school of Valencia, which preceded the efflorescence of Lope's drama in Madrid, and so had the good fortune to escape the blight of bad taste called "*cultismo*," which fell on the Spanish literature of the seventeenth century. It is surely

characteristic of the then state of Spain that "*the greatest Castilian*" should have temporarily ceased to be a hero, and that his next most important appearance on the stage should be in Diamante's poor imitation of Corneille. Perhaps his countrymen were guided by a just instinct in thus neglecting the hero, whose character was scarcely in keeping with that of the willing slaves of the Philips and the Inquisition. That pious hatred of infidels of which the *Cid* of poetry (though not the *Cid* of history, a daring free lance who fought for his own hand, and who was scarcely a Christian) was the great type, found, however, copious expression. Lope dramatized events of the last war against Granada; and Calderon chose for one of his heroes a Portuguese prince, who elected to live a slave among infidels rather than suffer himself to be ransomed by the surrender of a city which his Christian countrymen had won from the Moslem. There is not wanting in their works a certain nobility of sentiment, a worthy poetic expression of the undying hate which made the wearers of the cross refuse to recognize the intrusion of the crescent as legitimized by any length of existence among them, while it could feel that the Moor too was a soldier and a gentleman. But this is not the general attitude of the Spaniard of the seventeenth century toward his conquered enemy. The hate of the Inquisitor is more common among them than that of the patriot. There is little trace of the liberality which made the unknown writer of the old ballad rebuke the betrayer of the Infantes of Lara by the example of Moorish chivalry. We more commonly find the barbarous fanaticism of the contemporary historian who tells how in his youth he saw the Andalusian riders return from forays against the Moors with the heads of their slaughtered enemies hanging from their saddle-bows, and throw the trophies to their children to play with. Bigotry was held to excuse even profanity. The Inquisition, which worried the saintly Luis de Leon for translating the Song of Solomon into the vernacular, allowed a troop of players to perform a piece written by a churchman, based on the story that the knights of St. Iago refused to accept Jesus of Nazareth as their patron because he was a Jew. It may be doubted whether even Voltaire would have dared this in parody.

But the subject of Spanish history plays is not always war or crusading or bigotry, or even love. The best of them, always excepting Guillen de Castro's, deal with the relation of subject and sovereign. The historic figure which towers "*from the sword-hilt upward*" over all others on the Spanish stage is that of Peter I of Castile. The name of this famous king is commonly associated with the epithet cruel; but the men of

the sixteenth century found another—el Justiciero—the just but not merciful. Wellnigh every dramatist from Lope de Vega downward has brought him on the stage, and they are unanimous in the character they give him. He is the Haroun-al-Rashid of Spanish literature. If the comparative neglect of the Cid is instructive, still more is the abiding popularity of this king. The kingship was so great a thing in Spain in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, that we can well understand how it should have gathered around it a vast body of legend and poetry. But why should it have been typified by this man? How came it that story-teller and dramatist should have passed over Ferdinand the Saint, the deliverer of Andalusia, or James of Aragon, the conqueror of Valencia, or even Peter's own father Alfonso, who freed Spain for ever from the fear of Moorish invasion by his great victory on the Rio Salado? And Peter did many of those things "against which," the Inquisition might have told him, "damnation is denounced, and for which hell-fire is prepared." His chosen ministers were Jews, his guard were Moors, he hunted his enemies down like game, and he brought a foreign prince and army into Castile. The people forgot all these crimes, and even those dramatic murders for which its memory is particularly tenacious, and remembered only that throughout his reign he had protected the humble and had warred down the proud. In crushing the great nobles he was fighting their battle, and therefore they made him a type of a just and perfect king. It has been sometimes maintained that the latter-day popularity of Peter was due to mere sycophancy, and in individual men it may have been so. Learned professors and slavish courtiers were doubtless to be found in plenty ready to flatter their actual master by lauding a despot born before his day; but the

cruel king had always had his tradition. His death and his love for Maria de Padilla had been the subject of pitying ballads, and a host of popular traditions existed in which he figured as the King of the Commons, the disguised sovereign who steps in between the oppressive noble and the weak man of the people. We know that Peter was fighting purely for the royal power, but men of the following centuries groaning under aristocratic anarchy may be excused for thinking that it was better to pay tribute to one eagle than to a hundred vultures. So this man, who, Froissart had heard tell, was little better than a pagan, became the type of law and order, and even-handed justice for everybody. It is perhaps, too, not over-refined to suppose that he was held up as an example to later kings, who with far more than his power had none of his will to use it. When Moreto brings the king, the representative of all law, face to face with the noble who defies all law, or Alarcon shows him throwing into prison a favorite accused of a violent misuse of his favor, they were perhaps reading a lesson to the actual occupier of the throne. Such was, at least, the unconscious meaning of Peter's popularity. He is the Spaniard's ideal of a king, a European Koshru Nushirvan, protecting the poor man's life or goods, and flattering his envy by striking down every head that towered above his fellows. Nor is that ideal much changed. Peter is still applauded on the stage, and we have Señor Castelar's own democratic word for it that Spain must be governed by "a man with a stick." This vulgar modern substitute for the rod of justice (*vara de justicia*) is, in the Spaniard's opinion, the best ornament of a sovereign's hand, and he loves to see it smite—particularly the great, of course.

Pall Mall Gazette.

LANDSCAPE-PAINTING.

LANDSCAPE-PAINTING A NEW ART.

THE appreciation of the beauty of inanimate Nature has its origin in an advanced period of civilization. The sense of human beauty, connected as it is with the most universal of passions, probably developed itself long before the historical period; it is certain that, in the earliest times of which we have any information, this sense manifested itself in painting and sculpture. But the sense of natural beauty, independent as

it is of human passion, was of far later birth and slower growth. It probably originated in the association of certain natural scenes with man's comfort and enjoyment. The landscapes of the "Odyssey," as has been pointed out by Mr. Ruskin, consist chiefly of fountains, meadows, gardens, shady groves. The garden of Alcinous is very much of a kitchen-garden, containing rows of pear-trees, apple-trees, fig-trees, olive-trees, and vines laden with grapes, together with beds of vegetables, chiefly leeks, planted between

them. I speak of the description of the garden by Homer, not by Pope. There is, indeed, in the "Iliad" a fine picture of a starlit night, by way of background to an encamping host, in which the sharp effect is given of the ships' prows, and the rocky peaks cut out against the sky; and Homer applied to mountains the epithet "shadowy," indicating that he saw them not as they are found to be when approached, but as they appear at a distance, their favorite aspect with the painter. But there seems no ground for believing that Homer, or indeed any of the ancient Greeks, rose to an adequate appreciation of Nature's own proper beauty, independently of association with man's comfort and convenience.

Nor did the Romans advance in this respect much, if at all, beyond the Greeks.

Lucretius could enjoy the green turf, the spring flowers, and the frolicking lambs, in spite of the difficulty of determining the precise form of atoms of which these objects were composed. Horace especially enjoyed his Falernian under the shade of an arbutus, on the bank of a rivulet, and looked with some satisfaction on the view from Tiber and Baia. Vergil was more appreciative of landscape. His "Georgics" and his "Eclogues" abound with pretty rural scenes, some of them doubtless borrowed from Theocritus. He had an eye for the cloud-shadows sweeping across the mountains, for the lengthening evening shades, for the smoke curling from the distant farms; and in the "Æneid," describing the wooded bay in which the Trojan fleet was concealed, has certainly suggested a beautiful landscape. Still, his rural scenes are but accessory to his shepherds and shepherdesses; and his bay in the African coast is but a background to the fleet. The love of landscape by the most poetical and artistic of the Romans appears but faint compared with our own.

I can not find that mountain scenery, which has most attractions of all for many people, ever found any favor with the ancients. As gardens and groves were associated with enjoyment, so rocks and mountains were associated with hardship, discomfort, toil, cold, and hunger; and are accordingly abused in good set terms. They are rugged, steep, barren, inhospitable, toilsome, stormy—in short, everything that is inconvenient and disagreeable, the epithet quoted from Homer being, I believe, quite exceptional. Dido in her fury can think of nothing worse to which to compare Æneas than Caucasian rocks; the world had to grow much older before the Caucasus could be explored and painted for its beauty. A painter of mountain scenery among the ancients, if he had been possible, would probably have been considered mad. But neither mountain scenery nor any other was painted. In Pliny's

gossiping account of all the painters and pictures he had ever seen or heard of—the pictures being for the most part battle-pieces and mythological subjects—I do not think that a description of one landscape, properly so called, is to be found. The only painter he mentions who can be called in any sense a landscape-painter is one Ludius, who, in the time of Augustus, painted on walls "villas, porticoes, groves, hills, fish-ponds, boats, and donkey-chaises, in short, anything you pleased to order." But Pliny evidently regards Ludius with a good deal of contempt. The few attempts at landscape among the paintings of Pompeii indicate ignorance of the first principles of the art.

I think we shall not be wrong in concluding that the art of landscape-painting, as now practiced, was an art unknown to the ancients.

Nor did it appear early in the renaissance of art. Figure-painting culminated in Michael Angelo and Raphael nearly a century before the birth of Claude, who may perhaps be regarded as the earliest of landscape-painters proper. It is true that Titian and other great Venetians had painted before him fine landscapes as backgrounds to figures, but few, if any, landscapes complete in themselves, having for their sole or main object the representation of inanimate Nature. Ghirlandajo had painted some formal trees and buildings. Domenichino and Annibale Caracci had painted better landscape-backgrounds. Rubens had also painted some good landscapes, to which, however, he did not give the best of his mind, a little before Claude's time. Rembrandt had likewise painted some, powerful in light and shade. But the art had never been systematically taught or studied; and Claude, of whom Mr. Ruskin has finely said that he first put the sun in the heavens, had in great measure to invent it. Salvator Rosa, the Poussins, and other Italian painters were his younger contemporaries. (I am aware that Claude and the Poussins are usually assigned to the French school; but I can not help thinking that, having regard to their subjects, they more properly belong to the Italian.) Cuyp, Both, Hobbema, Ruysdael, Vandervelde, and other Dutch painters soon followed; but they painted independently, and must also be taken to have in a great measure invented their art for themselves.

LANDSCAPE-PAINTING NOT AN INFERIOR BRANCH OF ART.

LANDSCAPE-PAINTING is, then, a new art, and I venture to think that it is not even yet sufficiently appreciated or completely mastered.

The extent to which it was esteemed in England toward the close of the last century may be gathered from the following extract from the "Lectures" of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

After speaking of the grand historical style, he proceeds :

"As for the various departments of painting which do not presume to make such high pretensions, there are many. None of them are without their merit, though none of them enter into competition with this universal presiding idea of the art. The painters who have applied themselves more particularly to low and vulgar characters, and who express with precision the various shades of passion as they are exhibited by vulgar minds (such as we see in the works of Hogarth), deserve great praise ; but, as their genius has been employed in low and confined subjects, the praise which we give must be as limited as its object. The merry-making and quarreling of the boors of Teniers, the same sort of productions of Brouwer or Ostade, are excellent of their kind. . . . This principle may be applied to the battle-pieces of Borgognone, the French gallantries of Watteau, and even beyond the exhibition of animal life to the landscapes of Claude Lorraine, and the sea-views of Vandervelde."

Truly sublime is the condescension with which landscape-painting is patronized, as ranking not much below that vulgar art which depicts the merry-making and the quarreling of boors !

I had the curiosity to look out "Landscape-painting" in the last edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," published in 1860, and on finding it was referred to the article "Painting." (The edition now being published has not yet reached the letter P.) Throughout the whole article, consisting of eighty pages, not a dozen sentences are devoted to landscape. Some casual mention occurs of Claude, and, I think, of Salvator and the Poussins. No reference is made to the landscape-painters of the Dutch school ; not a word is said about Turner. Turner had lived and died without producing the slightest impression on the writer, who evidently considered landscape-art beneath his notice.

Before Mr. Ruskin's "Modern Painters" there was not, as far as I am aware, any work of the slightest consequence on landscape-painting in this or any other language. In short, landscape was regarded as an inferior branch of art, and is to some extent so regarded still. The Royal Academicians would seem so to regard it, if we may judge by the extent to which it is represented among them. I speak of Academicians, not of Associates.

It may not be altogether uninteresting to inquire whether the opinion that the painting of landscape is an inferior branch of art is or is not well founded.

I will put aside some of the greatest of all paintings, the figures in the Sistine Chapel, the Madonna di San Sisto, the Transfiguration, and

a few others, such as we are not likely to see again, for some time at least, and will address myself to landscape-painting as compared with what Sir Joshua calls "history-painting," and portraiture, for both of which he claims a far higher place.

The aim of the historical painter is to impress the imagination by representing human action and passion as expressed by the human face and figure. It would be doing historical painting no injustice to describe its ultimate object as the expression of the sublime and beautiful. The object of portrait-painting is not merely to make a likeness, though to make a good likeness is by no means a common or an easy achievement, but to depict as much intelligence, grandeur, or beauty as is to be found in the best expression of the sitter. What is the object of the landscape-painter ? It is also to express the sublime and beautiful, as seen in the face of Nature—in her features of plain, mountain, forest, river, sea, and sky, ever varying in expression, as they are lit by sunshine, or dimmed by mist, or darkened by storm. Is the sense of the sublime and beautiful to which the landscape-painter addresses himself an inferior faculty to that which is addressed by the painter of history or portraits ? Why ? In what respect ? Why is the mental state which is impressed by the mountain, the lake, the sunshine, the storm, and by well-painted representations of them, a lower state than that which is impressed by a picture of Alfred burning the cakes, or the murder of Rizzio, or the battle of Trafalgar, or a portrait of George III, or, if it is preferred, of Charles I ? What is the test by which the relative altitudes of these states of mind are to be measured ? Is it that which necessarily implies the higher intelligence and culture ? Assuming this test, there can be no question that less intelligence and culture are required for some appreciation, at least, of historical and portrait painting than are required for the appreciation of landscape. Men are affected by historical and portrait painting in comparatively barbarous times, before the feeling for landscape could possibly have arisen. Vergil is guilty of no anachronism in representing Æneas as deeply moved by the historical paintings in the Carthaginian temple of the battles of the Greeks and Trojans, and Priam in the tent of Achilles ; but Vergil would have been guilty of a gross anachronism if he had represented Æneas as capable of appreciating a landscape-painting, supposing such a painting to have been then possible, of seeing grandeur, or beauty, or anything but discomfort in mountains or clouds, or anything more than convenience in the most beautiful scenes. Vergil himself did not attain to the poetry of landscape ; this was reserved for

the higher culture, the deeper thought, and more original observation of Wordsworth.

Even in this our day the appreciation of historical and portrait painting is a more common, not to use Sir Joshua's expression, a more "vulgar," faculty than that of landscape. Many a worthy Englishman will gaze with intense interest on a picture of the battle of Waterloo, and will admire a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, who has no eye for a landscape, real or painted; and is capable of regarding the grandest aspects of sky from no other point of view than their probable effect on the crops. Nay, I have heard educated men, even men pretending to knowledge of art, gravely maintain that there is nothing picturesque in the Alps.

If invidious comparisons are insisted on, the landscape-painter may fairly maintain that he appeals to the higher sentiment, born later in the world's life, the offspring of a more advanced civilization. He may further maintain that the kind of landscape-art which deals least with what is termed "human interest," which seeks to impress the imagination by the majesty of cloud and mountain form, and the sublimity of immeasurable space, which lifts the mind above man and his concerns, to the contemplation of God through the grandest scenes of Nature, appeals to the highest intelligence of all.

But I deprecate invidious comparisons. There is sublimity in the human countenance, in human action and passion. There is sublimity in Nature. Who shall determine which sublimity is the sublimer? It may be said, "The human face and form express the soul of man; must not the representation of them be higher art than the representation of mere insensate matter?" Those who believe the soul of man to be the only spirit in the universe may concede this: but if there be a Creator of man and Nature, and if, as poets and painters love to think, the sublime and beautiful in Nature may be regarded as in some sense manifestations of the divine mind, gladdening and elevating our poor intelligences, surely nothing can be worthier of the highest art. In truth, the artist who, by words, or by forms, or by colors, or by sounds, conveys to us grand or beautiful ideas is a public instructor and benefactor. Among such instructors and benefactors I will not attempt to draw up a table of precedence. I desire no more than to enter my protest against the depreciation of a branch of painting which I hold to be the true strength of the English school, and to record my obligation to the eloquent writer who first claimed its place for landscape-art, who first explained its principles, and told its history.

But it must be admitted that landscape-painting has not so far advanced as has painting of

the figure, and that, *pace* Turner and Ruskin, it has not yet produced its Raphael or its Michael Angelo. Nor is this surprising when we consider that the one art is scarcely three hundred years old, whereas the other is more than three thousand. Moreover, the latter art has many advantages in practice over the former. The figure can be painted in-doors, the model can be posed, the drapery can be hung on the lay-figure, the light can be adjusted, the effect can be chosen and reproduced. The landscape-painter is dependent on the weather. He is perpetually on the defensive against his enemies—the sun, the wind, the rain, and the gnats. He is scorched and blown about, and wetted and bitten. The aspect of Nature is ever changing. In the most settled weather, what was in light in the morning is in shade in the afternoon; but the weather is seldom settled, seldomest where the scenery is most picturesque. Clouds and mist sweep across the scene; the sun plays at hide-and-seek; effects the most various, each more beautiful and fleeting than the last, dazzle and confound the artist. The best point of view is often difficult to attain. When he has attained it, he is often unable to sit or stand with comfort. Indeed, some robustness and physical endurance are required, which are apt to fail after middle life, whereupon the artist, having to fall back upon his old stock of ideas without acquiring new, commonly reproduces them with less and less freshness and truth, falls into mannerism, and deteriorates. There is, however, apparently a law of compensation which sustains him in his decadence—the worse he paints, the further he recedes from Nature, the more his mannerisms become developed, the more fervid usually is the worship of his admirers.

EARLY LANDSCAPE-PAINTERS.

To attempt a history even in outline of landscape-art, or a review of its different schools, would obviously exceed the limits of this article. With respect to the French-Italian school, headed by Claude, the Poussins, and Salvator, I content myself with saying that I subscribe to most of what has been written of them by Mr. Ruskin. Claude painted very well only sunlight. He had little feeling for the grand, as distinguished from the beautiful; his foregrounds were bad; his trees often conventional; his cows abominable. Salvator's rocks were ill-drawn; in short, he drew nothing very well. The Poussins unduly darkened their foregrounds and middle distance in order to bring them out into stronger relief against the sky (it should, however, be borne in mind that the blackness of the foregrounds of old pictures is in some measure attributable to repeated varnishing). They thought that the effect of sun-

light was to be rendered by dark, undefined shadows, instead of by gray shadows, sharp-edged, and were guilty of numerous other blunders and delinquencies. I have only to say on behalf of the artists that, considering they had to invent a new art, I am more inclined to be grateful to them for what they have done than to blame them for their shortcomings, though I freely acknowledge the good service Mr. Ruskin has rendered in dissipating many venerable delusions. As for those ignorant connoisseurs who have been in the habit of praising the old masters of landscape at the expense of far better modern painters, I have no desire to shelter them from his just indignation.

He appears, however, somewhat less than just to the Dutch landscape school, which arose about the same time, and forms a series of true and original painters of landscape, though not of the highest order, on the whole more faithful to Nature than the French and Italian schools. It may well be conjectured that their pictures were brighter, and in every respect better, before dirt and many layers of varnish had given them that "tone" which so delights the eye of the connoisseur. Landscape-art appears to have a good deal degenerated all over Europe toward the end of the seventeenth and far into the eighteenth century, and to have been in some danger of dying out; but in the latter part of that century, and during the present, it has more than regained its own, and England may take the principal credit for its revival. Wilson, who may be called the earliest of our landscape-painters, imported from Italy the manner of Claude, and produced many pretty landscapes, agreeably colored, though for the most part somewhat feeble and conventional, indicating insufficient study of Nature. Gainsborough, more vigorous, but not more accurate, painted in a broad, dashing manner what I should venture to call rather sketches than pictures. Both these painters deserve honor as the chief founders of the English school, though I can not help thinking that most of their works would now be deservedly rejected at the Academy.

IMITATION IN ART.

IT is a trite observation, that imitation is not the object of art, and, in a sense, a true one, though sometimes obscured by hazy writing. To select for imitation a piece of Nature, which admits of being imitated, without reference to composition or effect, is to make a study, not a picture. Nor is deception the object of art. The old story of the birds pecking at the painted grapes certainly illustrates somewhat crude ideas on the subject. Mr. Ruskin declares that the grapes must have been very ill-painted, and de-

nounces all exact representation of Nature as low art. It is but just to him, however, to say that many passages may be found in his writings maintaining precisely the reverse. Whether a picture be or be not deceptive depends less on itself than on its surroundings. A portrait hung on a wall can not be deceptive—it is plainly impossible for a man to be where the figure is, and further the realism of the portrait, however great, is subdued by the greater realism and force of the surrounding objects—greater in proportion as Nature's light is stronger than the artist's white paint. But remove the picture from its frame, pose the figure where a man might naturally stand, by a disposition of curtains or otherwise dim everything around it, concentrating a strong light upon it, and most good portraits will become in a great degree deceptive, none more so than those of Velasquez or Rembrandt. By such means panoramas and dioramas are made deceptive; indeed, the simple process of looking through a tube excluding the frame and all other objects, gives a picture some appearance of reality—a good painting of a bas-relief in a proper light must be deceptive. The modern painter of fruit and flowers desires not to deceive birds or men, but to convey the beauty of his subject by the best disposition of forms and colors. Assuming his conception and general treatment of his subject to be good, will it be gravely contended that he can paint his grapes too like real grapes, and must make them look a little unnatural lest the birds should peck at them? The power of imitation, which may under certain circumstances amount to deception, and is in truth neither more nor less than quite accurate drawing and coloring, is the foundation of all artistic excellence, without which no poetical or imaginative superstructure can stand. It is a power possessed by but few, and sneered at by many who are unable to appreciate or attain it.

There are people who talk and write as if every aspect of Nature could be perfectly imitated, provided the artist would but condescend to do so; they insist, however, that he ought not so to demean himself, because all imitation is beneath the dignity of high art, which is concerned with expressing the ideas of the artist, infinitely finer, as they are, than anything in Nature. Indeed, there are some art-critics who run down every picture which does not contain some element of *unlikeness* to Nature. The truth is that, while many natural forms and surfaces admit of almost exact imitation, there are certain aspects of Nature, and these the finest, altogether above and beyond imitation. Has not every one of us been struck from time to time by effects of Nature, most commonly seen about the hours of sunrise or sunset, which have impressed us with

a sense of overpowering and transcendent beauty altogether beyond the reach of art—which, if they could be literally imitated and transferred to canvas, would put to shame every picture and extinguish whole galleries? To speak with contempt of the imitation of such scenes is sheer ignorance and presumption—the imitation of them is above, not below, the highest art. They are for the most part transient, and will not wait to be painted; nor could they be if they would: they have a brilliancy and force, combined with a subtilty and delicacy, not to be attained by the rude and imperfect materials with which the painter works. It should be remembered that Nature has colors compounded of sunlight not to be found on his palette. But these effects, stored in his memory, become food for his imagination, which is worth little unless fed by such food drawn plentifully and freshly from Nature. He may compose and combine recollected effects with advantage, but the more realistic his painting—in other words, the more nearly it approaches the forms and colors of Nature—the greater will be the effect; for it should be always borne in mind that in the power of impressing the imagination—his highest aim—Nature is greater than he, and that only by obeying her can he command.

REALISM.

I HAVE used the word "realistic," which I am aware is an abomination to many persons who regard "the real" as something antagonistic to the "ideal." There is no such antagonism; they work together in perfect harmony, and their harmony is the triumph of art. Dante and Shakespeare were at once the most imaginative and realistic of poets. How terribly real is most of the "Inferno"! How terribly real is the ghost scene in "Hamlet"! The Madonna di San Sisto of Raphael would impress us less were not the ideal beauty of the Virgin combined with the form of a real and breathing woman, well modeled, perfectly symmetrical, natural in its attitude, with drapery disposed in natural folds, standing out from the background rounded and solid; not a mere flat piece of color, such as now seems to be regarded by a certain school as the highest art.

The term "realism" must not, of course, be understood as excluding composition in a picture, or requiring the artist to paint precisely what he sees before him in a given space at a given time. Nature is seldom so accommodating as to present to us a complete picture which can be inclosed in a rectangle, separated from its surroundings, transferred to canvas, and put into a frame. To remove an inconvenient tree or rock, to bring others into the picture which lie

beyond it, to shift the foreground, which may often be done by a slight change of position, is dealing with the accidents rather than with the essentials of the scene, and is no violation of truth to Nature. Greater liberties may at times be taken with advantage, though much caution should be observed in dealing with mountain-forms which are usually far finer than anything the artist can invent. The effects of sky, however, perpetually changing as they are, and thereby influencing the landscape by gleaming lights and passing shadows, always afford a wide field for imagination based on knowledge, and a prosaic scene may be poeticized by recollected or possible effects. Still it must always be remembered that whatever is worth painting is worth painting truly, and that at the least all objects meant to be clearly seen—that is, not obscured by mist, or darkness, or distance—should be painted with fidelity; the trunk and branches of the tree should be properly articulated, the rock should be properly stratified, and look hard and solid; if the foreground be of grass, it should look like grass, if of heather it should look like heather—it should never be a mere tricky combination of colors, still less should it be a smudge. The same observations apply in a great degree to landscapes which may be called wholly imaginary, such as Turner's "Building of Carthage," and his "Garden of the Hesperides," two of the best of his imaginative works. In the latter the dragon is finely conceived and painted. He derives much of his terror from the realistic manner in which he is vertebrated, and scaled, and legged, and winged, so as to resemble a possible megalosaurus.

It is scarcely necessary to say that realism consists in the rendering, not merely of the obvious truths of Nature which, as it were, stare us in the face, but of those more recondite and subtle, but not less important truths of form, color, and tone which only reveal themselves slowly to patient study. At the same time over-subtilty and over-refinement, a fastidious preference for what is recondite over what is patent to the profane vulgar, may be a fault in art, as it is in literature, leading to affectation and coxcombry of style.

MODERN FRENCH LANDSCAPE-PAINTERS.

THE modern French school of landscape, headed by Corôt, Daubigny, Duprés, Dyas, and others, has the merit of some originality and some truth. Speaking of the school generally, its main object seems to have been to evade the difficulties of landscape painting, by confining itself in a great measure to some few aspects of Nature which are most easily rendered on can-

vas. It ignored difficult and complicated forms, such as test the artist's power of hard drawing and knowledge of perspective, in rocky and mountainous scenes—indeed, it ignored all careful drawing whatever—it ignored in a great measure space and distance; it ignored in a great measure sunlight; it ignored altogether the brilliancy and the variety of Nature's coloring, being content for the most part to represent a small portion of her in a gray and somber garb. Great, indeed, is the change from Turner's boundless range over all earth, and sea, and sky, to a school whose center was Paris, and whose radius seldom extended beyond Fontainebleau. I do not say that Nature is not beautiful in a gray and somber garb, or that she should never be so painted; nor do I deny the merit of a school which has found and shown the picturesque in common scenes, and what would have doubtless appeared to most of the old masters dull, unpaintable effects; but I protest against such painting being considered the be-all and the end-all of landscape-art.

Corôt, who may be taken as the representative artist of the school, painted poetically and with sentiment a phase of Nature little painted before him, which may be termed the phase of haze, and grayness, and mystery; his coloring, though pitched at a key somewhat lower than Nature's, is, as far as it goes, true, harmonious, and expressive of a certain kind of atmospheric effect. Whether his pictures are improved by the introduction of poorly-drawn fauns, dryads, and other classical persons, ill adapted to northern fogs, may perhaps be questioned. Mystery is certainly a powerful factor in landscape, used by Nature with great effect; but Nature is seldom or never all mystery. In a hazy wooded landscape—Corôt's favorite scene—you see in the natural foreground delicately articulated branch-

es, weeds, and ferns, beautiful in form, and, though subdued in color, perfectly made out, giving value to the mystery beyond. You see at some distance trunks of trees still more subdued in color, but firm and solid, without a particle of indecision. Corôt makes out no form; all his lines are undecided, wavy, blurred. "He represents foliage shaken by the wind," say his admirers. Aspens might be appropriately so represented; but Corôt's oaks are as wavy and undecided as his aspens, and his rocks are as soft as sand-heaps. In short, Nature draws as well as colors. Corôt chooses to ignore that she draws, and is content to paint one phase of her coloring. There is some difficulty in placing an artist so *borné* among the masters of landscape.

Some of Corôt's later pictures, in which he almost lost sight of Nature, seem quite valueless, indeed worse; for they have bred a swarm of imitators who simply reproduce and exaggerate his defects. Daubigny had a far wider scope, and at one time towered above the school. Some of his early landscapes, painted from the fresh study of Nature, seem to me almost perfect; but some years before his death, when he probably painted only in his studio, he became careless, coarse, and blotty. I believe that, according to a law before indicated, his later pictures are those most admired by his disciples. It seems strange that, whereas the French painter expends the utmost care and elaboration in the rendering of every object in-doors, no sooner does he go out than he seems to think the most random touch, the most careless smear, good enough for Nature.

But, perhaps, I am speaking of a school in some measure passed. The French *Salon* certainly now gives some evidence of a new departure, promising better results.

R. P. COLLIER (*Nineteenth Century*).

"THE COOK'S ORACLE."

SIXTY years ago the "Edinburgh Review" contained an article on cookery, in which will be found a curious note concerning the author of the book whose title stands at the head of this page. "The singular coincidence of name and subject," says the reviewer, "led us at first to suppose that a culpable modesty had induced the author to assume the pseudonym of 'Kitchener'; but in this we were mistaken; we find that there is a real Dr. Kitchiner, and that

he is devoted to the culinary art with a zeal almost unequalled. If report be true, the Doctor spends some hours each day in his laboratory, and has more than once worked his whole book through, in a course of experimental cookery." Thirty years later the "Quarterly," in an article on spectacles—a subject upon which the author of "The Cook's Oracle" had also written—says of Dr. Kitchiner that "the whole of his writings, medical, musical, optical, and culinary, show that

he possessed the disposition of an elderly female, conspicuous among her sex for weak nerves, fidgety habits, and prim comforts. . . . Many who heard of him, through his best and really excellent treatise 'The Cook's Oracle,' always imagined that some careful housekeeper had assumed a name in accordance with her functions and in defiance of her sex, and chose to call herself Dr. Kitchiner, since Sterne had appropriated the more suitable title of Dr. Slop." The ignorance which is apparent in these extracts—the former of which, it will be noticed, was written in the lifetime of its subject—still appears to exist; and there are probably many persons now living who believe that the greatest of English dietetic reformers is known to the world by an assumed name. Dr. Kitchiner was, however, a very real personage in his time—a gourmand, a wit, a musician, and a man of science—and although the biographical dictionaries usually ignore him altogether, or at best sum up the facts relating to his life in half a dozen lines, he was really one of those men of strongly marked individuality of character whom the world ought not willingly to forget.

William Kitchiner was educated at Eton; but the author of "Lives of Celebrated Etonians" makes no mention of him, probably thinking that "The Cook's Oracle" had no claim to a place beside the authors of "The Scribleriad" and "The New Bath Guide." His father is described by the "Gentleman's Magazine" as an "eminent" coal-merchant, in Beaufort Buildings, Strand, who, by the diligent exercise of his trade, contrived to amass a considerable fortune. This being invested with care and prudence, rendered the son independent of his profession, which was perhaps as well, seeing that his degree in medicine was merely from Glasgow, and did not permit of his practicing in London. Accordingly, he never attempted anything of the kind, but, taking a house in Warren Street, Fitzroy Square, then a neighborhood of a much more respectable character than now, he settled down to the pursuits which his tastes inclined him to follow. His circumstances were somewhat peculiar; his character eccentric in no common degree; but underneath the extremest of his oddities there was a basis of good sense and kindness which won for him the regard of a host of friends. His wife, it is true, quarreled with him at an early period of their married life, and the result was that he remained a "married bachelor" for about twenty years. Left alone, he devoted himself to domestic economy and music; and, being always something of a *bon vivant*, he assumed the personal direction of his kitchen. As a general rule, he is said to have been moderate and even abstemious in his personal habits; but he was careful always to provide an excellent table, and to

superintend the preparation of his food in person. There may have been a reason for this in the fact that, for some unknown reason, he had an immoderate appetite. In one or other of his voluminous writings he confesses to an altogether extraordinary love of animal food, or rather to a craving which could not be repressed, and which was not easily gratified. This, in the words of an admirer, "had nothing to do with the love of eating, but was the result of some organic and incurable disease." At all events, we hear no such stories as those which are told of Dr. Johnson's appetite, and of that veal-pie well stuffed with plums which, according to Lord Macaulay, was wont to produce such spasms of gluttony in the "great lexicographer." Dr. Kitchiner lived by system: he rose at a stated hour; spent a prearranged time over his toilet; descended to his breakfast-room punctually at half-past eight; took luncheon at mid-day; dined at five; supped at half-past nine; and retired to rest at eleven. Breakfast was a solitary meal, light but nourishing. Luncheon was a much more serious matter. A friend or two occasionally found admittance, and were treated with a repast which in the earlier days of this century they could hardly have found elsewhere. Savory *pâtés*; potted meats of various kinds; fried and broiled fish; grills; cutlets and *entrées* of the most appetizing description, together with sound wine and excellent coffee and liqueurs, made up the substantial mid-day repast. At five o'clock dinner, arranged according to the peptic precepts of "The Cook's Oracle," followed, leading up to the comfortable and cozy supper at half-past nine, which brought the gourmand's well-spent day to a close.

It must not be supposed that so much eating and drinking were exclusively selfish. The good Doctor delighted in hospitality, though he had some curious ways of displaying it. Thus, for example, when he gave a dinner-party the guests were invited for five o'clock, and at five minutes after that hour the street-door was locked, and the key, by his orders, laid upon the dinner-table. For several years a *conversazione* was held every Tuesday evening at his house, and, according to tradition, on these occasions a placard was suspended over the chimney-piece with the inscription, "Come at seven; go at eleven." It happened on one occasion that George Colman the younger was among the guests, and he, observing the placard, inserted the word "it" after "go," making the admonition read, "Come at seven; go it at eleven." Severer counsels generally prevailed, though it might have been supposed that the friendly supper at half-past nine would lead to occasional infractions of the rule of the house. It does not, however, appear that the Doctor allowed his habits to be disturbed by

any of his friends, facetious or other. Music and conversation filled up the evening until the appointed time, and then some considerate guest was always found to say, with properly affected surprise, "Tis on the strike of eleven!" "Hats, coats, cloaks, and umbrellas were then brought in; the Doctor attended his friends to the street-door, looked up at the stars—if there were any visible—gave each of his friends a cordial shake of the hand, wished him a hearty good night, and so the evening closed." That his friends were many need hardly be said. A man so hospitable could hardly fail to gather around him a goodly host of associates; and, when to his hospitality was added his well-known love for art, literature, and music, it may be readily understood that the society in which he habitually lived was of the best. His personal qualities, apart from his pardonable eccentricities, were of the highest order. He was amiable in no common degree. One of his friends said, after his death, that he had never heard him say an ill-natured word of any one. He was much in request for the settlement of disputes, and to those who needed advice and assistance he was faithful and stanch. His eccentricities seem to have been, after all, eccentricities of manner only, though his will is said to have been exceedingly curious, and very disappointing to a large number of persons who had expected to profit by it. For the rest, it is hardly for a generation whose affectations and sham aestheticisms have not been corrected even by such satirists as the authors of "The Monks of Thelema" and Messrs. Du Maurier and MacCarthy to be very severe on a gentleman whose principal offenses seem to have been a liking for substantial good living and a habit of making indifferent jokes about his dinner. There is surely nothing very reprehensible in such an invitation as the following, which was handed about in the author's lifetime as a proof of his oddity:

"DEAR SIR: The honor of your company is requested to dine with the Committee of Taste on Wednesday next, the 10th inst.

"The specimens will be placed upon the table at five o'clock precisely, when the business of the day will immediately commence.

"I have the honor to be your most obedient Servant,

"W. KITCHINER, *Secretary.*"

"August, 1825: 43 Warren Street, Fitzroy Square.

"At the last general meeting it was unanimously resolved that—

"1st. An invitation to the Eta Beta Pi must be answered in writing as soon as possible after it is received, within twenty-four hours at latest reckoning from that on which it is dated, otherwise the

Secretary will have the profound regret to feel that the invitation has been definitely declined.

"2d. The Secretary having represented that the perfection of several of the preparations is so exquisitely evanescent that the delay of one minute after their arrival at the meridian of concoction will render them no longer worthy of the attention of men of taste:

"Therefore, to insure the punctual attendance of those illustrious gastrophilists who on grand occasions are invited to join this high tribunal of taste for their own pleasure and the benefit of their country, it is irrevocably resolved that the janitor be ordered not to admit any visitor, of whatever eminence of appetite, after the hour at which the Secretary shall have announced that the Specimens are ready.

"By order of the Committee:

"WILLIAM KITCHINER, *Secretary.*"

The memorialist from whom this letter is quoted goes on to say in effect that the guest who received such an invitation would naturally find himself at the house of Dr. Kitchiner—host, cook, secretary to the Committee of Taste, and chief musician in ordinary—at a few minutes before five in the afternoon, where he would be received with musical honors. His worthy host would probably be found seated at the grand piano in pumps and silk stockings, thundering away at "See the Conquering Hero comes," with a due accompaniment of drums and triangles worked by the feet. Punctuality was strictly insisted upon—how strictly may be best known from the pages of "The Cook's Oracle," which, it may be remarked by the way, is not a mere cookery-book, but a work which contains a vast quantity of shrewd and humorous observation, wit, and sound common sense. The supercilious critics of the quarterly reviews might sneer as they pleased; the excellent Dr. Kitchiner, with all his weaknesses, will probably be remembered by a wider public than one composed of the readers of the somewhat mechanical essays in which he was satirized. Turning now to the "Oracle," we find a long chapter devoted to the momentous subject of invitations to dinner. More than two closely printed octavo pages of this chapter are occupied with a dissertation illustrated by examples from ancient and modern literature of the important fact that "DINNER is the only act of the day which can not be put off with impunity for even FIVE MINUTES" (the peculiarities of typography are Dr. Kitchiner's). Then follow a host of instructions, including a recipe for "dinner-pills," or, as the Doctor prefers to call them, "PERISTALTIC PERSUADERS," and a number of instructions to butler, host, and cook. The first is told that he must be sure that "the Cloth be laid in the Parlor and all the paraphernalia of the dinner-table arranged at least half

an hour before dinner-time." The host in turn is to introduce his guests to each other in the interval before dinner, "naming them individually in an audible voice, and adroitly laying hold of those ties of acquaintanceship or profession which may exist between them." The guests are admonished, if they have any respect for their host or prefer a well-dressed dinner to one that is spoiled, "instead of coming half an hour after, to take care to make their appearance a quarter of an hour before the time appointed." A couple of pages more on the benefits of punctuality follow, and then the good Doctor descants upon the custom of grace—not, it may be observed, for the first or only time in the course of his voluminous oracles.

On this subject the "Gentle Elia" has also discoursed in one of the subtlest and most playful of his essays, the point of which, delicately touched and played with, seems to be that grace before meat is a species of impertinence. Dr. Kitchiner seems to be pretty much of Charles Lamb's opinion. When the appointed hour strikes, he urges his gastrophilic readers to "say grace and begin the business of the day." Nor does he desire to listen to long and elaborate musical performances. "That the intricate Old Canon of *Non nobis* should still continue to exclude all other Graces has excited my astonishment," says he, "ever since I first heard it some Thirty years ago, when, thought I, can anything be more barbarous than to sing in a Foreign Tongue, of which not one in Ten of those who sing and not One in a Hundred of those who hear understand One Word in Ten? Moreover, to complete this extreme Absurdity, the composer has contributed his utmost to involve these *Latin* words in the most elaborate obscurity, by setting them in the form of a *fugue*, which (however pretty it may seem to the eye and ear of a subtle contrapuntist), as *each singer pronounces a different word*, the Sense is thereby as confused as Sounds are in a Dutch Concert, where each man Sings a different Song! However, this composition is considered such an indispensable part of the ceremonial of Public Dinners that it has been calculated that the good people of Great Britain do not pay less than TEN THOUSAND POUNDS A YEAR for the performance of it!"

This dreadful state of things not merely arouses the wrath of "The Cook's Oracle," but induces him to present a musical grace of his own, which may certainly boast the merit of brevity, even though it be not quite so short as the famous "grace after meat" of the collier, which, as will probably be remembered, consisted in wiping the mouth upon the wrist, and the ejaculation of the word "Theer." Between

this perfunctory phrase and the too elaborate *Non nobis*, Dr. Kitchiner's grace holds a happy medium, consisting, as it does, in the simple words "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," set to music. As about fifteen seconds only need be consumed in this devout expression, it is possible that some guests at public banquets may even now wish to see Dr. Kitchiner's modest grace brought into more general use. To the hungry diner-out it is no small trial of patience to be kept while a reverend gentleman in full canonicals intones a grace modeled on the Bidding Prayer before a university sermon. Supplementing these remarks of the venerable Doctor come some hints to carvers, interesting chiefly as pointing, in the first place, to the ungainly custom of our ancestors of introducing soup and fish as one course, with *entrées*, roast, and game as a remove, and in the second as proving that "The Cook's Oracle" was in advance of his time, and was prepared to see the entire abolition of the tiresome custom of carving at table. A prevision of the sweet simplicity of the *dîner à la Russe* could hardly be expected in 1816, but something of the sort was evidently present to the mind of our Oracle when he wrote: "It would save a great deal of time, etc., if poultry, especially large turkeys and geese, were sent to table ready cut up; fish that is fried should be previously divided into such portions as are fit to help at table."

Before proceeding to the dinner, however, Dr. Kitchiner gives his readers, both cooks and their masters, a little good advice. Masters, for example, he recommends to treat their servants with consideration, and he enters into an elaborate calculation to show that the absolutely necessary expenditure of a maid-servant (in which the Oracle includes tea and sugar) is at least £9 8s. per annum; and that, in consequence, it is the duty of employers to pay higher wages and to treat their servants with greater generosity generally than they were wont to do some sixty years ago. For their part servants are treated with much good advice, some of which reads rather curiously, though most of it is marked by the soundest common sense. Thus, for example, after somewhat elaborately describing the physiological phenomena of taste, "The Cook's Oracle" cautions his disciples against wearing out the palate by overmuch tasting. "A sagacious Cook, instead of idly and wantonly wasting the excitability of her palate, on the sensibility of which her reputation and fortune depend, when she has ascertained the relative strength of the flavor of the various ingredients she employs, will call in the Balance and the Measure to do the ordinary business, and endeavor to preserve her Organ of Taste with the utmost care, that it may be a

faithful oracle to refer to on grand occasions and new compositions." The notion of defining quantities in cookery by weight and measure, instead of going upon the old "rule of thumb—a pinch of this, a handful of that, a spoonful of t'other"—Dr. Kitchiner claims as his exclusive property, and in one place he is judiciously severe upon an ignorant pretender who appropriated the idea, and published a cookery-book based upon it ten years after the appearance of the first edition of "The Cook's Oracle." It is not a little amusing in this connection to reflect that Gouffé, whose magnificent book upon cookery appeared in 1865, puts forward precisely the same pretension. Dr. Kitchiner has, however, on most occasions what the Scotch preacher called "a gude conceit o' hissel," and not unfrequently a very odd way of expressing it. Thus, at the beginning of his Introduction, he says of his book that it is "not a mere marrowless collection of shreds and patches and cuttings and pastings, but a *bona fide* register of Practical Facts, accumulated by a perseverance not to be subdued or evaporated by the igniferous terrors of a Roasting Fire in the Dog Days—in defiance of the Odoriferous and Calefacient repellents of *Roasting, Boiling, Frying, and Broiling*; moreover, the Author has submitted to a labor no preceding Cookery Book maker, perhaps, ever attempted to encounter, having *eaten* each receipt before he set it down in his book." The grammar of this wonderful sentence may perhaps be open to correction, but the "Odoriferous and Calefacient repellents" of cookery and "the igniferous terrors of a Roasting Fire in the Dog Days" are worthy of the inventor of the "Frappant and Tintinnabulant appendages" to Drury Lane stage-door in "The Rejected Addresses." His boast of having "eaten his receipts" may perhaps be left to take care of itself.

It may be worth while to consult the "Oracle" and to note what the hierophant has to say concerning a few of what he calls the "concomitants" of an English dinner. Oysters, of course, begin the meal. "Delicate little creatures!" ejaculates Dr. Kitchiner, "they are as exquisite in their own taste as in that of others." His observations on the eating of oysters are eminently characteristic. "Common people," he tells us, "are indifferent about the *manner of opening Oysters*, and the time of eating them after they are opened. Nothing, however, is more important in the enlightened eyes of the experienced Oyster-eater. Those who wish to enjoy this delicious restorative in its utmost perfection must eat it the moment it is opened, with its own Gravy in the under shell; if not *Eaten while Absolutely Alive* its flavor and spirit are lost. The true lover of an Oyster will have some regard for the

feelings of his little favorite, and will never abandon it to the mercy of a bungling operator, but will open it himself, and contrive to detach the fish from the shell so dexterously that the Oyster is hardly conscious he has been ejected from his Lodging till he feels the teeth of the piscivorous *Gourmand* tickling him to death." This is almost as attractive a picture as that of Piscator in "The Complete Angler" impaling the worm upon the hook "as if he loved him." The chapters on soup afford one or two curious notes. Among the recipes, for example, is one for "Mock Mock Turtle," which appears to be the invention of "Elizabeth Lister (late Cook to Dr. Kitchiner), Bread and Biscuit Baker, No. 6 Salcombe Place, York Terrace, Regent's Park—Goes out to dress dinners on reasonable terms." Concerning mock-turtle, we are informed that it "is the *Bonne Bouche* which the 'officers of the Mouth' of Old England prepare when they choose to rival '*les Grandes Cuisiniers de (sic) France*' in a *Ragoût sans Pareil*." The directions for making this soup fill altogether about four pages, and, imbedded among them comes the following outburst in praise of the dish (the italics and the capitals are the Doctor's): "Without its paraphernalia of subtle double Relishes a *STARVED TURTLE* has *not more* intrinsic sapidity than a *FATTED CALF*. Friendly Reader, it is really neither half so wholesome nor half so toothsome." Later on he says: "This is a delicious Soup, within the range of those 'who eat to live'; but, if it had been composed expressly for those who only 'live to eat,' I do not know how it could have been made more agreeable: as it is, the lover of good eating 'will wish his throat a mile long, and every inch of it palate.'"

Concerning fish, the only really noticeable direction is a piece of advice to the cook not to allow turbot and some other fish to be sent to the table too fresh. It is not until we get among the *entrées*—or, as Dr. Kitchiner prefers to call them, the "Made Dishes"—that anything really characteristic is found. The first noticeable point is that the majority of these "Made Dishes" are hashes. The exception is a recipe for cooking "Shin of Beef," for which dish the "Oracle" claims the attention of the "Rational Epicure," on the ground of its being "one of those in which 'Frugality,' 'Nourishment,' and 'Palatableness' are most happily combined—and you get half a Gallon of excellent BROTH into the Bargain." As a pendant to this whimsical recipe we have one for "*Bubble and Squeak*," or *Fried Beef or Mutton and Cabbage* (No. 505):

"When, 'midst the Frying-Pan in accents savage,
The Beef, so surly, quarrels with the Cabbage."

Dr. Kitchiner is, perhaps, the first "Cook's

Oracle" who has set his instructions to music, and, considering the eccentricities of his musical grammar, it may be hoped that he will be the last. It is, of course, impossible now to say whether the author of "Pendennis" had Dr. Kitchiner in his mind when he hit upon the exquisitely ludicrous character of Mirobolant—that wonderful French cook in Sir Francis Clavering's household, who was wont to seek for inspiration, when composing his *menus*, in the performance of solemn music on the piano—but the coincidence is certainly curious. In connection with this combination of music and cookery, Dr. Kitchiner tells a curious anecdote in—of all places in the world—the queer rambling treatise in two volumes which he called "The Economy of the Eyes." Mr. Cooke, of Drury Lane Theatre, a singer and composer whom Dr. Kitchiner styles "the most extraordinary musician of the present age," possessed the faculty of naming every semitone, without a mistake, if a handful of the keys of a harpsichord were put down "so as to produce the most irrelative combinations." On one occasion the Doctor played a very remarkable composition over to him, whereupon he "told me at once—I think, sir, that you have *beef* in one hand and *cabbage* in the other."

It should, however, be noted that music is one of the subjects upon which "The Cook's Oracle" is most diffuse, and on which he unquestionably spent a good deal of time and labor. Among his many publications is a tiny duodecimo, published in 1821, and not apparently reprinted, which has for title "Observations on Vocal Music." The principal object of this little essay is the enforcement of an idea, the germ of which is to be found in the eighteenth "Spectator." Addison, whom no one would accuse of being a musician, there expatiates on the desirability of wedding the music to the words with greater propriety than was then usual. "I remember," he says, "an Italian verse that ran thus, word for word: 'And turned my rage into pity,' which the English for rhyme's sake translated 'And into pity turned my rage.' By this means the soft notes that were adapted to pity in the Italian fell upon the word *rage* in the English; and the angry sounds that were turned to *rage* in the original were made to express *pity* in the translation. It oftentimes happened, likewise, that the finest notes in the air fell upon the most insignificant words in the sentence. I have known the word 'and' pursued through a whole gamut; have been entertained with many a melodious 'the,' and have heard the most beautiful graces, quavers, and divisions bestowed upon 'then,' 'for,' and 'from,' to the eternal honor of our English particles. Dr. Kitchiner does not refer to the earlier writer, but the principle of his little book is certainly to be found in

these words. Music is in his eyes a vehicle for the conveyance of ideas, and the eighty-one pages of this book are given to expounding, in a variety of ways, and with abundant illustrations, the theory that "the Art of Singing effectively is to Sing every word with the same Accent and Emphasis as you would Speak it," a theory which he contends has been unduly neglected by some of the greatest musicians, who have failed to make the musical accent correspond with the spoken. "He *shall* feed his flock" and "He *was* despised" are examples of equally false emphasis. "Fairest Isle" is one of Purcell's extraordinary mistakes."

This affection for music displays itself in the most unexpected places. Among the works of Dr. Kitchiner is a "Traveler's Oracle," in two parts. The first contains estimates of the expenses of traveling on foot, on horseback, in stages, in post-chaises, and in private carriages, together with "precepts for promoting the pleasures, and hints for preserving the health, of travelers." The second part comprises "The Horse and Carriage-keeper's Oracle," rules for purchasing, keeping, and jobbing horses and carriages, estimates of expenses occasioned thereby, and an easy plan for ascertaining every hackney-coach fare. The book itself is not especially remarkable for anything except for having furnished the celebrated sporting writer "Nimrod" with a text for his well-known article on "The Road" in the "Quarterly" of 1832. It may be noted, by the way, that the only allusion to the text in this article is a slight sneer at "the late happily named Dr. Kitchener" (*sic*), whom "Nimrod" describes as *Epicuri de grege porcus*. It might be thought that music was about the last thing to look for in such a book as this, but Dr. Kitchiner is not to be prevented from bringing in his favorite topic by any fantastic notions of congruity. He introduces no fewer than eight musical compositions into the book; the title of which, by the way, affords but the faintest idea of its heterogeneous contents. The first comes after a dissertation on the Christian duty of observing the Sabbath, and is called "A Father's Advice to his Son." "The Cook's Oracle" is responsible for both words and music in this as in most of the pieces contained in this book. The hymn runs—

"Be humble, patient, trust in God,
Believe what is, is best;
Walk in the path your Saviour trod,
Your days will then be blest."

It is only fair to say that the music is considerably better than the words. In another place, apropos of a piece of advice to his readers concerning abstinence from religious discussions with strangers, he presents them with "An Universal Prayer," to which the same remark will apply.

By way of a change from the severity of these devout exercises, we are treated, in the course of a particularly stupid story, to settings of "Fill the Goblet again," and of Herrick's "Gather your Rosebuds while you may," while the return of the traveler to his native country is celebrated in a patriotic song, "All hail, Britannia! Queen of Isles!" Next to religion, on which "The Cook's Oracle" appears to have felt very strongly, though it appears to have exercised little influence on his domestic relations, patriotism is, indeed, one of the principal features in his character. Thus the song just mentioned is ushered in with the following portentous sentence: "When he (the Traveler) considers the arbitrary and tyrannic governments, the slavery and poverty of the lower class of people, the pride and ignorance of the opulent, and the superstition and bigotry of both, and compares them with the advantages which so eminently distinguish his own country, where the climate is temperate, the earth fruitful, the government mild, the inhabitants of both sexes intelligent, and the women remarkably beautiful, he will then rest contented with the happiness he enjoys by having it in his power to spend the remainder of his days in HAPPY ENGLAND, and sing with heart and voice 'All hail,' etc." Another illustration of this patriotic temper will be found imbedded in a collection of amatory and anacreontic songs by this same composer. The sixth number is a "Grand March composed for and dedicated to the Volunteers of St. Clement Danes," bearing date 1803, the year of the breaking out of the French war. This was followed by two "British War-songs" similarly dedicated. There is a fine Philistine contempt for foreigners about Dr. Kitchiner's words at which it is difficult not to smile, in spite of the indubitable patriotism and spirit of the lines:

"Britain's great and warlike host
Scorn the puny threats of slaves;
Ere the cowards reach your coast
They shall find their wat'ry graves.

"Atheist Gallia bends her knee
At a base usurper's nod:
Britons, ever bold and free,
Love their king—adore their God.

"Gallia's gaunt and rabble rout,
Famine leads to lawless spoil:
Britons' courage, ever stout,
Centers in their native soil.

"Gallia skulks within her ports—
Gallia great in threats alone:
Britain every danger courts,
Bravely rallies round the throne."

Among the miscellaneous works of Dr. Kitchiner was a "Housekeeper's Oracle"—a

companion to "The Cook's Oracle"—which is not unamusing reading, inasmuch as it is full of quaint common sense, and affords, besides, an interesting picture of social life in the middle-class half a century ago. Among the maxims which the "Oracle" impresses on the young housekeeper is one enforcing the prudence of "dealing with tradesmen of fair character and established circumstances." Another concerns the wisdom of "submitting cheerfully to be imposed on in due proportion to your circumstances. He who will not be cheated a *little*," adds the Doctor, "must be content to be abused a *great deal*, to be at constant variance with his servants, tradesmen, and with every one dependent on him"—maxims which will hardly be acceptable to the customers of the Civil Service Stores. On dinners and dinner-giving Dr. Kitchiner has a chapter or two full of that sound practical wisdom which distinguishes the essays of the late Mr. Thackeray on the same subjects, the key-note being—"However plain your dinner, if it is prime, plentiful, and properly dressed, it will be as acceptable to friends to whom *you* are acceptable as a profusion of all the expensive rarities which extravagance could have assembled." It is, however, as a picture of manners that "The Housekeeper's Oracle" is most interesting. Thus, for example, the author dilates at length on the utter folly of those "children of a larger growth" who give dinners at seven or eight o'clock—a subject which excites him to almost as great wrath as "your silly, infecting far-rago of *Made Dishes* and preparations, which are provided to pamper satiated appetite, and to feed the eyes of superannuated epicures, that overcome the stomach and paralyze the digestion of those who eat them, and empty the pockets of those who provide them."

Another of these works has a title-page of prodigious length, and is devoted to "The Art of Invigorating and Prolonging Life." It is dedicated to the nervous and bilious, and contains essays on Training, Reducing Corpulence, on Sleep, Siesta, Clothes, Fire, Air, Exercise, and Wine. A little pamphlet is also appended, called "Peptic Precepts," and the whole concludes with an "Essay on the Pleasure of Making a Will." The leading idea of the book, which is addressed, not to the medical profession, but to hypochondriacs and invalids, is common sense. Thus, when the Doctor is discoursing of sleep, he does not advise his readers to make themselves miserable by getting up at unearthly hours, or to attempt to do without a sufficient amount of natural rest. As for wine, the patient is recommended to drink it if he likes, but to refrain from taking bad or common wine, and from spoiling what he drinks by icing it; but, adds the Doctor, "our

VINUM BRITANNICUM—good home-brewed beer—which has been very deservedly called Liquid Bread, is preferable to any other beverage during dinner or supper." In the matter of medicine, Dr. Kitchiner was decidedly in advance of his age. His prescriptions—and this little volume contains a good many of them—are the mildest and gentlest that can be imagined, and the advice of the author is to take as little of them as possible. Curiously enough, however, although "The Cook's Oracle" lived by rule, he appears never to have been a thoroughly healthy man; and, although he laid down excellent principles for invigorating and prolonging life, he died in his fiftieth year. He devoted twenty pages of this book to "The Pleasure of Making a Will," which act he described as the art of dying honorably. All that he says is excellent sense; but

his precepts and his practice appear to have been strangely at variance. According to a writer in "The Gentleman's Magazine," "the Doctor's will, made about sixteen years since, is as remarkable for its eccentricity as any of the productions of the testator, and it is said that another, making some serious alterations in the disposal of his property, was intended for signature on the Wednesday following the night on which he died." One of his own precepts, however, his will fully carried out. He is particularly careful to impress upon his readers the duty of remembering "the claims of him who, as the law expresses it, has no kindred—who is *nullius filius*—who has no protector but his reputed parent." Dr. Kitchiner had such a son, whom he educated at Cambridge, and to whom he bequeathed the bulk of his property.

F. H. (*Cornhill Magazine*.)

GOLDWIN SMITH'S "COWPER."*

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH'S monograph on Cowper is the shortest—perhaps, also, the slightest—book that has been contributed to Mr. Morley's series of "English Men of Letters." It has been criticised, indeed, as being too slight and inadequate, particularly in the biographical portions—as affording only glimpses here and there of the poet's personality and life; but this criticism is, of course, based upon the assumption that the materials for a complete picture are available, and this assumption is by no means correct. Southey's somewhat voluminous biography has probably misled readers; but Mr. Smith justifiably complains that Southey's work is filled out with dissertations and digressions which expand the size of the volume while contributing very little to our knowledge of Cowper either as man or as poet. We can recall nothing essential in Southey's biography that is not contained in Mr. Smith's, and since Southey wrote no material additions have been made to the data then available.

At the same time, it must be admitted that Mr. Smith has very little of the art, so essential in a biographer, of emphasizing and illustrating a fact or a trait until its significance is multiplied indefinitely. He marshals his facts in the closest possible array, and marches them by in platoons at a quickstep, with a sort of warning to the looker-on that, if he wants to get a good impres-

sion of the parade, he must keep on the alert and not allow his attention to be arrested by any individual detail. Even the language is rendered as terse and precise as possible, and the author writes constantly as if he were afraid of being betrayed into the use of a superfluous word or an indefinite term. From this it would naturally be inferred that Mr. Smith's criticism is better than his biography, and such is really the case. With every particular of his estimate of Cowper, very few, perhaps, will unreservedly agree; but it can not be denied that he elucidates and illuminates whatever point he thinks it worth while to touch upon; and, taken as a whole, his little book is by far the most serviceable companion with which the student of Cowper can provide himself.

WILLIAM COWPER was born in his father's rectory of Berkhamstead, on the 15th of November (old style), 1731, and by hereditary right was a Whig and a gentleman. "From nature," says Mr. Smith, "he received, with a large measure of the gifts of genius, a still larger measure of its painful sensibilities. In his portrait by Romney the brow bespeaks intellect, the features feeling and refinement, the eye madness. The stronger parts of character, the combative and propelling forces, he evidently lacked from the beginning. For the battle of life he was totally unfit. His judgment in its healthy state was, even on practical questions, sound enough, as his letters abundantly prove; but his sensibility not only rendered him incapable of wrestling with

* *English Men of Letters*. Edited by John Morley. Cowper. By Goldwin Smith. New York: Harper & Brothers.

a rough world, but kept him always on the verge of madness, and frequently plunged him into it. To the malady which threw him out of active life we owe not the meanest of English poets."

Of the world into which this "little mass of timid and quivering sensibility" came, Mr. Smith sketches a very vivid and suggestive picture. "It was a world," he says, "from which the spirit of poetry had fled," and he thinks there could be no stronger proof of this than the occupation of the throne of Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton, by "the arch-versifier Pope." Hard and heartless polish was the characteristic of the society of the time, and not a little of it was mirrored in Hogarth's "Marriage à la Mode." "Chesterfield, with his soulless culture, his court graces, and his fashionable immoralities, was about the highest type of English gentleman; but the Wilkeses, Potters, and Sandwiches, whose mania for vice culminated in the Hell-fire Club, were more numerous than the Chesterfields." Religion was extinct, and no new morality or humanitarian sentiment had come to take its place. "Ignorance and brutality reigned in the cottage. Drunkenness reigned in palace and cottage alike. Gambling, cock-fighting, and bull-fighting were the amusements of the people. Political life, which, if it had been pure and vigorous, might have made up for the absence of spiritual influences, was corrupt from the top of the scale to the bottom: its effect on national character is portrayed in Hogarth's 'Election.'" The idea of the rights of man as man had not yet dawned upon the world. Says the Duchess of Buckingham to Lady Huntington, who had asked her to come and hear Whitefield: "I thank your ladyship for the information concerning the Methodist preachers; their doctrines are most repulsive, and strongly tinged with disrespect toward their superiors, in perpetually endeavoring to level all ranks and do away with all distinctions. It is monstrous to be told you have a heart as sinful as the common wretches that crawl on the earth. This is highly offensive and insulting; and I can not but wonder that your ladyship should relish any sentiments so much at variance with high rank and good breeding." But a change was at hand, and a still mightier change was in prospect. "At the time of Cowper's birth, John Wesley was twenty-eight, and Whitefield was seventeen. With them the revival of religion was at hand. Johnson, the moral reformer, was twenty-two. Howard was born, and in less than a generation Wilberforce was to come."

At the age of six, Cowper was sent to a large boarding-school, and afterward, his eyes being liable to inflammation, he lived for two years with an oculist. He was then sent to the great

public school of Westminster, on leaving which, at the age of eighteen, he went to live with Mr. Chapman, an attorney, being destined for the law. He did not take kindly to that profession, and, according to his own account, spent his days in "giggling and making giggle" with his cousins Harriet and Theodora, with the latter of whom he had a love-passage which was cut short by her father, who did not choose to let his daughter marry a man who gave so little promise of maintaining a wife as Cowper.

At the end of his three years with the attorney, Cowper took chambers in the Temple, where he read law as little as before, but where he became a member of a little circle of men of letters and journalists which had its social center in the Nonsense Club, and which included Colman, the dramatist, Bonnell Thornton, Lloyd, and Churchill. Under the influence of his association with them Cowper dabbled in both prose and poetry, contributing essays, after the manner of the "Spectator," to the "Connoisseur" and the "St. James's Chronicle," and writing verses to "Delia" (his cousin Theodora).

When he was thirty-two, and still living in the Temple, came the sad and decisive crisis of his life. He went mad, and attempted suicide. Mr. Smith repudiates the commonly accepted idea that the source of his madness was religion. He says:

"The truth is, his malady was simple hypochondria, having its source in delicacy of constitution and weakness of digestion, combined with the influence of melancholy surroundings. It had begun to attack him soon after his settlement in his lonely chambers in the Temple, when his pursuits and associations, as we have seen, were far from Evangelical. When its crisis arrived, he was living by himself without any society of the kind that suited him (for the excitement of the Nonsense Club was sure to be followed by reaction); he had lost his love, his father, his home, and, as it happened, also a dear friend; his little patrimony was fast dwindling away; he must have despaired of success in his profession; and his outlook was altogether dark. It yielded to the remedies to which hypochondria usually yields—air, exercise, sunshine, cheerful society, congenial occupation. It came with January and went with May. Its gathering gloom was dispelled for a time by a stroll in fine weather on the hills above Southampton Water, and Cowper said that he was never unhappy for a whole day in the company of Lady Hesketh. When he had become a Methodist, his hypochondria took a religious form, but so did his recovery from hypochondria; both must be set down to the account of his faith, or neither. This double aspect of the matter will plainly appear further on. A votary of wealth, when his brain gives way under disease or age, fancies that he is a beggar. A Methodist, when his brain gives way under the same in-

fluences, fancies that he is forsaken of God. In both cases the root of the malady is physical."

After his recovery and release from the madhouse, Cowper was taken by his brother to the small village of Huntingdon, where he speedily formed an acquaintance with the Unwins, who were zealots in the new Evangelical or Methodist movement. The great religious revival was now in full career, and Cowper, having already been "converted," yielded readily to the influence of his surroundings, and for the rest of his life was as ardent a devotee of religion as Bunyan himself. At first his absorption was so great that he abandoned all secular concerns, and even sold his library; but, at the instigation of the Rev. Mr. Newton, he was induced to employ his poetical gifts in contributing to a hymn-book which Newton was compiling. Of the product of this employment, Mr. Smith says:

"Cowper's Olney hymns have not any serious value as poetry. Hymns rarely have. The relations of man with Deity transcend and repel poetical treatment. There is nothing in them on which the creative imagination can be exercised. Hymns can be little more than incense of the worshiping soul. Those of the Latin Church are the best; not because they are better poetry than the rest (for they are not), but because their language is the most sonorous. Cowper's hymns were accepted by the religious body for which they were written, as expressions of its spiritual feeling and desires; so far they were successful. They are the work of a religious man of culture, and free from anything wild, erotic, or unctuous. But, on the other hand, there is nothing in them suited to be the vehicle of lofty devotion; nothing that we can conceive a multitude, or even a prayer-meeting, uplifting to heaven with voice and heart."

Cowper's "decided course of Christian happiness," as Mr. Smith calls it, culminated at last in a second fit of madness, and on his recovery from that his friends had opened their eyes to the fact that his way of life was not wholesome, and that he needed a pleasant occupation. He tried in succession drawing, carpentering, gardening; he amused himself with keeping tame hares; and finally, at the suggestion of Mrs. Unwin, who actually chose his themes for him, he resolved to try his hand at poetry on a larger scale. He wrote the "Moral Satires," and a few years later, at the suggestion of another lady friend, who also chose his subject for him, he wrote "The Task," and his future career was fixed. At last, therefore, when he was nearly fifty years of age, Cowper found his true vocation, and became a poet. Commenting upon this late beginning, Mr. Smith says:

"Poetry written late in life is, of course, free from youthful crudity and extravagance. It also

escapes the youthful tendency to imitation. Cowper's authorship is ushered in by Southey with a history of English poetry; but this is hardly in place; Cowper had little connection with anything before him. Even his knowledge of poetry was not great. In his youth he had read the great poets, and had studied Milton especially with the ardor of intense admiration. Nothing ever made him so angry as Johnson's 'Life of Milton.' 'Oh!' he cries, 'I could thrash his old jacket till I made his pension jingle in his pocket.' Churchill had made a great—far too great an—impression on him when he was a Templar. Of Churchill, if of anybody, he must be regarded as a follower, though only in his earlier and less successful poems. In expression he always regarded as a model the neat and gay simplicity of Prior. But so little had he kept up his reading of anything but sermons and hymns that he learned for the first time from Johnson's 'Lives' the existence of Collins. He is the offspring of the religious revival rather than of any school of art. His most important relation to any of his predecessors is, in fact, one of antagonism to the hard glitter of Pope."

Perhaps the most interesting passages in Mr. Smith's essay are the little digressions in which he discusses the various questions suggested by his survey of Cowper's life and work. What he says of Homer and the art of translating, in speaking of Cowper's translation of the Homeric poems, is admirable; so is what he says of Methodism; and so is his analysis of the different kinds of satire. But the most quotable passage is that in which he attacks the assumption which underlies the whole of Cowper's poetry, and which in his (Mr. Smith's) view perverts all Cowper's social judgments:

"He is always deluded by the idol of his cave. He writes perpetually on the twofold assumption that a life of retirement is more favorable to virtue than a life of action, and that 'God made the country, while man made the town.' Both parts of the assumption are untrue. A life of action is more favorable to virtue, as a rule, than a life of retirement, and the development of humanity is higher and richer, as a rule, in the town than in the country. If Cowper's retirement was virtuous, it was so because he was actively employed in the exercise of his highest faculties: had he been a mere idler, secluded from his kind, his retirement would not have been virtuous at all. His flight from the world was rendered necessary by his malady, and respectable by his literary work; but it was a flight and not a victory."

Returning again, in a later chapter, to the same topic, he says:

"An innocent epicurism, tempered by religious asceticism of a mild kind—such is the philosophy of 'The Task,' and such the ideal embodied in the portrait of the happy man with which it concludes.

Whatever may be said of the religious asceticism, the epicurism required a corrective to redeem it from selfishness and guard it against self-deceit. This solitary was serving humanity in the best way he could, not by his prayers, as in one rather fanatical passage he suggests, but by his literary work; he had need also to remember that humanity was serving him. . . . If town-life has its evils, from the city comes all that makes retirement comfortable and civilized. Retirement without the city would have been bookless, and have fed on acorns."

Of Mr. Smith's general estimate of Cowper's quality as a poet, and of his place in the history of English literature, the following passage furnishes the best summary:

"Cowper is the most important English poet of the period between Pope and the illustrious group headed by Wordsworth, Byron, and Shelley, which arose out of the intellectual ferment of the European Revolution. As a reformer of poetry, who called it back from conventionality to nature, and at the same time as the teacher of a new school of sentiment which acted as a solvent upon the existing moral and social system, he may perhaps himself be numbered among the precursors of the Revolution, though he was certainly the mildest of them all. As a sentimentalist he presents a faint analogy to Rousseau, whom in natural temperament he somewhat resembled. He was also the great poet of the religious revival which marked the latter part of the eighteenth century in England, and which was called Evangelicism within the establishment, and Methodism without. In this way he is associated with Wesley and Whitefield, as well as with the philanthropists of the movement, such as Wilberforce, Thornton, and Clarkson. As a poet he touches, on different sides of his character, Goldsmith, Crabbe, and Burns. With Goldsmith and Crabbe he shares the honor of improving English taste in the sense of truthfulness and simplicity.

To Burns he felt his affinity, across a gulf of social circumstance, and in spite of a dialect not yet made fashionable by Scott. Besides his poetry, he holds a high, perhaps the highest, place among English letter-writers."

Those are the opening sentences of the essay, and the sentences with which it closes may profitably be placed in juxtaposition with them:

"Any one whose lot it is to write upon the life and works of Cowper must feel that there is an immense difference between the interest which attaches to him and that which attaches to any one among the far greater poets of the succeeding age. Still, there is something about him so attractive, his voice has such a silver tone, he retains, even in his ashes, such a faculty of winning friends, that his biographer and critic may be easily beguiled into giving him too high a place. He belongs to a particular religious movement, with the vitality of which the interest of a great part of his works has departed or is departing. Still more emphatically and in a still more important sense does he belong to Christianity. In no natural struggle for existence would he have been the survivor; by no natural process of selection would he ever have been picked out as a vessel of honor. If the shield which for eighteen centuries Christ, by his teaching and his death, has spread over the weak things of this world, should fail, and might should again become the title to existence and the measure of worth, Cowper will be cast aside as a specimen of despicable infirmity, and all who have said anything in his praise will be treated with the same scorn."

Of Cowper's incomparable letters, several characteristic specimens are given; but one of the principal defects of Mr. Smith's work is that he has regarded Cowper's letters rather as illustrations of his literary art than as supplying materials for a more intimate personal portrait.

SWINBURNE'S "SONGS OF THE SPRINGTIDES."

"SONGS OF THE SPRINGTIDES" is an inviting name for a volume of poems published in the early summer. It suggests Nature in her two most exhilarating aspects—the new life of the summer and the ever-new life of the sea. Most poets have said something worth saying about the summer, the beauty of which is so various and so easily indicated, if not depicted. But, after a few epithets, what can the poet say to recall that beauty whose deepest and most abiding charm is oneness—monotony of voice and monotony of color?

The poet who does not love the sea can, one

would think, be but half a poet; yet rarely till the present century have the poets succeeded in the attempt to express that peculiar kind of exhilaration which accompanies a morning swim in the sea or a sail on it in summer, and which no other sort of experience brings. Still, a word must be said for Falconer's "Shipwreck." Falconer had the rare good fortune to be second mate in the *Britannia* (shipwrecked off Cape Colonna), to be midshipman on a still more famous and ill-fated ship, the *Royal George*, and at last, and above all, to perish in a shipwreck himself. It would be unfair, therefore, to put Falconer into

competition with any other poet of the sea; but it is remarkable how picturesque his poem is. That so picturesque a poem upon the most poetical of all subjects should be so entirely forgotten shows that not only the poets, but the readers of poetry, have "suffered a sea-change"—have taken, in fact, to the steam-packet and the bathing-machine.

The naval poetry of Campbell and Dibdin's sea-songs come under a different category from "The Shipwreck." The glories of man's achievements on the sea, not the glories of the sea itself, form their inspiration; and the sea, who is a jealous mistress, takes no delight in them. Shelley's love of the sea, genuine as it is, has the pathetic unwittingness of the child or of the holiday excursionist, who little knows the savagery lurking beneath the sea's bright smile. As we listen to Shelley's praise of the sea, we can not help recalling the admiral of the "paper boats." In Byron's case it is often difficult to say whether the emotion is genuine. The address to the ocean in "Childe Harold" is written for Bond Street; but in "Don Juan" there is the true smell of the brine. But it was Coleridge who knew, by force of an imagination far transcending that of any of his contemporaries, the secrets the sea reserves for the solitary visitant like the Ancient Mariner, and which other men only learn from personal experience. It may be said of all Nature that no man really knows her who has not been with her often and long alone. Man's unconquerable gregariousness has been the great agent in his progress; but how much has he not lost by it! Nature has ceased to speak to him at all, and to know what she is saying he has to consult the birds, beasts, and fishes, as Thoreau discovered long before he joined them. It is especially so with

"The surgy murmurs of the lonely sea."

Victor Hugo had said some beautiful things about the sea, but it was only when he was driven to Guernsey by Fate—that is to say, the Empire—that he could, as a solitary, find anything to say about the sea that it was worth a sailor's while to greatly heed. In blessing Hugo for "Les Tra-vailleurs de la Mer," it was quite consistent that Mr. Swinburne should bless the Emperor, to whom indirectly we owe that marvelous sea-picture, and Mr. Swinburne has not, as the reader will find, neglected so favorable an opportunity.

Mr. Swinburne's passion for the sea is well known; in writing about it he is always at his best, and in this book it is clear that he has caught those very sea-secrets which only Coleridge among poets has caught before him. His present volume consists of three poems of some length, which, as the descriptions are chiefly of

the sea and the seacoast, have a connection with each other, followed by a birthday ode to Victor Hugo. The sea-air blows through them all, and the book is appropriately dedicated to Mr. E. J. Trelawney, who is as interesting on account of his own romantic life by sea and land as from the association of his name with the two great poets whom he had the honor to call friends.

"Thalassius," which opens the book, tells the story of an imaginary youth so named, who was found as an infant on the seashore:

"Upon the flowery fore-front of the year,
One wandering by the gray-green April sea
Found on a reach of shingle and shallower sand
A babe asleep with flower-soft face that gleamed
To sun and seaward as it laughed and dreamed.
For when July strewed fire on earth and sea
The last time ere that year,
Out of the flame of morn Cymothoe
Beheld one brighter than the sunbright sphere
Move toward her from its fieriest heart, whence
trod
The live sun's very God,
Across the foam-bright water-ways that are
As heavenlier heavens with star for answering star,
And on her eyes, and hair, and maiden mouth,
Felt a kiss falling fierier than the South,
And heard above afar
A noise of songs and wind-enamored wings,
And lutes and lyres of milder and mightier strings,
And round the resonant radiance of his car,
Where depth is one with height,
Light heard as music, music seen as light,
And with that second moon-dawn of the spring's
That fosters the first rose,
A sun-child whiter than the sunlit snows
Was born out of the world of sunless things
That round the round earth flows and ebbs and
flows."

He who found the child was an aged poet and hero; perhaps the initiated may recognize him. He fed the boy with—

"... food of deep memorial days long sped;
For bread with wisdom and with song for wine
Clear as the full calm's emerald hyaline.

High things the high song taught him; how the
breath

Too frail for life may be more strong than death;
And this poor flash of sense in life, that gleams
As a ghost's glory in dreams,
More stable than the world's own heart's root
seems,

By that strong faith of lordliest love which gives
To death's own sightless-seeming eyes a light
Clearer, to death's bare bones a verier might,
Than shines or strikes from any man that lives.
How he that loves life overmuch shall die
The dog's death, utterly:

One fairer thing he showed him, and in might
 More strong than day and night
 Whose strengths build up time's towering period:
 Yea, one thing stronger and more high than God,
 Which if man had not, then should God not be:
 And that was Liberty.
 And gladly should man die to gain, he said,
 Freedom: and gladlier, having lost, lie dead.

And love the high song taught him: love that
 turns
 God's heart toward man as man's to Godward;
 love
 That life and death and life are fashioned of,
 From the first breath that burns
 Half kindled on the flower-like yeanling's lip,
 So light and faint that life seems like to slip,
 To that yet weaker drawn
 When sunset dies of night's devouring dawn
 But the man dying not wholly as all men dies
 If aught be left of his in live men's eyes
 Out of the dawnless dark of death to rise;
 If aught of deed or word
 Be seen for all time or of all time heard.
 Love, that though body and soul were overthrown
 Should live for love's sake of itself alone,
 Though spirit and flesh were one thing doomed
 and dead,
 Not wholly annihilated.

And hate the song too taught him; hate of all
 That brings or holds in thrall
 Of spirit or flesh, free-born ere God began,
 The holy body and sacred soul of man.
 And whosoever a curse was or a chain,
 A throne for torment or a crown for bane
 Rose, molded out of poor men's molten pain.

And like sea-winds upon loud waters ran
 His days and dreams together, till the joy
 Burned in him of the boy.
 Till the earth's great comfort and the sweet sea's
 breath
 Breathed and blew life in where was heartless
 death,
 Death spirit-stricken of soul-sick days, where strife
 Of thought and flesh made mock of death and life.
 And grace returned upon him of his birth,
 Where heaven was mixed with heaven-like sea
 and earth;
 And song shot forth strong wings that took the sun
 From inward, fledged with might of sorrow and
 mirth
 And father's fire made mortal in his son.
 Nor was not spirit of strength in blast and breeze
 To exalt again the sun's child and the sea's;
 For as wild mares in Thessaly grow great
 With child of ravishing winds, that violate
 Their leaping length of limb with manes like fire
 And eyes outburning heaven's
 With fires more violent than the lightning levin's
 And breath drained out and desperate of desire,

Even so the spirit in him, when winds grew strong,
 Grew great with child of song.

Till one clear day when brighter sea-wind blew
 And louder sea-shine lightened, for the waves
 Were full of godhead and the light that saves,
 His father's, and their spirit had pierced him
 through,
 He felt strange breath and light all round him shed
 That bowed him down with rapture; and he knew
 His father's hand, hallowing his humbled head,
 And the old great voice of the old good time, that
 said:

'Child of my sunlight and the sea, from birth
 A fosterling and fugitive on earth;
 Sleepless of soul as wind or wave or fire,
 A man-child with an ungrown God's desire;
 Because thou hast loved naught mortal more than
 me,

Thy father, and thy mother-hearted sea;
 Because thou hast set thine heart to sing, and sold
 Life and life's love for song, God's living gold;
 Because thou hast given thy flower and fire of youth
 To feed men's hearts with visions, truer than truth;
 Because thou hast kept in those world-wandering
 eyes

The light that makes me music of the skies;
 Because thou hast heard with world-unwearing ears
 The music that puts light into the spheres;
 Have therefore in thine heart and in thy mouth
 The sound of song that mingles north and south,
 The song of all the winds that sing of me,
 And in thy soul the sense of all the sea.'

"On the Cliffs," the second poem in the volume, being more subjective in its *motif* and more remote in its language, is not likely to meet with so ready sympathy—perhaps not with so ready comprehension—as the above. The quotations from Æschylus and Sappho, together with certain other allusions which seem to be of an occult autobiographic nature, make the poem more recondite than a poem ought to be. This, however, is the gist of it: The poet listening to the song of the nightingale, as he stands on the cliffs in the south of England, recalls to his memory how, in years gone by, he discovered the nightingale's song to be the song of Sappho, and that, through the voice of the bird, Sappho was specially addressing him. And then follows the conclusion that, as the nightingale is Sappho, there were no nightingales in the world when Sappho was herself—a conclusion which is inevitable, though no doubt it will satisfy the logician better than the ornithologist. The metrical music in this poem is so invoken that to make extracts would convey no adequate idea of its nature. Nor would it be easy to exaggerate the perfect manner in which Sappho's cadence is caught in such a passage as this:

"Bid not ache nor agony break nor master,
 Lady, my spirit."

Again, take the following (where both readings are marvelously translated) and compare it with Sappho :

" ποικιλόφρον' [v. ἰ. ποικιλόφρον], ἄδωναι' Ἀφροδίτα,
παῖ Διὸς δολωλόκε, λίσσομαι τε
μή μ' ἄσπασι μηδ' ὀνίστασι δάμνα,
πότνια, θυμόν.

*O thou of divers-colored mind, O thou
Deathless, God's daughter subtle-souled—lo, now,
Now too the song above all songs, in flight
Higher than the day-star's height,
And sweet as sound the moving wings of night !
Thou of the divers-colored seat—behold,
Her very song of old !—*

*O deathless, O God's daughter subtle-souled !
That same cry through this boskage overhead
Rings round reiterated,
Palpitates as the last palpitated,
The last that panted through her lips and died
Not down this gray north sea's half-sapped cliff-
side*

*That crumbles toward the coast-line, year by year
More near the sands and near ;
The last loud lyric fiery cry she cried,
Heard once on heights Leucadian—heard not
here."*

Owing to its subject, the poem can not but recall Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale." Nor will the reader fail to be struck with the contrast between the two poets. With Keats, as with his great successor Mr. Tennyson, fine as is the melody, it is made subservient to outline and color ; with Mr. Swinburne, more even than with Shelley, color and outline both yield to music. The first aim of Keats is to paint a picture ; the first aim of Mr. Swinburne is to sing a song. Mr. F. Hueffer, in his book upon Wagner, tells us that Weber, in driving through a beautiful country, could only enjoy its beauty by translating it into beautiful music. The same may be said of Mr. Swinburne with regard to verbal music, as it also may be said of Shelley. A greater than all these would be he whose color and whose music are so interfused that each seems born of the other. And though Keats in the "Ode to a Nightingale," has certainly done this, it is of Coleridge, the father of them all, that he learned it—that Coleridge, whose "Kubla Khan" it would perhaps have taken the combined forces of all his poetic children to produce. For there he conquers the poet's crowning difficulty, that of stealing from prose as much distinctness of color and sharpness of outline as can be imported into verse with as little sacrifice as possible of melody. The reason why, in prose, speech is "loosened" is that, untrammelled by the laws of metre, language is able more accurately to imitate ; though speech, even when "loosened," can not compete in accuracy of imitation with the plastic arts ; for its media

are not colors nor solids, but arbitrary symbols of color and form. The moment language has to be governed by the laws of metre—the moment there begins the conflict between the claims of verbal music and the claims of color and form—then sharpness of outline, mere vividness of picture, such as prose easily achieves, have in some degree to be sacrificed ; but the greatest master is he who borrows the most that can be borrowed from prose and loses the least that can be lost from verse. No doubt, this is what every poet tries to do by instinct ; but some sacrifice on each side there must be, and poets may be divided into those who make picturesqueness yield to music, and those who make music yield to picturesqueness. So decidedly does Mr. Swinburne yield to the former—so instinctively does he produce the melodious emotion caused by physical beauty rather than a picture representing that beauty—that, except in "The Garden of Cymodoce," there is not in his poems an individual landscape such as we get in Wordsworth and in Mr. Tennyson ; nor is there in his entire poems a portrait of a beautiful woman, such as Byron's Haidée or Mr. Tennyson's Gardener's Daughter.

Between the reader and the woods where Mr. Swinburne's nightingale is singing there rolls such a flood of musical sound that eyesight is numbed by the delicious sense of hearing ; while Keats, in some magical way, takes us into the gloom of the enchanted thicket, and this he does by continually giving us glimpses of the actual picture itself which is causing the emotion at the heart of the song. To do this, however, there must be underneath the emotion a certain calm. "The Garden of Cymodoce" is a rapturous description of the Isle of Sark. Calmness being necessary in description, it follows that in English verse the natural metre for descriptive poetry is the iambic. Anapæsts and dactyls are too subjective and emotional to really depict external nature. Moreover, we mistrust the accuracy of any witness if he shows himself to be *tête montée*, as the poet must be to legitimately write in the dancing measures at all. Consequently, "The Garden of Cymodoce," triumphing as it undoubtedly does over metrical difficulties never before attempted by the descriptive poet, and being, at the same time, full of picturesqueness, has something of the air of a *tour de force*. This is inevitable ; but it would be difficult to exaggerate the beauty of this poem. Here are a few lines :

" Sea, and bright wind, and heaven of ardent air,
More dear than all things earth-born ; O to me
Mother more dear than love's own longing sea,
More than love's eyes are, fair,
Be with my spirit of song as wings to bear,

As fire to feel and breathe and brighten ; be
A spirit of sense more deep of deity,
A light of love, if love may be, more strong
In me than very song.

For song I have loved with second love, but thee,
Thee first, thee, mother ; ere my songs had breath,
That love of loves, whose bondage makes man free,
Was in me strong as death.

And seeing no slave may love thee, no, not one
That loves not freedom more,

And more for thy sake loves her, and for hers
Thee ; or that hates not, on whate'er thy shore
Or what thy wave soever, all things done
Of man beneath the sun

In his despite and thine, to cross and curse
Your light and song that as with lamp and verse
Guide safe the strength of our sphered universe,
Thy breath it was, thou knowest, and none but
thine,

That taught me love of one thing more divine.

" O flower of all wind-flowers and sea-flowers,
Made lovelier by love of the sea
Than thy golden own field-flowers, or tree-flowers
Like foam of the sea-facing tree !
No foot but the sea-mew's there settles
On the spikes of thine anthers like horns,
With snow-colored spray for thy petals,
Black rocks for thy thorns.

" Was it here, in the waste of his waters,
That the lordly north wind, when his love
On the fairest of many kings' daughters
Bore down for a spoil from above,
Chose forth of all farthest far islands,
As a haven to harbor her head,
Of all lowlands on earth and all highlands,
His bride-worthy bed ?

" Or haply, my sea-flower, he found thee
Made fast as with anchors to land,
And broke, that his waves might be round thee,
Thy fetters like rivets of sand ?
And afar by the blast of him drifted
Thy blossom of beauty was borne,
As a lark by the heart in her lifted
To mix with the morn ?

" By what rapture of rage, by what vision
Of a heavenlier heaven than above,
Was he moved to devise thy division
From the land as a rest for his love ?
As a nest when his wings would remeasure
The ways where of old they would be,
As a bride-bed upbuilt for his pleasure
By sea-rock and sea ? "

As an ode in the regular Pindaric form of strophe, antistrophe, and epode, the birthday ode for the anniversary festival of Victor Hugo would be a remarkable performance apart from its wealth of poetry and nobility of tone. It was a strange misconception that led people for centuries to use the words "Pindaric" and "irregular" as synonymous terms, whereas the very

essence of the odes of Pindar (those, alas ! which survive to us) is their regularity. There is no more difficult form of poetry. When in any poetical composition the metres are varied, there must be a reason for such freedom, and that reason is properly subjective—the varying form should embody and express the varying emotions of the singer. But when these metrical variations are governed by no subjective law at all, but by the arbitrary rules evolved from the practice of Pindar, then that very variety which should aid the poet in expressing his emotion crystallizes it and makes the ode the most frigid of all compositions. So intense, however, is Mr. Swinburne's rapturous enthusiasm in praising one glorious achievement after another of the poet at whose feet it is his pride to sit, that he has produced a Pindaric ode which, instead of chilling the reader, warms him to something akin to the poet's own temper. The allusions to the varying subjects of "La Légende des Siècles" are very striking :

" But now from all the world-old winds of the air
One blast of record rings,
As from time's hidden springs,
With roar of rushing wings and fires that bear
Toward north and south sonorous, east and west,
Forth of the dark wherein its records rest,
The story told of the ages, writ nor sung
By man's hand ever nor by mortal tongue
Till, godlike with desire,
One tongue of man took fire,
One hand laid hold upon the lightning, one
Rose up to bear time witness what the sun
Had seen, and what the moon and stars of night
Beholding lost not light :
From dawn to dusk what ways man wandering trod
Even through the twilight of the gods to God.

" From dawn of man and woman twain and one,
When the earliest dews imperaled
The front of all the world
Ringed with aurean aureole of the sun,
To days that saw Christ's tears and hallowing
breath
Put life for love's sake in the lips of death,
And years as waves whose brine was fire, whose foam
Blood, and the ravage of Neronian Rome ;
And the eastern crescent's horn
Mightier awhile than morn ;
And knights whose lives were flights of eagles'
wings,
And lives like snakes' lives of engendering kings ;
And all the ravin of all the swords that reap
Lives cast as sheaves on heap
From all the billowing harvest-fields of fight ;
And sounds of love-songs lovelier than the light."

The fine enthusiasm and noble temper which are the characteristics of this volume can hardly fail to gain for it a wide audience.

London Athenæum.

CAPTAIN ORTIS'S BOOTY: A BALLAD.

CAPTAIN ORTIS (the tale I tell
Petit told in his chronicle)
Won from Alva, for service and duty
At Antwerp's surrender, the strangest booty.

Then each captain gained—as I hear—
That for guerdon he held most dear,
Chose what in chief he set heart of his on;
Out strode Ortis and claimed—the prison!

Such a tumult! For, be assured,
Greatly the judges and priests demurred;
No mere criminals alone in that Stygian
Darkness died, but the foes of religion.

There lay heretics by the score,
Anabaptists and many more
Hard to catch; but let loose when caught your
Timid squirrels, forego the torture?

Never! Suddenly sank the noise;
Alva spoke in his steely voice:
"He's my soldier sans flaw or blemish;
Let him burn as he likes these Flemish!"

"Sire, as you please," the Governor said,
"Only King Philip's edict read—"
Alva spoke: "What is King or Cortes?"
"Open the portals!" cried Captain Ortis.

"Loose the prisoners; set them free:
Only—each pays a ransom fee."
Out, be sure, flowed the gold in buckets,
Piles on piles of broad Flanders ducats.

Ay, and there followed not gold alone;
Men and women and children thrown
In chains to perish came out forgiven,
Saw light, friends' faces, and thought it heaven.

Out they staggered, so halt and blind
From rack and darkness they scarce could find
The blessed gate where daughter and mother,
Father and brother, all found each other.

"Freedom! Our darlings! Let God be praised!"
So cried all; then said one amazed,
"Who is he under heaven that gave us
Thought and pity—who cared to save us?"

"Captain Ortis," the answer ran,
"The Spanish lancer. Here's the man.
Ay, but don't kill him with too much caressing;
Death's sour salad with sweetest dressing."

Danger indeed; for never had been
 In brave old Antwerp such a scene:
 Boldest patriot, fairest woman,
 Blessing him, knelt to the Spanish foeman.

Ortis looted his prize of gold;
 And yet I think, if the truth be told,
 He found, when the ducats were gone with the pleasure,
 That heretic blessing a lasting treasure.

Still my Captain, to certain eyes,
 Seems war-hardened and worldly-wise.
 "Twere for a hero (you say) more handsome
 To give the freedom, nor take the ransom."

True; but think of this hero's lot.
 No Quixote he, nor Sir Launcelot;
 But a needy soldier half-starved, remember,
 With cold and hunger, that northern December.

Just such a one as Parma meant,
 Writing to Philip in discontent:
 "Antwerp must yield to our men ere much longer,
 Unless you leave us to die of hunger.

"Wages, raiment, they do without,
 Wine—fire even—they'll learn, no doubt,
 To live without meat for their mouths; they're zealous,
 Only they die first as yet, poor fellows."

Yes, and I praise him, for my part,
 This man war-beaten and tough of heart,
 Who—scheming a booty, no doubt—yet planned it
 More like a saint, as I think, than a bandit.

What, my friend, is't too coarse for you?
 Will naught less than a Galahad do?
 Well; far nobler, it seems, your sort is;
 But I—I declare for bold Captain Ortis!

A. MARY F. ROBINSON (*Cornhill Magazine*).

BRIEFS ON RECENT NOVELS.

ACCORDING to Hazlitt, the test of mastery in creative fiction is less in contrasting characters that are unlike than in distinguishing those that are like. This was said apropos of Miss Austen, the *dramatis personæ* of whose novels usually resemble each other about as closely as do the members of a casual group of persons brought together in real life, and whose differences of character and taste are discriminated with the rarest and most delicate art; but the rigid application of such a test would relegate the greater part of recent and contemporary fiction to a distinctly secondary place. The novelists of our day render wellnigh unanimous homage to what we may call the law of contraries; and their most piquant effects are usually obtained by setting

heroes over against villains, hoydens *vis-à-vis* with prudes, beauty with ugliness, and muscular Christianity with its most vapid conceivable type of "æsthetic" effeminacy. Even those who have advanced their art beyond such crude and violent contrasts seem to consider it necessary to accentuate their coloring by eliminating all the intervening tints, and bringing into juxtaposition persons whose characters and temperaments and dispositions are inherently and radically different. When an exceptionally frivolous and flirtatious young lady is delineated, we may expect with confidence that a foil will be secured by the speedy introduction of the serious-minded, intense, and devoted young woman, whose sterling and intrinsic qualities shall put the other to

shame, and themselves derive luster from the contrast; and the reticent, cynical, somewhat brutal young man of the period—always endowed with feelings which are profound in proportion to the difficulty of arousing them—is sure to be coupled either with the voluble, facile, and superficially fascinating Lothario, or with the depressing youth whose disposition is good, whose manners are complaisant, and whose character, as a natural consequence, is fatally weak. This is the reason, perhaps, why in most contemporary novels the characters seem to be types rather than individuals; and why the part which each is to play in the story can be foreseen with such deadly precision from the very beginning.

Even so great a master of his art as Mr. Howells is not above availing himself of such assistance as these sharp and vivid contrasts afford. His young men, in particular, are apt to run in couples, and their respective qualities are nearly always such as illustrate the law that contraries attract, while picturesque emphasis is secured by bringing and keeping them together.

The familiar pair—with characters so different this time as to be fairly antipathetic—reappear in "The Undiscovered Country";* but the usual relations between them are not preserved after they have served to define each other's type, and, in fact, it must be said that in this new story Mr. Howells has struck a much deeper note than in any of his previous ones. We have become so accustomed to looking to Mr. Howells for piquant and humorous glimpses of the *comédie humaine* and for charming versions of the relations that may arise between young men and maidens, that we had come to regard this as defining both his faculty and his limitations as a novelist; but "The Undiscovered Country" shows that he is a thinker as well as an observer, and that in depicting the "vain show of things" he has not been oblivious of the profounder problems which human life presents. Spiritualism is the theme of his novel, and Shakerism furnishes the most "telling" of his accessories; and while he treats them as an artist—that is, not didactically, by way of exposition or analysis, but dramatically, as manifested in the conduct and speech of strongly individualized persons—he does not use them merely as literary material. The theory and phenomena of spiritualism and its defects as a creed have never been more luminously set forth; and as penetrating criticism as the subject has received is that which he puts into the mouth of the dying Boynton, who says that spiritualism is "a grosser materialism than that which it denies; a materialism that asserts and affirms, and appeals for proof to purely physical phenomena"; and that "it is as thoroughly godless as atheism itself, and no man can accept it upon any other man's word, because it has not yet shown its truth in the ameliorated life of men." But the strength of the book lies primarily in its character-drawing. Dr. Boynton, the unworldly en-

thusiast—the innocent victim of his own illusions—is by far the profoundest and most subtle study in human nature that Mr. Howells has yet attempted; and Ford, the hard-headed, self-sufficient skeptic, is scarcely less successful if less interesting. The personality of Egeria is somewhat deficient in definiteness, but she pervades the book like a benignant and gracious presence.

Were books to be classified by their essential rather than by their nominal contents, a librarian would be puzzled to decide whether to place Mrs. Whitney's "Odd, or Even?"* in the department of theology or of novels. A queerer mixture of love-making and religion, of dogma and sentiment, was probably never set before the reader; and the ethical purpose, which in the earlier stories was not unduly obtrusive, has, under the provocation of criticism, become in the later one the most prominent and dominant motive. Indeed, the author has become aggressive on the subject, and formally avows her determination to preach as well as to amuse:

"He came, and they went on talking, catching as they could the light that fell upon these mighty ideas. I should like you to hear something of what they said, but you will tell me, as I have been told before, that I 'sermonize,' that people don't talk so every day. Granted; but there are days, and there are people, and there are such golden grains in all the falling sands of common days, if we will only pick them up; so that, for my part, I can no more tell a story of any real living and keep the Word of Life out of it than Mr. Dick could keep Charles I's head out of his memorial. So that, in consequence, they who care for my memorial must take the head with it, and maybe learn how it fits in—in the influence and history of things."

Of what is meant here by the Word of Life, the following passage is a fair example:

"France [a young girl of eighteen or so] had begun replacing her cards. The wind of the mountain had swept them gently together, the one under the other. In her mind was this thought: The great pyramid-workers worked under command, just by inch and cubit; and they came out in agreement with the sun and the stars; and in the middle of it was that man-measure, nothing else; but the way to that was the history of heavens and earth. I wonder if it was *made* for chronology and sky-pointing; or if it *had* to be true with them, being true with itself? I wonder if the pyramid was built less for a stone miracle of revelation than to show how everything that stands on the right foundation-line, and builds up by *perfect* inches, comes to what tells of all the miracles, and stands straight up under the sun, so that all the sun-measures are in it? 'Mr. Kingsworth' (she put her question aloud), 'didn't the pyramid just turn out so, do you suppose, because of that beginning, and keeping on, upon the right inch? and didn't it get square with astronomy and history exactly because it was first square with the daylight, without Melchisedek, or anybody, knowing how it was to be?'"

It will be admitted, we think, that to encounter such passages at frequent intervals in a narrative

* The Undiscovered Country. By W. D. Howells. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

* Odd, or Even? By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

must be rather trying to a reader who has no premonition of what is coming, and no fair chance to skip; and they are all the more trying because of their sharp contrast with Mrs. Whitney's ordinary method as a story-teller. In so far as Mrs. Whitney is a novelist, she belongs to the realistic school, and nothing of the kind could surpass the minute fidelity of her pictures of farm-life and farm-scenes in Fel-laiden, while Sarell's (the hired girl's) talk, and manner, and conduct, are a masterpiece of realistic portraiture. Indeed, if Mrs. Whitney could only bring herself to recognize the legitimate aim and necessary limitations of a novel, there is no reason why she should not write stories which should present as valuable and as entertaining pictures of certain phases of New England life as any that Mrs. Beecher Stowe has given us. She has several of the most essential qualities of a novelist—perception of character, skill in representing it, a realistic imagination, and a subtle appreciation of the action and reaction of persons upon one another and of circumstances upon all—but her ever-present sense of the importance of "doing good" by her work overpowers and renders futile her capabilities as an artist. Still, it must be candidly admitted that Mrs. Whitney has consistently adhered from the first to her own conception of the obligations of her art, and that she has never failed to secure both readers and admirers. And, this being so, we are brought at last to saying of "Odd, or Even?" that, "for them that like this sort of thing, this is the sort of thing that they will like."

Very different in aim and method from Mrs. Whitney's somewhat austere story, but exhibiting the same traits of homely realism, insight into character, and aptitude for the picturesque in nature and in human life, is "Uncle Jack's Executors." * Miss Noble is, we take it, a very young, or at least an inexperienced writer, and should she follow up her experiment will probably do much better work. She will learn, for instance, that a series of almost disconnected scenes and adventures is not a novel, even though the same persons figure in them; that a story, to hold the interest of the reader, must have some continuity of development; and that the best expression of a genuine vein of humor is not a number of independent stories and anecdotes, however good these may be. She will also succeed, let us hope, in imparting to her men something of the naturalness and individuality which characterize the women of the present story, and not insist upon bestowing the masculine gender upon the most preposterously mechanical of lay figures. But, upon its own merits, "Uncle Jack's Executors" may be pronounced a thoroughly readable and enjoyable story, and one which is wholesome as well. To be introduced into the intimate life of a household where cordial affection and mutual helpfulness and forbearance smooth the difficulties of a situation, not easy or pleasant in

itself, can hardly fail to prove beneficial to the reader; and Mrs. Whitney might learn from it how a story whose primary aim is to amuse may, without "sermonizing," be made to exercise a helpful and tonic influence also. In fiction, as in real life, example and not precept is the most effective teacher and preacher.

Another volume in the same series * is a reproduction of a story which had some vogue a generation ago, and which is chiefly interesting as marking the change which has come over the popular taste in respect of fiction. "A Stranded Ship" is obviously the product of a period when animation of narrative and variety of incident were demanded, rather than the modern subtleties of character analysis and portraiture which have rendered the "story" a very subordinate element of a novel. And it is a very good specimen of its class. Crime, remorse, atonement, battle, shipwreck, heroes, villains, superhuman daring, angelic loveliness, poetic justice—all the paraphernalia of the old-time *raconteur* are liberally used; nor is there any stint of those marvelous coincidences which were the chief weapon in the arsenal of the romanticists, and of which one only would be considered an intolerable violation of that "realism" which has now become the shibboleth and the test.

Whether or not the new style of fiction is inherently superior to the old, it is certainly more difficult to achieve success in. The author of "Mrs. Beauchamp Brown" † would have written an excellent story of the old-time "thrilling" sort, and could probably have gone on writing them indefinitely, for fertility of invention is the distinctive merit of her work; but the clearness of vision, firmness of grasp, and delicacy of touch that are indispensable to the successful representation of character are, at this stage of her experience, clearly beyond her. For this reason, "Mrs. Beauchamp Brown" is disappointing. It starts off with the promise of a bright, clever, somewhat satirical story of society; but it soon degenerates into a peculiarly tawdry type of melodrama, and thenceforth drags contentedly along at the lower level. Even the characters, at first finely conceived and clearly outlined, undergo the same process of degradation. Margaret Ufford, the true heroine of the story, gives promise at the beginning of being an almost tragic, and certainly a brilliant and pathetic figure; but she speedily develops the worst characteristics of the conventional flirt, and, in working out what the author supposes to be retribution, she is dragged through mire whose taint will no more "out" than would the bloodstains upon Lady Macbeth's hand. The scene of the story is laid partly in Boston, and the rumor has been industriously circulated that it introduces certain *bona fide* members of Boston society; but the truth is that neither in Boston nor elsewhere have

* Knickerbocker Novels. Uncle Jack's Executors. By Annette Lucile Noble. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

* Knickerbocker Novels. A Stranded Ship: A Story of Sea and Shore. By L. Clarke Davis. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

† No-Name (Second) Series. Mrs. Beauchamp Brown. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

such people ever lived, moved, and had their being. Mrs. Beauchamp Brown was probably suggested by an actual person, but even she has none of the realism of a portrait; and the other characters and situations are the offspring of a fancy fed upon the romances of Bulwer, G. P. R. James, and Henry Kingsley. We have spoken of the anonymous author as a woman; and we hope she is a *very* young one—too young to be aware of the vulgarity and coarseness of certain of the incidents, situations, and conversations which she introduces so naively.

Much higher in the quality of its workmanship than any of the preceding stories, yet not quite entitled to be called a great novel, is "Mademoiselle de Mersac,"* a story in which the skill and vividness of the character-drawing are only equaled by the appropriateness and lifelikeness of the accessories. No one, we imagine, will begin the story without becoming absorbingly interested and following it eagerly to the end; and, after finishing it, few will be indisposed to admit that it is far above the average of current fiction. Its chief defect is that, skillfully as its characters are delineated, they are not attractive—even Jeanne, the heroine, is far less pleasing than the author evidently intended and supposes her to be; and the great reading public, which is said to be intolerant of sad endings to novels, will find this one overpoweringly, oppressively sad. Since "The Mill on the Floss" we have read no story whose pathos has affected us more powerfully than this; and Mr. Norris has not reconciled us to it beforehand as George Eliot did by making the sorrowful end appear unavoidable, inevitable, fatalistic. Jeanne de Mersac in real life ought to have found no insuperable difficulty in choosing between her suitors; and, at any rate, the reader will be sure to resent "the deep damnation of her taking off."

In "Second Thoughts,"† Miss Rhoda Broughton has dropped her sensational and somewhat hoydenish tone, and has given us as pretty and proper a love-story as one would care to read. The old process of the taming of a shrew has seldom been more neatly and effectively depicted; and, aside from its sparkle and vivacity, the story possesses qualities which make it really valuable as a picture of upper middle-class life in England. One hopes, indeed, that the Tarltons, however piquant as exceptions, are not average specimens; and the amount of passion and turbulence concentrated into six months of the heroine's life fairly takes the breath away from quiet, humdrum readers. Yet, in spite of a certain over-emphasis in the coloring, the present story is a marked advance both in tone and style over the author's previous ones, and is certainly not inferior to them in readableness.

Less original than "Cripps, the Carrier," and less sensational than "Erema," Mr. Blackmore's

"Mary Anerley"* is a reversion to the earlier type of his stories, and reminds one of "Alice Lorraine" and "Lorna Doone." The resemblance, however, is only in what may be called the substance and atmosphere of the story; the style is more manneristic than ever, and the author's all-pervasive personality is more distinct and individual, not to say obtrusive. In one respect, indeed, the novel is almost *sui generis*. From beginning to end it is written in a tone which is not quite ironical and not quite satirical, but a most curious intermingling of the two, the whole being flavored with a *souffron* of caustic, almost cynical, humor. The result is undeniably piquant; but, as it detracts from the apparent sincerity, it detracts also from the interest of the story. It does not do for an author too obviously to look down upon the people he has created, for the reader is apt to adopt the same supercilious attitude toward them, and nothing could be more unpropitious to that cordial sympathy which should subsist between the reader and the characters whose fortunes he is following. In spite of its defects, however, "Mary Anerley" is an eminently readable and enjoyable story, and there is material enough in it for a dozen novels of the conventional type.

If Mr. Blackmore's novel is obviously the work of a trained and skillful veteran, "Reata"† is as obviously the work of a beginner, but of a beginner who has several of the most essential qualifications for the work she has undertaken. Miss Gerard (the chapter on "millinery" reveals the sex of the author) knows how to individualize and interpret character; she has constructed a plot which holds its interest to the last; she manages a crowd of *dramatis personæ* without confusion or hurry; and she has maintained the substantial homogeneity of her story in spite of the fact that its scene is laid alternately in Germany, Mexico, and Poland. If its dimensions were reduced by a third, and if the last half of it were equal to the first, "Reata" would be a story of the very first rank; and, as it is, no one will read it without both enjoying and admiring it. Its fault as a picture of life is, that the author makes the common mistake of assuming that there is a natural and necessary association between boorishness of manners and roughness of speech and sincerity. A very little observation of the world suffices to show that there is no more prevalent affectation than that of cynicism and of superiority to social conventions; and, however unpicturesque it may be, it is an easily verified fact that ill manners and ill nature usually go together. For this reason, in spite of the clear case which the author makes out, we can not, with entire heartiness, congratulate "Reata" upon her loss of Otto and gain of Arnold. But, whether her choice suits us or not, we can frankly admit that a principal charm of the story

* Mademoiselle de Mersac. By W. E. Norris. Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper & Brothers.

† Second Thoughts. By Rhoda Broughton. Appleton's New Handy-Volume Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

* Mary Anerley. A Yorkshire Tale. By R. D. Blackmore. Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper & Brothers.

† Reata: What's in a Name? A Novel. By E. D. Gerard. Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper & Brothers.

lies in the fact that the love-making is not of the usual pallid and insipid type, but has something of the warmth and stir of genuine passion.

A novel by Anthony Trollope hardly affords the critic a text for extended comment, and it is enough to say of "The Duke's Children" * that it is as long, as realistic, as facile, as easy to read, and as easy to forget, as any one of its score or two of predecessors. It is rather more entertaining, perhaps, than some of its more recent predecessors, because it brings again upon the stage our old friend the Duke of Omnium; but it must be confessed that the Duke's children hardly give promise of being as good company as the Duke himself has been.

It must be all of twenty-five years ago since Mr. John Esten Cooke gave the world his romance, "The Virginia Comedians," and recently he has written a book which, from its title, "The Virginia Bohemians," † naturally recalls the earlier production. "The Virginia Comedians" was a story of the colonial period, and turned upon incidents grow-

ing out of the appearance in the colony of Virginia of a company of actors from England; "The Virginia Bohemians" is a story of the present day, and this also has for its basis the doings of certain performers in a circus company. The stories as stories have no resemblance beyond these two coincidences; but as literary works they bear marks of the same hand. Mr. Cooke always exhibits a fondness for the romantic and picturesque, which sometimes carries him to the verge of the impossible; he is disposed to deal with types rather than with sharply drawn individualities; his style is clear and direct; his scenes are often dramatic and stirring; but his books fall short of the place they aspire to by careless and off-hand work. "The Virginia Bohemians" is interesting rather than satisfying. The out-of-door, free life depicted has considerable charm, although much of it taxes the reader's credulity not a little; and his several heroines are agreeable, despite the fact that they are evidently drawn from the writer's imagination rather than from nature.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IN the story of "Dr. Heidenhoff's Process," Mr. Edward Bellamy has for his motive a theme which might have been aptly illustrated in the way of motto by a passage from "Macbeth":

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?"

The idea that by a potion or other process the mind may be released from painful memories is certainly an alluring one, especially to what we may call the psychological romancist. We can not at this moment recall anything of Hawthorne's that turns upon this idea, which is a little strange, for our great "spiritual anatomist" would have been at home in the theme, and exhibited his best power in treating it. Although Dickens is not a psychological romancist, he wrote a very effective, although we believe not a very popular, story, having for its leading purpose the obliteration of memory. This was "The Haunted Man," one of his Christmas-books. It comes to mind at once in reading "Dr. Heidenhoff's Process," although the two books are radically different in tone and treatment. In Dickens's story, moreover, the power to forget sorrow is the purpose;

in Mr. Bellamy's work it is the power to forget sin. Dickens's haunted man attains his wish, but in the obliteration of his sorrow there vanishes almost everything that makes him human, everything that links him to his kind. The unhappy heroine of Mr. Bellamy's story has sinned, and the device by which she hopes to escape the recollection of her wrong-doing is an eclectic machine, the invention of Dr. Heidenhoff, who calls it "The Thought Extirpation Process." Mr. Bellamy's idea is wholly fantastic here, but it gives him an opportunity for advancing, through Dr. Heidenhoff, some ingenious notions, which readers will find either suggestive, amusing, or absurd, as may be the bent of their humor. Dr. Heidenhoff's process is based on the following learned exposition:

"It has been ascertained that certain ones of the millions of nerve corpuscles or fibers in the gray substance of the brain record certain classes of sensations and the ideas directly connected with them, other classes of sensations with the corresponding ideas being elsewhere recorded by other groups of corpuscles. These corpuscles of the gray matter, these mysterious and infinitesimal hieroglyphics, constitute the memory, the record of the life, so that when any particular fiber or group of fibers is destroyed certain memories or classes of memories are destroyed, without affecting others which are elsewhere embodied in other fibers. . . . One of the known effects of the galvanic battery, as medically applied, is to destroy and dissolve morbid tissues, while leaving healthy ones unimpaired. Given, then, a patient who, by excessive indulgence of any particular train of thought, had brought the group of fibers which were the physical seat of such thoughts into a diseased

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† The Virginia Bohemians. A Novel. By John Esten Cooke. New York: Harper & Brothers.

condition, Dr. Gustav Heidenhoff had invented a mode of applying the galvanic battery so as to destroy the diseased corpuscles, and thus annihilate the class of morbid ideas involved beyond the possibility of recollection."

This does very well for the purpose of fiction; its grotesqueness has an eminently serious air, and all the reader has to do is to make believe that he believes it. It enables him to listen complacently to some of the learned doctor's original theories. He says:

"I take it for granted that patients don't generally come to me unless they have experienced very genuine and profound regret and sorrow for the act they wish to forget. They have already repented it, and, according to every theory of moral accountability, I believe it is held that repentance balances the moral accounts. My process, you see, then, only completes physically what is already done morally. The ministers and moralists preach forgiveness and absolution on repentance, but the perennial fountain of the penitent's tears testifies how empty and vain such assurances are. I fulfill what they promise. They tell the penitent he is forgiven. I free him from his sin. Remorse and shame and wan regret have wielded their cruel scepters over human lives, from the beginning until now. Seated within the mysterious labyrinths of the brain, they have deemed their sway secure, but the lightning of science has reached them on their thrones and set their bondmen free."

But the inventor of the Thought-extirpating Process imagines some curious complications arising from the application of his invention:

"Take, for instance, the case of a person who has committed a murder, come to me, and forgotten all about it. Suppose he is subsequently arrested, and the fact ascertained that, while he undoubtedly committed the crime, he can not possibly recall his guilt, and so far as his conscience is concerned is as innocent as a newborn babe, what then? . . . Such a case would bring out clearly the utter confusion and contradiction in which the current theories of ethics and moral responsibility are involved. It is time the world was waked up on that subject. I should hugely enjoy precipitating such a problem on the community. I'm hoping every day a murderer will come in and require my services."

Then our *savant* imagines another case:

"Suppose a man has done another great wrong, and, being troubled by remorse, comes to me and has the sponge of oblivion passed over that item in his memory. Suppose the man he has wronged, pursuing him with a heart full of vengeance, gets him at last in his power, but at the same time finds out that he has forgotten, and can't be made to remember, the act he desires to punish him for. . . . I can imagine the pursuer, the avenger, if a really virulent fellow, actually weeping tears of despite as he stands before his victim and marks the utter unconsciousness of any offense with which his eyes meet his own. Such a look would blunt the very stiletto of a Corsican. What sweetness would there be in vengeance if the avenger, as he plunged the dagger in his victim's bosom, might not hiss in his ear 'Remember!'? As well find satisfaction in torturing an idiot or mutilating a corpse."

But it is in regard to moral responsibility that the wise inventor is the most audacious and the most original!

"I am fond of speculating what sort of a world, morally speaking, we should have if there were no memory. One thing is clear, we should have no such very wicked people as we have now. There would, of course, be congenitally good and bad dispositions, but a bad disposition would not grow worse and worse as it does now, and without this progressive badness the depths of depravity are never attained. . . . Memory is the principle of moral degeneration. Remembered sin is the most utterly diabolical influence in the universe. It invariably either debauches or martyrizes men and women, accordingly as it renders them desperate and hardened, or makes them a prey to undying grief and self-contempt."

" . . . I say that there is no such thing as moral responsibility for past acts, no such thing as real justice in punishing them, for the reason that human beings are not stationary existences, but changing, growing, incessantly progressive organisms, which in no two moments are the same. Therefore justice, whose only possible mode of proceeding is to punish in present time for what is done in past time, must always punish a person more or less similar to, but never identical with, the one who committed the offense, and therein must be no justice. Why, sir, it is no theory of mine, but the testimony of universal consciousness, if you interrogate it aright, that the difference between the past and present selves of the same individual is so great as to make them different persons for all moral purposes. . . . For, mind you well, the consciousness of the man exists alone in the present day and moment. There alone he lives. That is himself. The former days are his dead, for whose sins, in which he had no part, which perchance by his choice never would have been done, he is held to answer and do penance. . . . The unlikeness between the extremes of life, as between the babe and the man, the lad and the dotard, strikes every mind, and all admit that there is not any apparent identity between these widely parted points in the progress of a human organism. How then? How soon does identity begin to decay, and when is it gone—in one year, five years, ten years, twenty years, or how many? Shall we fix fifty years as the period of a moral statute of limitation, after which punishment shall be deemed barbarous? No, no. The gulf between the man of this instant and the man of the last is just as impassable as that between the baby and the man. What is past is eternally past."

We have quoted enough from Mr. Bellamy's sketch—for it is scarcely more than this—to show that he has ingeniously provided food for thought, whether we laugh at him or not. And do we not all of us apply thought-extirpating processes of our own? What man does not conveniently forget that which is painful to remember, and cherish those recollections that give him pleasure? We are all generally so successful in this way, that Dr. Heidenhoff's invention is unnecessary so far as each for himself is concerned. The need is for an invention that will make other people forget. There's the rub. Remorse no doubt makes here and there a person unhappy; but, as the great majority of people commit follies rather than sins, it is not remorse, but humiliation, that troubles them. The fact that certain *faux pas* stand on record against them in other people's minds is the uncomfortable circumstance. Most of us have a very hearty way of forgiving ourselves; it is the consciousness that our friends and enemies do not forget or forgive that puts bitter in

our cup. It is commonly said that our acquaintances have a very ready faculty in forgetting the services we render them; is there, then, no way by which they can be induced to forget with equal facility the mistakes that we make? Where is the Dr. Heidenhoff that can bestow this boon upon mankind?

In several of Bayard Taylor's "Critical Essays and Literary Notes," recently gathered by the Messrs. Putnam in a posthumous volume—a book which, though it contains much that the author himself would have discarded as ephemeral, contains also some of the best prose that he produced—there are frequent references to the difficulties of authorship in America, and the inadequate rewards of literary labor. The tone of the author is despondent, and he fears that "it will be many ages before the devotion, the absorption of life in an aim, the untiring intellectual effort which are the portion of an author, will bring him the same reward as an equal labor yields to the other professions." At present, he says, "the popular idea in regard to payment for brain work is too much like some 'donation parties' we have heard of, where the contributors bring a dozen doughnuts or a peck of potatoes, and help devour the parson's only turkeys." The common impression differs widely from this; but, as Mr. Taylor truly says, the gains of literary labor have been exaggerated in all countries, and probably nowhere more than in America. It must be confessed, however, that the public are not altogether to blame for their mistake. When they read that Dickens, in spite of his lavish expenditure, left property valued at nearly half a million dollars, they can not be expected to call to mind how rarely exceptional was his case, nor to reflect that with a tithe of Dickens's labor and expenditure of brain-force a Thurlow lived like a noble, and accumulated a vast estate. Washington Irving was one of the most brilliantly successful of American authors, and to the many who have read his biography his reward has very naturally seemed not less brilliant than his success; but divide the two hundred and four thousand dollars which he received by the fifty years of arduous labor by which he earned it, and we have just four thousand dollars a year—the income of a fourth-rate attorney!

Yet the hardest result of the inadequate rewards of literary labor is not touched upon by Mr. Taylor. Fortunately for the reputation of the craft, no author with a genuine vocation for his work takes to literature because he supposes it to be an easy high-road to riches; but he can not resist the feeling that the laborer is worthy of his hire, and the real pinch comes when he finds that the closest possible application to his chosen and natural work will neither insure him the means of subsistence nor enable him to provide for those contingencies of life which, much more than the current needs of the hour, weigh upon the conscience of the sensitive person. The fact that literary men live, and live apparently by their work, is popularly supposed to refute this idea; but the

truth is, that the majority of them earn the greater part of their living by work very different from that which they feel most taste and inclination for—work not produced in response to a native and spontaneous impulse of artistic instinct, but written under compulsion, as it were, for the sake of immediate and tangible returns, and which often is "literary" only because it is done with pen and ink instead of with trowel or mattock. And it is a melancholy fact that the production of these "pot-boilers" is not only the frequent resource of the most successful authors, but the sole occupation of many who, capable of better things, are the victims of their necessities.

As the outcome of all this we draw an inference which is widely different from that suggested by Mr. James Payn, who advises young men who are in doubt as to a profession to take to literature with the same aim and the same confidence as they would to any other pursuit. Our own advice, on the contrary, would be to avoid literature unless one has a distinct and unmistakable vocation for it—unless the inclination is so strong that the consciousness of work well done will furnish a sufficient and enduring reward for the labor involved. And, even to those aspiring youths who feel that there can be no possible mistake about their vocation, we would say that it is better to do whatever drudgery is involved in getting a living in anything else rather than in their chosen pursuit; for the drudgery of literature is not only the most arduous, the most exacting, and the most exhausting of all drudgery, but it has an unfortunate tendency to wear out and vulgarize the very faculties which must be depended upon for the higher work. It is a mistake to suppose, as is commonly done, that what are called "the lower walks of literature" are the proper and efficient training-ground for the higher. That artist is fortunate who by performing the inevitable task-work in some other and disconnected field of effort is enabled to preserve his art as a "city of the soul," into which he can retire and find refuge from the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

In another paper in the volume mentioned above, Mr. Taylor pays an accomplished artist's tribute to the "technical excellence" which characterizes the poetry of our day, and which, we may add, is seldom accorded its due meed of recognition. The poetry of any period will be sure to approximate more or less closely to the models which it consciously or unconsciously adopts; and the age of Tennyson and Swinburne could hardly fail to be an age of facile and finished verse-making. But the technical excellence to which Mr. Taylor refers is something more than this, and shows the influence not only of higher standards but of a more exacting and fastidious public taste. Whatever may be the cause, it can not be denied that even the minor and fugitive poetry of our day exhibits often a constructive skill which, regarded merely as specimens

of artistic workmanship, make the poetry of past times seem comparatively crude, deficient in ear, and meager in vocabulary. It must not be overlooked, however, that there is another side to the subject, and that the advance is not altogether an improvement. Art so developed as this is very apt to be self-conscious; and self-consciousness is the deadliest foe of that free, natural, and spontaneous utterance which is, after all, the most attractive element in genuine poetry. "Time was," says Mr. Taylor, "when a poet's first venture throbbed with the warm, impetuous blood of a young inspiration, and was bright with the reflected lines of other and older bards. He appealed to our interest through the very frankness of his faults; we do not complain of Spenser in the young Keats, or of Keats in the young Tennyson. But nowadays it almost seems as if the young poet were prematurely wise, concerned more for the appearance of maturity than for the keenest and sweetest utterance of his fresh conceptions. Once we pictured him with bright eyes and a flush on his smooth cheek, and we could hear the beating of his eager heart; now he steps before us with a calm self-possession, and endeavors to conceal whatever of artless spontaneity may linger about his song. In the critical atmosphere of our time the flame of inspiration loses something of its former wayward leap and sparkle; in fact, it often resembles a gas-jet, turned on and regulated at the author's will." This hard and mechanical brilliancy is due, no doubt, to the super-exquisite sense of external form, a sensibility which is liable to betray its possessor into subordinating or ignoring things which in reality are more essential. Thought and even feeling give place with these poets to forms of expression; and herein lies the main difference between accomplished verse-makers and the tentative efforts of the amateur, who is not usually so deficient in ideas as he is in art. He feels and thinks, but he does not know how to express what he feels and thinks; and so it often happens now that we encounter poems, the artistic structure of which simply hides their poverty of thought, while, on the other hand, verses are not infrequently printed in which the idea is well enough, but the form clumsy or commonplace.

REVOLUTIONS and revolts seem as likely to occur in those smaller coteries into which society subdivides itself as in the great arena of nations, and it is not surprising that a subject so fascinating and so complicated as whist should arouse antagonisms and differences which elude peaceful remedies and can be settled only by "the sharp surgery of insurrection." One of these subversive and vitally important questions having arisen in the course of a game played recently at the Washington Club, in Paris, it was agreed to submit the matter to "Cavendish," the author of the accepted code of whist laws, and the recognized arbiter of the famous Arlington and Portland Clubs of London; but the decision which he rendered was so "despotic" and so "monstrous" that the appellants declined to submit, and deter-

mined to resort to that "ultimate right of resistance" which belongs to the oppressed when wrongs have become unendurable. In accordance with this resolve, they formally deposed "Cavendish" from his position of authority in the Washington Club, and then, lest anarchy should supervene, proceeded to construct a code and tribunal of their own.

Such is the origin of a little book which we find upon our table, entitled "Laws and Regulations of Short Whist," compiled by A. Trump, Jr., and adopted by the Washington Club of Paris; and certainly, if we are to judge of conduct by its results, the revolution which produced the new code must be regarded as one of the most beneficent and salutary of modern times. We know of no collection of rules pertaining to whist which for compactness, precision, and intelligibility, can be compared to this; and almost for the first time due attention is bestowed upon what may be called the etiquette of the game—the laws of courtesy being illustrated by concrete applications and examples. The "Maxims and Advice for Beginners" are particularly helpful and practical, as witness the following: "When sitting down to play with strangers, be certain you demand which are the winning seats and winning cards, and if you have the choice take them; if you lose the first round get up and turn your chair round three times, then cross your legs, and, if either of your adversaries turns a black deuce, be certain you lean forward and touch it before the dealer can; these signs will at once convey to your partner the knowledge that you are deep in the game." Appended to this is a mysterious commentary to the effect that when Artemus Ward wrote "The proprietors of the Washington hotels are the politest people on record," he added in a note, "*This is sarcasm.*"

All of which would seem to show that A. Trump, Jr., is something of a wag, and that he knows how to unbend gracefully now and then from his grave and reverend duties as a law-maker.

THERE is much to be said—and, in fact, much has been said—both for and against the modern practice of appending the signatures of their respective authors to the articles which appear in magazines and reviews; but there is one result of the practice which we do not recollect to have seen mentioned, and that is that the average literary quality of the higher-class magazines has thereby been distinctly lowered. We find the London "Spectator" speaking of a recent article in the "Contemporary Review" as being "destitute alike of sense and of grammar"; and no one familiar with English periodical literature during the last twenty years will deny that, while a class of writers now contribute to the magazines who never could be induced to do so before, and while special topics are discussed with a thoroughness never hitherto approached, the uniformity of literary excellence which used to characterize them is no longer maintained, or even attempted to be maintained. There was something very ludicrous, of course, in the spectacle of a Jeffrey

"hacking and hewing" Carlyle into shape, or of a Gifford tampering with Southey's exquisite prose; but all the contributors to magazines are not Carlyles or Southays, and the skilled labor of editors, responsible alike for the character and contents of their periodicals, rendered a service to the reading public which was by no means to be despised, and which is not entirely compensated for by the new system of "responsible authorship." The precise nature of that service can be gathered from a perusal of the entertaining "Selections from the Literary Correspondence of the late Macvey Napier, Esq.," who succeeded Jeffrey in the editorial chair of the "Edinburgh Review"; or better still from a careful comparison of a current number of (say) the "Contemporary Review" with an "Edinburgh" of twenty years ago. The former will doubtless be weightier and more satisfactory in its material, but the latter will in general be far better written.

WE print elsewhere several extracts from an article by Sir Robert Collier on landscape-painting. These selections include fairly all of the article likely to be of interest to American readers, the omitted parts referring mainly to certain English artists very little known in this country. Of American landscape-painters, reference is made only to Church and Bierstadt, which makes us regret that Sir Robert Collier has so limited an acquaintance with American landscape-painting. There is so much penetrating good sense in many of the criticisms and comments that the article is really refreshing in these days, when transcendental confusion is affected by almost everybody who writes on art. All that Sir Robert utters in regard to imitation in art seems to us marked with great discrimination, and we commend his clear analysis to artists as well as critics. Because servile imitation is wholly mechanical, because there should be selection of place, time, and conditions, certain critics have assumed that fidelity to Nature is not the thing at all with which an artist should concern himself. As Sir Robert well says, there are many aspects of Nature wholly beyond and above imitation; and when we hear it said that what is wanted in a painting is not a copy of Nature, but Brown Umber's idea of Nature, that which Brown Umber can make of Nature, we are naturally tempted to retort that the skill displayed by Providence is really of higher import, and likely to concern more people, than that exhibited by Brown Umber, accomplished landscape-painter as he may be.

Sir Robert's analysis of Corêt must be refreshing to all those numerous persons who have stood amazed and perplexed before the canvases of this painter. We, for our part, do not deny a great charm in many of Corêt's landscapes; but when one finds that the same effects are repeated in every canvas,

whether conceivably true or not, he suspects that the ruling spirit of this painter's performances is not spiritual insight nor poetic feeling, but a circumscribed power of seeing, accompanied by a very rigid mannerism. Corêt not only makes the foliage of oaks shaken by the wind as undecided and wavy as that of the aspen, but he always paints foliage in this manner—as if there were never still mornings, as if the dawn, the hour he commonly chose for his out-door studies, did not sometimes reveal to him pictures of absolute repose. As interesting evidence of how certain phases of Nature can take possession of a painter, Corêt's landscapes will always have value; but really great landscape-art must have something of the many-sidedness of Nature; the artist must catch her varying aspects, instead of confining himself to one of her monotones.

Landscape-painting and art-criticism have fallen into so many vagaries of late that it is quite time a little clear common sense should be brought to bear upon them. We are asked to admire every form of incomprehensible eccentricity, to accept undecipherable smudges as landscapes, to applaud the lunatic revels of the paint-brush under the sounding name of Impressionism—to substitute vagueness, the unknown, the untranslatable, for clearness, insight, precision, and revelation—and hence it is agreeable to read such direct and yet appreciative comments as those uttered by the English critic.

THE "London Athenæum" opens its notice of Mr. Blackmore's new novel, "Mary Anerley," in this wise:

"We are not aware that any one has yet written a treatise on the construction of the novel, setting forth the true and orthodox relation of the three volumes to each other and to the whole story; but when he does he will assuredly take Mr. Blackmore's last story as an example of how this ought to be done, and of the success attendant on the proper doing of it. Here the threads are duly spun in the first volume, tangled in the second, cleared and woven in the third."

We doubt very much whether the orthodox three volumes of the English novel have any logical genesis whatever; but all the same it is true that every work of fiction, whether literary or dramatic, falls naturally into three divisions—the *involvement*, the *battle*, and the *evolution*. The division of plays into five acts is purely arbitrary, and, so far as we can recall, no satisfactory reason for it has ever been given. No one has written, as the "Athenæum" says, on the philosophy of novels in three volumes, and it may be questioned, judging from internal evidence, whether novelists have ever detected a natural division into three parts, such as we have indicated above. They have for the most part written their novels in one continuous order, and simply cut them up into three divisions when finished.